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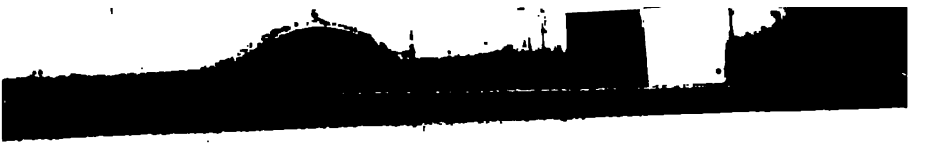
THE NEW CENTURY CATHOLIC SERIES

READER



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NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO





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THE NEW CENTURY CATHOLIC SERIES.

THE FIFTH READER.



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INTRODUCTORY.

In this Fifth Reader the publishers have endeavored to preserve the Catholic tone that is a feature of The New Century Catholic Series, but have not thought it necessary to present any purely doctrinal lessons. As a better way to emphasize the character of the book, they have drawn largely from the writings of Catholics of recognized standing in the world of letters.

The lessons have been chosen and arranged to appeal to different tastes. Many of the selections appear for the first time in a School Reader; others, while old, will be entirely new to the young generation.

That this is a *reading* book has never been lost sight of, but it is also a step toward good literature. The aim has been to place before the pupils matter that will both interest them and point the way to an acquaintance with authors, Catholic and non-Catholic, whose excellence is acknowledged wherever our language is known. A brief biography of the author from whose work the selection is made follows most of the lessons.

The illustrations, especially those in colors, will, it is believed, prove attractive alike to pupil and teacher; they are real works of art, and in most cases are reproductions of the works of famous masters.

Dr. Schon-Bg-Oglic-10 Feb. 1919.

The publishers acknowledge their obligations for many valuable suggestions and much practical assistance from experienced teachers in various parts of the country, and for these, as well as for the kind words of encouragement, they are deeply grateful.

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The Fool of the Woods.

There once lived in Brittany a poor, half-witted fellow named Salaun. His father and mother were dead, and there was no one to care for him, save the good monks who taught school there for the love of God, and to whom Salaun went with the other children of the place.

Day after day, with downcast eyes, but with his soul raised to heaven, Salaun walked along the road talking to himself, and repeating over and over again, like a cooing dove, "Hail Mary! Hail Mary!" and our Blessed Lord heard what his lips did not utter.

Sometimes he fasted for whole days, living on prayer alone, and when he grew faint with hunger, he would knock at some cottage door, and meekly say, "Salaun would like some bread." In all his life he was never heard to say anything besides this, except "Hail Mary!" And to the day of his death he never repeated the rest of the prayer.

Hungry as he might be, he was often known to give all his food to some poor creature whom he chanced to meet, even to the bit he was about to put into his mouth. Barefooted and in rags he went his way, heedless of scorn and deaf to the cries of the boys who nicknamed him "The Fool of the Woods." He lived in the woods where to-day stands a chapel of the Blessed Virgin. At night he sought shelter under an oak tree near a beautiful pool of water. Where the oak stood is now an altar, on which is daily offered the holy sacrifice of the Mass. The pool, too, is still there, as the many who have been cured by its healing waters can testify.

At that time some one said of Salaun, "He lodges like a wolf;" and others declared he had a candle when he wanted one, for at night they had seen a light among the leaves when his never-ceasing song, "Hail Mary! Hail Mary!" was borne on the wind.

One day he was promised that if he would add the words "full of grace" to his constant refrain, he should never want for food. But his only answer was, "Hail Mary! Hail Mary!" Nothing more.

In the winter when the sleet whistled and the frosty air rose in wreaths of smoke from the pool, he would pull off his rags and bathe in the freezing water. Then, all shivering, with the icicles hanging on him like a

suit of clothes, he would hurry along the road; and the birds, perched on the trees, mute with cold, would hear him singing to himself, "Hail Mary! Hail Mary!" Afterward he would climb on his oak, and hanging from a limb, swing back and forth like the pendulum of a clock, while from his body, which was like a statue of frost, the melting ice dripped, dripped to the ground. But never did chime of clock sound so shrill as his song of two words, "Hail Mary!"

One day, while alone, Salaun died, abandoned by every one save his good angel; no priest to comfort him, no consecrated ground to cover him. A passing stranger found his poor body under the oak, near the side of the pool, and dug a grave for it. No bell was tolled for him; no *Libera* chanted. Some of the country folk asked once or twice, "Where is the fool?" "Perhaps the wolves have eaten him," was the answer. But there was no one to ask after him for any length of time.

* * * * * * *

Ella the Beautiful, daughter of Francis, lord of the near-by castle, who had often given charity to Salaun, wished to enter a convent, and this was a source of much worriment to her father. The third Thursday after Easter, at early dawn, Ella's servants went to Salaun's pool to wash her linen. When they returned

home at noon they could not eat for fear. "We have heard whisperings in the air and in the water," they said; "something is going to happen."

"*Going* to happen! Something *has* happened," they were told. "Lord Francis has locked his daughter in a strong room, so that she cannot enter a convent; and as a punishment for this injustice he is stricken so that he can move neither hand nor foot."

When the washerwomen opened the hamper to take out their linen to dry, they heard the words, "Hail Mary! Hail Mary!" The words were in the air, and as each drop of water fell from the linen as it was wrung out, the same words were repeated.

For two days Lord Francis lay helpless and speechless. Then the people of the house opened the door of the room in which Ella was confined, and set her free. The next morning the young girl went to the convent, and there, prostrate on the floor, she prayed that her father might recover his health of mind and body.

As she was returning home she lost her way, and had to spend a whole night in the forest. Toward dawn she found herself in a little glade, in which was an oak and a pool of water; as she stood there she heard distinctly borne on the air the words, "O, Mary! O, Mary!" to which the water sent back answer, "Hail Mary! Hail Mary!"

Recognizing the cry of the poor simpleton whom she had so often helped, Ella called out, "Ah! are you there, Salaun, the Fool of the Woods?" and there was echoed back the Breton words, "Follgoat! Follgoat!" *

As the day brightened, Ella saw the gnarled oak and the clear pool, and between these, on the spot where Salaun lay during life, a lily had sprung up in one night, for it was not there when Ella's servants were at the pool. Each of the three stems of this lily bore a flower whose leaves were of burnished silver, and on looking close Ella saw in letters of red, like those of a missal, the words, "Hail Mary!"

Ella knelt beside it, and as a breath of wind bent the lily to her ear, she heard the whispered words, "Gather me." Making the sign of the cross, she plucked one of the flowers, and as she did so a drop, like a tear, fell to the ground. "These tears are your father's life," whispered a voice in her heart. She hurried home to her father, who lay at the point of death. As she went along the road drop after drop fell from the flower, and as she reached Lord Francis's bedside the last drop fell on the sick man's lips. Then the flower disappeared.

Instantly he arose and called out in a loud voice, "A chapel to Our Lady of Recovery shall be built on the spot where this flower was culled."

* A corruption of "*Fou des bois*," that is, "Fool of the Woods."

But he not only failed to build the chapel, but he determined to give his daughter in marriage to a nobleman. As an excuse for this, he claimed that he had been deceived, and that the story of the lily was the work of the imagination; and certainly no lily was to be found when he went to look for it.

Ella was in despair. "Ah, Salaun," she cried, "why have you removed thy beautiful lily from the pool? If it still remained, and my father could see the words which redden it, he might believe."

At that moment her window was blown open, interrupting her, and the wind carried in these words, "Take with thee shovel and pick."

"Where?" asked Ella.

Outside her window in the mist she saw the silver lily shining.

"I go!" she cried; and, hastening downstairs, she called at once for the necessary tools.

As she walked ahead of her servants the lily preceded her in the mist, though she alone saw it. But as they came near to the pool, all saw a bright light, in the center of which was a clump of lilies, such as Lord Francis had sought in vain. It had two stalks, the third being missing; but Ella saw the flower which had guided her to the spot take its place on the cut stalk, so that the three stood forth distinctly, although upon one stem.

Ella ordered her servants to dig up the lily by its roots and take it home so that her father might believe.

The men began to dig, and suddenly one cried out: "Ah! here is the body of the poor fool, who used to beg bread from door to door." And another added, "And the root of the lily is in his heart."

Looking in the grave, Ella saw there, buried in his rags, poor Salaun, the stalk of the flower springing from his breast.

Just then the horns of huntsmen were heard; but as they neared the spot, men, horses, and dogs stopped to listen, wonderstruck, to the concert which filled the air with "Hail Mary! Hail Mary!"

The grass whispered it, the flowers sung it, the wind murmured it, the pool babbled it, the bees droned it, the birds took up the chorus and carried it to the clouds, and the clouds took it to the skies, and thence it was borne by angels to heaven, and laid at the feet of God. And thus in the heights of heaven, as well as upon the earth, resounded "Mary, Mary," ever and ever.

scorn: mockery. — **pool**: a small and rather deep collection of water. — **refrain**: repetition of a part of a song. — **sleet**: hail or snow mingled with rain. — **Libera**: a prayer for the dead, beginning with the words *Libera me, Domine*. — **glade**: an open passage through a wood. — **gnarled**: knotty. — **culled**: gathered. — **babbled**: made a continuous murmuring noise. — **droned**: made a dull, humming sound, like that of a bee.



The Angel's Whisper.

A superstition prevails in Ireland that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot darling, oh come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"O blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,

And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

Samuel Lover was born in Dublin in 1797. He was a painter, a writer of songs and of music, a novelist, and a dramatist. His "Tales and Legends" is one of the best collection of Irish humorous stories published; his novels are brimming over with broad fun, and his songs are full of love, pathos, and humor. Lover died in 1868.

Christ blessing Children.

Capharnaum, a town on the Lake of Genesareth, was at the time of Our Savior's sojourn on earth a thriving center of trade. Caravans laden with silks and linen came thither from Damascus, while other places sent travelers, traders, and people of every kind.

It was in this town that Our Savior made His home, if He can be said to have had one. On one occasion, as He was journeying there, His disciples, who were but a short distance from Him, began to argue among themselves as to which of them should be the greatest in the kingdom of Christ. Their idea of the kingdom of God was that of an earthly kingdom, and the dispute arose



probably from jealousy at the preference shown by Our Lord for Peter, James, and John, who had witnessed His transfiguration.

Our Savior said nothing to them at the time, but when they were indoors, He asked what was the subject of their dispute. This they did not wish to tell.

But their hearts were like an open book to Our Lord; so sitting down He called the twelve, and said, "If any man desire to be the first, he shall be the last of all." Then to teach them a lesson He called a little child, and embracing him, He placed him in the midst of them. Then He said, "Amen, I say to you; unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven. And he that shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me. But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea."

Our Lord loved children for their simplicity and innocence, and this was not the only occasion on which He expressed His love for them.

During one of His halts on His last journey to Jerusalem little children were brought to Him that He

might lay His hands on them and bless them. This laying on of hands was customary among the Jews. Parents used to bring their children to the synagogue that they might receive the prayers and blessings of the elders. After a father had laid his hands on his child's head, he would take him to the elders, and one by one they also blessed him and prayed for his spiritual and material welfare. A rabbi or priest of uncommon holiness was much sought after, and thus it was that the people, recognizing the goodness and kindness of Our Lord, brought their little ones to Him.

At that time Our Savior was preaching and instructing the people, who were listening eagerly to His words. The disciples, therefore, were displeased at this interruption, and rebuked the women who brought the children. Then was Our Lord displeased in turn, and calling out He said: —

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Amen, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it." Saying these words He embraced the children and laid His hands upon their heads in blessing.

Ever since that time it seems as if children are more particularly the chosen ones of our dear Lord, and it is the aim of every man and woman in this world who truly



loves Christ, to keep their hearts pure and innocent as a child's, for only thus will they find favor in His sight.

The highest praise that the world can give its greatest and cleverest people is to say that they have a childlike spirit.

sojourn: stay. — **center of trade**: a point to which business is attracted. — **transfiguration**: the supernatural change in the appearance of Our Lord on the Mount, as related in Scripture. — **scandalize**: offend by improper words or actions. — **synagogue**: a place of meeting for Jewish worship.

The Way to Wealth.

Courteous reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would

have my advice, I will give it you in short; for '*A word to the wise is enough,*' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows: —

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; '*God helps them that help themselves,*' as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax the people one tenth part of their time to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. '*Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright,*' as Poor Richard says.

"But with our industry we must also be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for '*Three removes are as bad as a fire;*' and again, '*Keep thy shop and thy*

shop will keep thee;' and again, *'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.'*

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last. *'A fat kitchen makes a lean will.'*

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.

"You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment once in a while, can be no great matter; but remember, *'Many a little makes a mickle.'* Beware of little expenses: *'A small leak will sink a great ship,'* as Poor Richard says; and again, *'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;'* and moreover, *'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'*

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them *goods;* but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may be for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *'Buy what thou hast no need*

of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries;' and again, *'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.'*

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over you. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses; and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink to base, downright lying; for *'The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,'* as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, *'Lying rides upon Debt's back.'*

"When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.'* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings

to his heels as well as to his shoulders. '*Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.*' At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

"'*For age and want save while you may;*
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain, and '*It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,*' as Poor Richard says; so, '*Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.*'

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous."

Thus the old man ended his harangue. I resolved to be the better for it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin, an eminent American statesman, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 17, 1706, and died April 17, 1790. Active as was his life, he was yet a voluminous writer. The peculiar charm of his writing consists in the clearness and the simplicity with which he described his subject. While never flowery, he had an elegant and a lively style. The quotations from Poor Richard are from a book written by Franklin entitled, "Poor Richard's Almanac."

frugality: prudent economy. — **groat**: an old English silver coin, worth about eight cents. — **mickle**: much. — **superfluities**: greater quantities than are wanted. — **veracity**: truth. — **thriving**: prosperous condition. — **harangue**: speech to a large assembly.

To the Ladybird.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The field mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The glowworm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
Sharp-set from their Ramazan fast.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away now
To your house in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the ant
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!
And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You're in luck! — and that's all I've to say.

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY.

Mrs. Caroline B. Southey (sowth'y or suth'y), the wife of Robert Southey, an eminent English author, was born in England in 1787, and died in 1854. She was the author of several volumes of prose and verse which met with considerable favor from the reading public.

red eyes: English daisies are of a reddish color. — **glowworm**: a beetle which gives out light as it moves about. — **flag**: limp; hang loose. — **sharp-set**: hungry. — **Ram'azan fast**: the great annual thirty-day fast of the Mohammedans, kept from dawn to sunset, during their ninth month. — **Ob'eron** (ŏb'ĕr ŏn): the king of the fairies.

St. Hubert.

From the earliest ages of the Church the lives of the saints have been a source of inspiration for pen

and pencil. The legends of St. Anthony of Padua and his vision of the Holy Child, St. George and the Dragon, St. Clare, St. Elizabeth, and other devoted servants of God have fired the imagination of the painter and the poet, who have perpetuated the story of these holy lives in picture and in song.

A legend connected with the life of St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunters, is worth relating. St. Hubert, it is said, was the son of a certain Duke of Aquitaine, a province of Gaul, and was born in the year 656. Living in troubled times as he did, he was sent for safety, as a child, to an aunt, a holy woman, who placed him at the court of Pepin of Herstal. There the future saint grew up.

When he reached the age of twenty-six, Hubert married Floriban, the daughter of a Count of Louvain; for three years they lived an ideal life, happy in each other's company; then Floriban fell ill and died.

Hubert had a passion for the chase, and after the death of his wife he would for days and weeks together hunt the wild boar and the stag in the vast Forest of Ardennes, often to the neglect of his duties.

Such a strong hold did his love of hunting gain on him, that he even went in pursuit of game during Holy Week. So it turned out that one Good Friday he strayed from his companions. After a while he found

himself in a dense part of the forest, and suddenly face to face with a gigantic stag. His heart bounded within him. Here was something worthy of his skill and prowess. Advancing toward the great beast, Hubert was about to aim his crossbow at it, when lo! above its head, between the horns, he beheld a luminous crucifix, and heard a voice saying, "Turn to thy God, O man, or thou wilt be forever lost."

Awed by these words, Hubert paused. In a flash his soul was illumined by the grace of God, and, seeing the evil of his ways, he knelt before the vision. Humbly he bowed his head, and asked what he must do to be saved. From the crucifix came the command, "Go to My servant Lambert, and he will tell thee what to do." Then the vision faded away into the depths of the forest, and was seen no more.

Seeking St. Lambert, who was Bishop of Maestricht, Hubert asked for advice, and following that, he renounced the world. His fervor and the progress he made in virtue and in learning strongly recommended him to the holy bishop, who ordained him priest and intrusted him with a great share in the administration of the diocese.

St. Lambert was barbarously murdered in 681, and St. Hubert was chosen as his successor. With wonderful zeal he penetrated into the most remote places of Ardennes, and abolished the worship of idols; and for



ST. HUBERT'S VISION.

his apostolic work Our Lord bestowed upon him the gift of miracles. After a long and prosperous episcopate Hubert died on May 30, 727.

inspiration: extraordinary elevation of the imagination. — **perpetuated**: caused to endure. — **ideal**: model of perfection. — **chase**: hunting. — **dense**: close. — **prowess**: bravery. — **luminous**: shining. — **illumined**: lighted up. — **administration**: management. — **apostolic**: according to the teaching of the Apostles. — **episcopate**: office of a bishop.

Lost on the Mountain.

"Paul and Virginia," from which this selection is made, is a beautiful story, and has been translated into many languages. The two children who give the title to the book lived as brother and sister; when the selection begins they had just taken back a runaway slave woman to her master, who, for Virginia's sake, consented to pardon the poor creature. The children start to return home, but impelled by weariness and hunger they seek for food, and in this search are lost on the mountain.

Overcome by fatigue, hunger, and thirst, Paul said to Virginia, "My dear sister, it is past noon, and I am sure you must be thirsty and hungry; we shall find no dinner here; let us go down the mountain again and ask the master of the poor slave for something to eat."

"Oh, no," answered Virginia, "I am afraid of him. Remember what mamma sometimes says, 'The bread

of the wicked is like stones in the mouth.' God will take care of us; He listens to the cry even of the little birds when they ask Him for food."

Scarcely had she said this when they heard the splash of water as it fell from a neighboring spring. They ran toward it, and having quenched their thirst with the crystal water, they gathered and ate some cresses which grew near the spring. While they were wandering back and forth in search of more solid food, Virginia perceived in the thickest part of the forest a young cabbage palm. The cabbage, which is at the top of the palm, infolded within its leaves, is good to eat; but although the stock of the tree is not thicker than a man's leg, it grows to a height of about sixty feet. The wood of the tree, indeed, is really a bundle of fine filaments; but the bark is so hard that it will turn the edge of a hatchet, and Paul had not even a knife.

It occurred to him, however, that he might set fire to the palm tree, but here a new difficulty arose; he had no steel with which to strike fire; and although the whole island is covered with rocks, it is doubtful whether a single flint could be found.

Paul determined to kindle a fire as the negroes did. With the sharp end of a stone he made a small hole in the dry branch of a tree which he held between his

feet; then, with the edge of the same stone, he cut to a point another dry branch of a different sort of wood. Placing the point of the stick into the small hole of the branch which he held with his feet, he turned it rapidly between his hands. In a few minutes smoke and sparks of fire issued from the point of contact. Heaping together some dried grass and branches, Paul set fire to the foot of the palm tree, which soon fell to the ground with a great crash.

Having succeeded in obtaining the cabbage, they ate part of it raw, and the rest they roasted on the ashes.

After they had satisfied their hunger they were much worried by the thought that they had no guide, and knew not the way home.

Paul, whose spirit was not easily daunted, said: "The sun shines full upon our huts at noon; we must pass, as we did this morning, over that mountain, with its three points, which you see yonder. Come, let us be moving."

Descending the steep bank of the Black River on the northern side, after an hour's walk they reached another large river, which barred their further progress.

The stream by which Paul and Virginia were standing, rolled foaming over a bed of rocks. The noise of the waters frightened Virginia, and she was afraid to wade

through the current. Paul therefore took her on his back, and thus loaded stepped out on the slippery stones which formed the bed of the river, careless of the roar of its waters.

"Be not afraid," cried he to Virginia; "I feel very strong. If that planter at the Black River had refused to pardon his slave when you asked him, I would have fought with him."

"What!" answered Virginia, "with that big wicked man? Think to what I have exposed you! O dear! how hard it is to be good! and yet it is so easy to do wrong."

When Paul had crossed the river, he wished to carry his sister still further, but his strength failed, and he was obliged to set her down.

Virginia then said to him: "My dear brother, the sun is going down; you still have some strength left, but mine is exhausted; leave me here and go home alone to quiet the fears of our mothers."

"No, no," said Paul, "I will not leave you; if night overtakes us here, I will light a fire again, and bring down another palm tree; you shall eat the cabbage, and I will make a screen of the leaves to shelter you."

In the meantime, being somewhat rested, Virginia gathered from the trunk of an old tree, which overhung

the bank of the river, some long leaves of hart's-tongue, which grew near its root. Of these she made a sort of sandal, with which she covered her feet, that were cut and bleeding from the sharp stones on the road; for in her haste to do good she had forgotten to put on her shoes. Relieved by the freshness of the leaves, she broke off a branch of bamboo and continued her walk, leaning with one hand on the staff, and with the other on Paul.

They went slowly through the woods; but the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, soon hid from their sight the mountain by which they had hitherto directed their course, and also the sun, which was now setting. After a time they wandered from the beaten path in which they had been walking, and found themselves in a maze of trees, underbrush, and rocks, from which there appeared to be no outlet.

Paul made Virginia sit down, while he ran back and forth, half frantic, in search of a path which might lead them out of this thick wood; but he wearied himself to no purpose. He then climbed a tall tree, from which he hoped at least to discover the mountain; but he saw nothing around him but the tops of trees, a few of which were still touched by the last beams of the setting sun.

Deep silence reigned in those awful solitudes, interrupted only by the cry of the deer as they sought their lairs in that unfrequented spot.

In the hope that some hunter would hear his voice, Paul called out with all his might, "Come! help Virginia!" But the forest echoes were his only answer, repeating again and again, "Virginia — Virginia!"

Overcome by fatigue and vexation Paul descended the tree. He looked around to arrange some way of passing the night, but he could find neither fountain, nor palm tree, nor even a branch of dry wood fit for kindling a fire.

Impressed, by experience, with the sense of his own weakness, he began to cry.

"Do not cry, my dear brother," said Virginia, "or my heart will break with grief. I am the cause of your sorrow and of all that our mothers are suffering at this moment. We ought never to do anything, not even good, without consulting our parents. Oh, I have been very imprudent!" — and she began to shed tears. "Let us pray to God, my dear brother," she again said, "and He will hear us."

They had scarcely finished their prayer when they heard the bark of a dog. "It must be the dog of some hunter," said Paul, "who comes here at night, to lie in wait for the deer."

Soon after, the dog began to bark again with increased violence.

"I am sure," said Virginia, "it is Fidele, our own dog. Yes, it is he — I know his bark."

A moment later Fidele was at their side, barking, whining, and devouring them with caresses. Before they had recovered from their surprise, they saw their servant, Domingo, running toward them. At sight of the good old negro, who wept for joy, they too began to weep.

When Domingo had recovered himself a little, "O my dear children," he said, "how anxious your mothers have been! How astonished they were when they returned from Mass not to find you home! I ran back and forth over the plantation, not knowing where to look for you. At last I took some of your old clothes, and showing them to Fidele, the faithful animal, as if he understood me, immediately began to scent your path, and led me, wagging his tail all the while, to the Black River.

"There a planter told me you had brought back a negro woman, his slave, and that he had pardoned her at your request. After that, Fidele, still following the scent, led me up the steep bank of the Black River, where he again stopped and barked with all his might. At last he brought me to this spot. We are now at the foot of

the mountain and still four good leagues from home. Here, eat something and recover your strength."

He gave them some cake, fruit, and a large gourd full of a drink their mothers had prepared for them. But when they were ready to continue their journey, there was a new difficulty. Their feet were so swollen and inflamed they could not walk. Domingo knew not what to do; whether to leave them and go in search of help, or remain and pass the night with them on that spot.

"There was a time," said he, "when I could carry you both at once in my arms! But now you are grown big, and I am old."

While he was in this perplexity, a number of runaway negroes appeared at a short distance from them. The leader of the party, approaching Paul and Virginia, said to them: "Good little whites, be not frightened. We saw you pass this morning with a negro woman from the Black River. You were going to ask her wicked master to pardon her; and in return for this, we will carry you home upon our shoulders."

He then beckoned to the others, and four of the strongest negroes made a sort of litter of branches of trees, which they bound together with vines, and placing Paul and Virginia on it, lifted it to their shoulders. Domingo marched in front with his lighted torch, and the party set off laughing and shouting.



It was midnight when they reached the foot of their mountain, on the ridges of which beacon fires had been lighted. They had only begun to ascend, when they heard voices crying: —

"Is it you, my children?"

They answered immediately, and the negroes also cried out, "Yes, yes, here we are."

A moment after they saw their mothers coming toward them with lighted torches in their hands.

"You poor children!" cried Madame de la Tour, "where have you been? what anxiety you have caused us!"

"We have been," said Virginia, "to the Black River, where we went to ask pardon for a poor runaway slave, to whom I gave our breakfast this morning, because she seemed dying of hunger; and these runaway negroes have brought us home."

Madame de la Tour embraced her daughter, but was unable to speak; and Virginia, who felt her face wet with her mother's tears, exclaimed, "Now I am repaid for all the hardships I have suffered."

Margaret, beside herself with joy, clasped Paul in her arms, exclaiming, "And you, too, my dear child, you have done a good action."

When they reached the cottages with their children, they gave all the negroes a substantial meal, after which

the latter returned to the woods praying Heaven to shower down every blessing on those good white people.

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, a celebrated French writer, was born at Havre, January 19, 1737. He was by profession an engineer, but when about thirty-five he resolved to devote himself to literary work. He published a number of books which were favorably received, and in 1788 gave to the world "Paul and Virginia," and it is on this charming story that his fame is principally built. The author died in 1814.

quenched: put an end to. — **filaments**: fibers; threadlike parts. — **steel and flint**: used in old times for creating fire by striking the two together. — **daunted**: frightened. — **exhausted**: worn out. — **maze**: confusion; network of paths. — **frantic**: distracted; crazy. — **lairs**: beds of wild beasts. — **scent**: smell. — **league**: a distance of about three statute miles. — **litter**: stretcher. — **ridges**: upper parts of a range of mountains. — **beacon**: signal fire. — **anxiety**: restlessness. — **hart's-tongue**: a fern native to Florida.

Irish Scribes and Books.

In old times all books were handwritten, printing being a late invention. There were persons called scribes, many of whom made writing the chief business of their lives. From constant practice they became very expert; and the penmanship of many of them was extremely beautiful and highly orna-

mented, much more so than any writing executed by the very best penman of the present day.

In Ireland most of these scribes were monks, inmates of monasteries; but many were laymen. These good and industrious men wrote into their books all the learning of every kind that they could collect; so that although the work of writing was slow, the number of books rapidly increased; and very large libraries grew up, especially in the monasteries. The leaves of these books were not paper like those of our books, but parchment or vellum, which was generally made from sheepskin, but often from the skins of other animals.

If an old book began to be worn, ragged, or dim with age, so as to be hard to make out and read, some scribe was sure to copy it, so as to have a new book, easy to read and well bound. Most of the books written out in this manner related to Ireland; and the language of these was almost always Irish. For in those times the Irish language was spoken by all the people of Ireland.

A favorite occupation was copying portions of the Holy Scriptures, generally in the Latin language; and in this good work some monks spent nearly all their time, in order to multiply copies of the sacred books. Some of the greatest saints of the ancient Irish Church employed themselves in copying the Gospels and

other portions of the Bible whenever they could get the opportunity.

Copies of the Scriptures, and also prayer books, were generally ornamented in the most beautiful way: for those accomplished and devoted old scribes loved to beautify the sacred writings. Many of the lovely books they wrote are still preserved, of which the most splendid is the Book of Kells, now kept in the Library of Trinity College in Dublin. It is a copy of the Four Gospels, and the language is Latin, though the letters are Irish. It was written by an Irish scribe eleven or twelve hundred years ago, but who he was is not known.

In this Book of Kells, and in others like it, the capitals are ornamented in every part with a kind of interlaced work, all done with the pen, in which bands and ribbons are curved and plaited and woven in the most wonderful way. These plaits and folds are so small and so close together that one must sometimes use a magnifying glass in order to see them plainly; in one space, the size of a half-penny, in a page of a splendid old volume, called the Book of Armagh, the ribbons appear woven in and out more than three hundred times. The Irish used this sort of ornamentation also in metal work and stone work.

Very often large volumes were kept, in which were written compositions of all kinds, both prose and poetry,

such as were thought worth preserving, copied from older books, and written in, one after another, till the volume was filled.

Of all these old books of mixed composition, the largest that remains to us is the Book of Leinster, which is kept in Trinity College in Dublin. It is an immense volume, all in the Irish language, written more than seven hundred and fifty years ago; and many of the pages are now almost black with age and very hard to make out. It contains a great number of pieces, in prose and in verse, and nearly all of them about Ireland — histories, accounts of battles, lives and adventures of great men, with many tales and stories of things that happened in that country in far-distant ages.

The Book of the Dun Cow is in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. It is fifty years older than the Book of Leinster, but not so large; and it also contains a great number of tales and histories, nearly all relating to Ireland, and all written in the Irish language. Its name was derived from the following circumstance: St. Kieran of Clonmacnoise had a favorite brown cow, whose skin when she died he caused to be turned into parchment, of which a book was made. But this old book no longer exists: it was lost ages ago; and the present Book of the Dun Cow is only a copy of it.

Three other great Irish books kept in Dublin are the

Book of Lecan (Leckan), the Yellow Book of Lecan, and the Book of Ballymote. These contain much the same kind of matter as the Book of Leinster, — with pieces very different, however, — but they are not nearly so old. The Speckled Book, which is also in Dublin, is nearly as large as the Book of Leinster, but not so old. It is mostly on religious matters, and contains a great number of lives of saints, hymns, sermons, portions of the Scriptures, and other such pieces. All these books are written with the greatest care, and in the most beautiful penmanship.

The six old books described above have been lately printed in such a way that the print resembles exactly the writing of the old books themselves. The printed volumes are now to be found in libraries in several parts of Ireland as well as in England and on the Continent; so that those desirous of studying them need not go to Dublin, as people had to do formerly.

Many people are now eagerly studying these books; and men often go to Ireland from France, Germany, Norway and Sweden, Russia, and other countries, in order to learn the Irish language so as to be able to read them. But this requires much study, even from those who know the Irish of the present day; for the language of those books is old and difficult.

PATRICK WESTON JOYCE.

Dr. Patrick W. Joyce was born in 1827 in the village of Ballyorgan, County Limerick. He is the author of the "Origin and History of Irish Names and Places," three Histories of Ireland, and "A Reading Book of Irish History." He is a collector of Irish music, on which subject he is a recognized authority.

expert: skillful. — **half-penny**: a British copper coin, measuring about an inch in diameter. — **derived**: drawn from. — **Continent**: Europe as distinguished from the British islands. — **desirous**: experiencing a wish.

A Story of St. Francis.

The saintly Francis like a child
Was pure and meek of heart and mild,
  So that God's birds and all dumb creatures
To do the will of him were beguiled.

And thus it came that there befell
For his sweet sake a miracle,
  Written in Francis' Life and Legend
By one who knew him and loved him well.

The holy man, one afternoon,
At Venice, on a day in June,
  Had taken boat with certain brethren
To row the length of a broad lagoon.

There, as they floated down the tide,
The day to evening quickly died,



And birds began their vesper anthems
Among the rushes on either side.

St. Francis smiled for pleasure: "See,
Our brothers sing to God; and we,
We who are blest of all His creatures,
Shall we not join in the jubilee?"

Louder the friars sang; more loud
Clamored and shrilled the winged crowd,
As when the storm breaks o'er a forest,
And lightning darts from the thundercloud.

Louder and louder, till was heard
By no man there an only word
Of David's psalter, for the chatter
Of bird that answered or called to bird.

Then to the saint the brethren spake:
"'Tis useless quite, the toil we make;
Order the birds that they be silent
And cease a little from chirp and crake."

So Francis turned, and raised his hand
For peace, and all the warbling band
Were still as though a spell had bound them,
And thus he gave them his strict command:

" Brothers and sisters mine, be still,
And make no sound, I pray, until
I and my brethren cease our praises;
Then sing once more at your own sweet will."

So said the saint, and now no note
Was heard from any feathered throat;
Only the chanted words of David
Arose to God from the gliding boat.

Till that the last *Amen* was sung,
No sound was stirred but reeds that clung
And scraped when ripples broke and washed them,
Or breezes blew through the flags that swung.

REV. J. W. ATKINSON.

beguiled: charmed away. — **lagoon**: a pool or lake. — **clamored**: uttered loud and repeated outcries. — **psalter**: psalm. — **crake**: a sharp, creaking sound. — **flags**: certain plants that grow in water or moist places.

St. Cecilia.

Cecilia, who lived during the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus, was the only child of wealthy and noble Roman parents. They were pagans, but thanks to the influence of a Christian nurse, it is said, she herself was brought up a Christian.

Though she had a comfortable home, kind parents and friends, and attentive servants, Cecilia felt quite alone in the world in which she lived. All around her were pagans, worshipers of idols, and there were none to whom she could talk of her religion or learn about it. She was, however, so faithful to the grace of her Baptism that God spoke to her soul, and taught her secrets about Himself which she could have learned from no one on earth.

When Cecilia was a child, she made a solemn vow of virginity, and promised our Blessed Lord that she would be His spouse and His alone all the days of her life.

A fierce persecution broke out against the Christians while Cecilia was still quite young. This persecution took the Christians by surprise, for Alexander Severus was not only a kind-hearted man, but had almost an affection for the Christians.

Unfortunately, however, the emperor left Rome for a long absence, and appointed as governor in his stead a man named Turcius Almachius. This man detested Christians, and as soon as Severus was at a safe distance he began to persecute them cruelly.

Urban I. was Pope at that time, and against him the hatred of Almachius was first turned. He sentenced the holy Pontiff to be put to death as soon as he could be

captured, and offered a large reward to any one who would bring the Pope before him. But Urban knew his life was necessary to his flock, and hid himself in the catacombs.

Cecilia knew the catacombs, and, whenever it was possible, she heard Mass in their sacred vaults. She was well known to the faithful and to the holy Pontiff, St. Urban, for her piety and almsdeeds. But while other Christians hid themselves in the heart of the earth, she dwelt in her father's house, in safety and honor.

She had grown to womanhood, and was wondrously fair to look on; and her father and mother decided that it was time she were suitably married. Her parents chose Valerian, a young pagan, as her husband.

Although a pagan, Valerian was a good young man, and really devoted to Cecilia. She felt very helpless, for she was powerless to resist her parents' will. Throwing herself on her knees, she besought her Divine Spouse to keep her faithful to Him.

For some time Our Lord tried her faith and love, and sent no answer to her prayer; but one day He revealed Himself to her soul, and told her to fear nothing. Then He opened her eyes and showed her His angel, whom He had set by her side to guard her from all harm.

At last the wedding-day arrived; and Cecilia, full of confidence in the protection of her Divine Spouse,

allowed her handmaidens to robe her in her marriage garments. She alone knew that under the gold and silver and beautiful brocades, which excited the admiration of all beholders, she wore a shirt of rough haircloth. Clad in this strange wedding garment, she graciously took part in the festivities given in her honor; and all the while she lifted up her heart to God, imploring His aid and reminding Him of His promises. In this way she remained calm, and kept her peace of mind throughout the pagan ceremonies which, according to the Roman law, made her the wife of Valerian.

When all was over, the young man joyfully took Cecilia to his own home, rejoicing with all his heart that he had such a pure and holy maiden for his wife; and no doubt he meant to prove his love for her in every way possible to him. But God had chosen him also as one of His favored servants.

Cecilia told her husband that she had given herself entirely to Our Lord to be His spouse, and that God had placed an angel by her side to protect her, and kill any one who tried to make her break her vow of virginity. Valerian was startled, and troubled, for he loved Cecilia dearly.

He thought deeply for some minutes, and then said: "Let me at least see this angel. If he is indeed a being such as you tell me, I must respect your vow; but if

he be a man and no spirit, I will slay both you and him."

"It is not given to such as you to see these things," Cecilia replied. "You must first have your sins taken away, and then my God will show His angel to you."

"But how," cried Valerian, impetuously, "how can I have my sins taken away?"

Cecilia then told him that there was a holy and aged man to whom she would send him, who would first tell him all that he had to do, and would then wash away his sins. She intended to send him to Pope Urban, for she had a holy confidence that if Valerian did but speak with the saintly Pontiff, he would be converted.

Valerian was sincere in his desire to obtain the great gift promised to him by Cecilia, and undertook to do exactly as she bade him. By her direction he went out at once into the dark night, and walked three miles along the Appian Way, between the great tombs and monuments which bordered it.

When he reached the third milestone, he found, as Cecilia had told him he would, some poor people asking alms. "These I have always cared for," she had said, "and they also know my secret. When you have told them that I sent you to them that they may take you to the holy old man Urban, because you bear him a secret message from me, they will lead you to him."



ST. CECILIA.



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When Valerian had done as his wife had bidden, he was led down through a hole in the ground, and along winding passages, until he found himself in the presence of the Pontiff.

When he related to St. Urban that he had come all the way from Rome to find out how he could have his sins washed away, the old Pontiff, instead of answering his visitor's questions, fell on his knees and prayed: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Good Shepherd, the spouse whom Cecilia received as a fierce lion she has sent to Thee as a gentle lamb; for had he not believed her he would not have come hither. Open, O Lord, the door of his heart to hear Thy words, that confessing Thee to be his Creator and Lord, he may renounce the devil and his idols."

When Urban had thus prayed for Valerian's conversion, there appeared, in answer to his prayer, a venerable man, clad in white and glistening garments, and holding in his hand a tablet whereon were written words in letters of gold. At the sight of this holy apparition Valerian was so struck with fear that he fell to the ground as though he were dead. But the aged man raised him, and told him that if he wished to see the angel of whom Cecilia had spoken, he must read what was written on the tablet. Then Valerian, in obedience to his command, looked up and read these words: "One

Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above us all and in us all."

"Do you believe this?" asked the aged man. Valerian had opened his heart to grace, and his conversion was as sudden as that of the Queen of Ethiopia's officer, who was baptized by St. Philip the deacon.

"Yea, I believe," he cried in a loud voice. "There is nothing more truly to be believed under heaven."

As he made this act of faith the old man with the tablet vanished from his sight, and Valerian remained alone with Pope Urban. Then the Pontiff baptized him, and having instructed him in the principal truths of the faith, sent him back in his white baptismal robe to Cecilia.

Far away in her home Cecilia had been praying for her husband; and when Valerian reëntered the room where he had left her, he found her still rapt in prayer, and — his eyes being opened by the waters of baptism — he beheld her guardian angel standing radiant by her side, while the chamber was filled with the heavenly fragrance of two crowns of roses and lilies which he held. Placing the wedded spouses before him, the angel laid a crown on the head of each, and, thus uniting them, told them that henceforward they were to be the spouses of Christ alone.

"And you, Valerian," he added, turning to the

young man, "because you have agreed to the counsel of chastity, Christ the Son of God has sent me to you, that you may ask any favor you will, and it will be granted."

Kneeling at the angel's feet, Valerian said: "Nothing in this life has been dearer to me than my only brother. For this do I ask, that He who delivered me from the service of idols will in like manner deliver him, and make us one before Him."

When Cecilia's holy guardian heard Valerian's request, his countenance shone with joy. "You have asked," he said, "that which Jesus Christ desires to give even more than you desire to have it. Even as He has gained you by His servant Cecilia, so by your means will He gain your brother."

In course of time, Tiburtius, the brother for whose conversion Valerian had prayed, entered the room to greet his brother's wife, and salute her, as was the custom, by kissing her head. Valerian told him of all the wonderful events of that night, and held out the hope that his eyes also would be opened as soon as his sins had been washed away, and offered to take him to Urban to be instructed in the true faith.

"What!" cried Tiburtius in alarm; "do you mean that Urban whom the Christians call their chief Pontiff? Do you not know that an edict has gone forth that

he is to be slain when he is found? for he is hiding — men know not where. If we are found with him, we too shall be slain."

"In truth," replied Cecilia, "we might fear death if this life were all; but there is another life after this which will never end; and if we give up our lives for the sake of Jesus Christ here, we shall be happy with Him forever in another life."

"But," he replied doubtingly, "has any one come back who has seen these things? Can any witness testify that they are true?"

Cecilia then went on to tell him how our Blessed Lord had come on earth and died to save sinners, and how He had risen from the dead and gone up to heaven to prove that there is another life. Grace now won the victory in Tiburtius's soul, and he threw himself on the ground in an agony of tears.

"Have pity on me, dearest brother," he cried to Valerian. "Take me at once to the man of God, that my soul may be cleansed, so that I may be able to have part in the life to come." So Valerian took his dearly loved brother to the catacombs, and for seven days Tiburtius dwelt there, learning the truths of Christianity from Urban, who then baptized him, and sent him back to fight the good fight for his faith with Valerian and Cecilia.



St. Cecilia is the patron of sacred music. Her talent for music was remarkable, and she not only composed hymns, but she is said to have invented the organ, consecrating it to the service of God.

Sē vē'rŭs. — **catacombs**: underground places used by the early Christians as burial places for their dead; they were used as refuges, and Mass was offered up there. — **Appian Way**: the most famous of the ancient Roman highways. — **glistening**: sparkling or shining. — **radiant**: beaming with brightness. — **edict**: an order issued by a prince to his subjects.

St. Cecilia (*Continued*).

Now Almachius hated all Christians, but Valerian and Tiburtius were rich and noble, and as their family stood high in the emperor's favor, the tyrant feared lest their friends might get him into trouble. Besides cruelty and hatred, still another passion, avarice, raged in the heart of Almachius. If, without harm to himself, he could put these two brothers to death, he could also seize their wealth.

So, sending for the two young men, he warned them to be more careful of what they were about. He knew full well that they were Christians, but he pretended to be solicitous for their safety and urged them to keep their religion secret. Their only response was a profession of their faith before the whole court. Almachius knew he should be held up to contempt if he suffered them to

speak thus unhindered, so he ordered the two young men to be scourged. But this did not silence them, so they were delivered over to the charge of one Maximus, with orders that they should be beheaded unless they would offer incense to the gods. But this soldier, who had seen the joy with which they suffered their torments, was full of pity for them, and he did his best to persuade them to save their lives by yielding to the governor's wishes.

"We are glad to lose this life," said Tiburtius, "because the life to which we go is everlasting."

"What?" asked Maximus. "Is there then another life?"

"Yea," answered the other. "Even as our body is clothed with garments, so is our soul clothed with the body; and even as the body is stripped of its garments, so is the soul stripped of the body, and taken to the joys of everlasting life."

"I, too," said the soldier, "could despise this life were I sure about the other glorious life of which you speak."

"If you really wish to believe that the body is but as a vesture to the soul, and will promise to believe what is shown you, the Lord will open your eyes to see our souls enter into His glory when our bodies have been put to death. Will you believe?"

"May I be consumed by thunderbolts," replied Maxi-

mus, "if I do not henceforth believe in the one true God, and the life after this!"

"We will instruct you," said Valerian, "if you will persuade those who would put us to death to delay for one day, and take us to your house."

Maximus obtained the required delay, and having been taught about the true faith, he and his household, and even the executioners, believed. And in the night Cecilia came, accompanied by several priests, who baptized all the converts.

The next morning Valerian and Tiburtius were taken out for execution. At the moment that they were struck dead, Maximus saw their souls issue from their bodies, and he saw the angels receive them in their arms and bear them to heaven on their wings. Maximus went about telling every one what he had seen, shedding tears of joy as he spoke. When this came to the ears of Turcius Almachius, he commanded that the soldier should be scourged to death with leaden thongs. Thus he, too, went to glory, and Cecilia placed the three martyrs in a new tomb.

Now she was left alone. She made the most open profession of her religion, visited and ministered to the Christians who were in prison, and found honorable burial for those who gave up their lives for their faith. Hearing this, Almachius sent his officers to her house

to bid her offer incense to the idols, and to threaten her with death if she refused.

When the messengers gave Cecilia the choice between death and betraying her Spouse by committing the sin of idolatry, she felt so happy that she could not hide her joy.

"Do not think, kind friends," said Cecilia, "that I shall lose by dying for my Lord. No! I shall gain everything. In exchange for the life of this poor body and all its ills I shall gain eternal life and never-ending happiness."

Struck by her words, the officers looked at one another questioningly; and Cecilia, knowing what miracles of grace Our Lord can perform, cried out: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus, about whom I have been speaking?"

Again they looked at one another, as if seeking advice, and then one of them, speaking for the others, said: "We believe that the God whom you worship must be the true God."

Cecilia's one care now was to complete the work of these men's conversion; and she sent them to Turcius Almachius to crave for a short delay before sentence of death should be passed on her. This he granted without difficulty, for he did not know why she asked for it.

When the messengers returned to Cecilia's house, they found Pope Urban there; for when he had heard from

her that the salvation of these men's souls was at stake, he had left his hiding-place without any thought for his own safety. He instructed them and all their friends whom they brought to him, to the number of about four hundred, all of whom he baptized.

When the news of these conversions reached the ears of Almachius, he sent for Cecilia to appear before him at once.

"What is your name?" was Almachius's first question.

"Christian is my name," she replied, "though I am known by the name of Cecilia."

"What are you?"

"I am the daughter of noble parents."

"Cease!" he cried; "I ask not of your family, but of you. What gods do you serve?"

"I serve the one true God," she replied, "and Jesus Christ, my only Spouse."

"Cease!" he cried again; "you were the spouse of Valerian, and of no other. Sacrifice to the gods, and have done with your folly."

Cecilia answered boldly, not concealing her hatred and contempt for the idols which the governor called on her to worship, and with a countenance radiant with joy declared her faith in Jesus Christ her Lord. Almachius, unable to silence her, swore that she should die; but he still feared the anger of the emperor, and durst not put her to

death publicly, but devised a plan by which she could be martyred secretly in her own house.

He sent her back home and gave orders to those who accompanied her to shut her up in her own bath room, where the furnace and pipes were, by his directions, heated seven times, feeling assured that no one could breathe or live long in that scorching air.

For a whole day and night did Cecilia remain in that stifling chamber; but when after those long hours her tormentors opened the door and expected to drag out her body shriveled up with the heat, they found her unharmed and rapt in prayer.

The news of this marvel reached Almachius. He trembled with fear, it is true, but instead of believing and submitting to the divine power which had been manifested to him, he sent his executioners to strike off the holy virgin's head.

Breaking into the bath chamber, where Cecilia still lay in joyful ecstasy, the executioner threw her on the marble floor and tried to cut off her head. Three times did he strike with all his strength, but though he gashed her neck most cruelly, he could not sever her head. The Roman law forbade any executioner to strike more than three times; so the man threw down his sword and fled, with rage and terror in his heart, for he knew that some power against which he could not fight had held his arm.

Cecilia had asked of God three days more of life, and during that time she lay on the marble floor, with her head half severed, giving her blood drop by drop for Our Lord. But she remained quite conscious and calm in spite of the agony she suffered. All the Christians of the city, whether living in their own homes or hiding in the catacombs, flocked to the side of the dying martyr.

The three days were nearly over, but she waited for St. Urban. He had gone on a distant journey in his care for his flock, and knew nothing of what had taken place in Rome; and when at length he reached Cecilia's side, her life was ebbing fast.

"Holy Father," she said with almost her last breath, "I asked God to grant me three days of life, so that I might see you, and place my treasure in your hands. To you I leave all the poor whom I have fed; to you I leave this house and all that I possess. When my soul has left this mortal body, make a church on the spot where I now lie."

Cecilia's work was done. She calmly disposed herself as if for sleep, and with her face turned down, her knees slightly raised, and her hands joined, with three fingers of the right extended, which was a sign by which in those days faith in the Most Holy Trinity was expressed, she obeyed her Divine Spouse's last summons, and breathed forth her soul.

avarice: greediness after wealth. — **vesture**: covering.

Kind Words.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way, and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting, for the while, an angel's nature into us.

Let us then think, first of all, of the power of kind words. In truth, there is hardly a power on earth equal to them. It seems as if they could almost do what, in reality, God only can do, — namely, soften the hard, angry hearts of men.

Many a friendship, long, loyal, and self-sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker a foundation than a kind word. The two men were not likely to be friends. Perhaps each of them regarded the other's antecedents with somewhat of distrust. They had possibly been set against each other by the circulation of a gossip. Or they had been looked upon as rivals, and the success of one was regarded as incompatible with the success of the other. But a kind word — perhaps a mere report of a kind word — has been enough to set all things straight and to be the commencement of an enduring friendship.

The power of kind words is shown also in the destruc-

tion of prejudices, however inveterate they may have been. Surely we must all of us have experienced this ourselves. For a long time we have had prejudices against a person. They seem to us extremely well founded. We have a complete view of the whole case in our minds. Some particular circumstances bring us into connection with this man. We see nothing to disabuse us of our prejudices. There is not an approach to any kind of proof, however indirect, that we were either mistaken in forming such a judgment, or that we have exaggerated the matter. But kind words pass, and the prejudices thaw away. Right or wrong, there was some reason, or show of reason, for forming them, while there is neither reason, nor show of reason, for their departure. There is no logic in the matter, but a power which is above logic, — the simple, unassisted power of a few kind words.

What has been said of prejudices applies equally to quarrels. Kind words will set right things which have got most intricately wrong. In reality an unforgiving heart is a rare monster. Most men get tired of the justest quarrels. Even those quarrels where the quarrel has been all on one side, and which are always the hardest to set right, give way, in time, to kind words. At first they will be unfairly taken as admissions that we have been in the wrong; then they will be put down to deceit and flattery; then they will irritate by the discomfort of conscience

which they will produce in the other; but finally they will succeed in healing the wound that has been so often and so obstinately torn open.

All quarrels probably rest on misunderstanding and only live by silence, which, as it were, stereotypes the misunderstanding. A misunderstanding which is more than a month old may generally be regarded as incapable of explanation. Renewed explanations become renewed misunderstandings. Kind words, patiently uttered for long together and without visible fruit, are our only hope. They will succeed. They will not explain what has been misunderstood, but they will do what is much better, — make explanation unnecessary, and so avoid the risk, which always accompanies explanations, of reopening old sores.

F. W. Faber.

Rev. Frederick William Faber was born in England in 1814 and died in 1863. He was a minister of the Church of England until his conversion to Catholicity in 1845. Two years later he was ordained a priest and entered the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. He was a poet of no mean ability and wrote exquisite prose.

smiting: striking. — **antecedents**: previous history. — **incompatible**: unsuitable; disagreeing. — **inveterate**: deep-rooted; of long standing. — **intricately**: in a manner difficult to understand. — **stereotypes**: fixes; makes permanent.

He does much who does well what he does.

In those happy days, a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons.

The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy.

The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish —

in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was also sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough nuts, or olykocks — a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in the city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The young men distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot.

To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup — and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No hoiden chattering and romping of young ones — no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets — nor amusing conceits and monkey diver-

tisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to reply to any question that was asked of them. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated, wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving, a genial and amiable writer, the first to win European respect for American literature, was born in New York in 1783. His graceful style, his sense of humor, and the graphic power shown in his more serious works, will long retain the popularity which his early writings obtained. He died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson, in 1859.

invariably: without change. — **burghers**: citizens. — **incontestable**: certain. — **averse**: disinclined. — **evinced**: showed. — **dexterity**: quickness. — **fantasies**: fancies. — **adroitness**: skill. — **decorum**: politeness. — **propriety**: fitness. — **deportment**: behavior. — **hoiden**: rude. — **divertisements**: amusements. — **sundry**: several. — **portrayed**: painted.

The Story of Shakespeare's "Tempest."

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell dug out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men.

The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival. Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite, Ariel, had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy,

Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape, and took him home to the cell and taught him to speak.

Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother, Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful. Therefore he was employed like a slave to fetch wood and do the most laborious offices, and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel — who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's — would come slyly and pinch him and sometimes tumble him down in the mire. Then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him; then swiftly changing his shape to the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of suchlike vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment Caliban whenever he neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow

it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of human beings like themselves.

"Oh, my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth rather than the good ship should be destroyed with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been for you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said: "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered: "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda. "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and, as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my State affairs to your uncle, my false brother, for so, indeed, he proved.

"I, neglecting all worldly matters, buried among my books, gave my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom. This he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, pro-

visions, apparel, and some books, which I prize above my dukedom."

"Oh, my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven reward you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now, pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest and how he had disposed of the ship's company. Though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse — as would seem to her — with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm and of the terror of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost.

"But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he supposes to be drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured; and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where are the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew, not one is missing, though each thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "your charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now?" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy, was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak: tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers and here left by the sailors; because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands, whatever they may be."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do. Away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy attitude.

"Oh, my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me."

He then began singing: —

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"Oh, father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. How it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship; he is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person; he has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the ap-

pearance of this beautiful young prince. And Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and, from the strange sounds he heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was its goddess.

She timidly told him she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was pleased to find they admired each other; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw difficulties in their way.

Therefore, advancing, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy.

"Follow me," said he; "I will tie you, neck and feet together. You shall drink sea water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food."

"No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword. But Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he could not move.

affected: liked (a meaning seldom in use at present). — **enchanted**. controlled by magical power. — **Sycorax** (sĭk'o raks). — **sprite**: fairy. — **Caliban** (kăl'ĭ ban). — **mire**: deep mud. — **hedgehog**: an animal having thick spines on the fur of its back and sides. — **durst**: dared. — **apparel**: clothing. — **cherub**: angel. — **wand**: a magician's rod of office. — **mariners**: sailors. — **fathom**: six feet. — **nymphs**: attractive maidens.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying: "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence!" said the father, "one word more will make me chide you, girl. What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel him as he does Caliban."

This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and, not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."



Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell. He soon brought out his prisoner and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him; and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

"Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"Oh, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while."

But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had put this task on Ferdinand merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them, invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's command she did so.



MIRANDA AND FERDINAND.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience; for, having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well pleased, to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love Miranda above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded that of all the women in the world, she replied: "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any other men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are elsewhere, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech, for young princes speak in courtly phrases, told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah, sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then, as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise."

He then telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear.

When they were fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet; and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a monster with wings, and the feast vanished.

Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother.

Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too," and opening a door showed him his son, Ferdinand, playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"Oh, wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been.

"Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had made the same mistake that he had when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Pros-

pero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but have never seen till now; of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask forgiveness of my child!"

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended."

And then Prospero embraced his brother and again assured him of his forgiveness. He said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his dukedom of Milan that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples; for that by their meeting on this desert island it happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refresh-

ments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing on this desert island."

He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who, Prospero said, was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among smiling meadows, pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

Charles Lamb was born in London on February 18, 1775, and died on December 27, 1834. His "Essays of Elia," on which his reputation chiefly depend, reflect all the wit, poetic instinct, and kindliness of the author, and are of the most charming reading in English. With his sister Mary, to whom he was devoted, he wrote the "Tales from Shakespeare," from which our lesson is selected.

advocate: one who pleads the cause of another. — **remorse**: pain caused by a feeling of guilt. — **reconciliation**: the act of restoring friendship after an estrangement. — **uncouth**: clumsy.



The Parish School.

Two little nuns are teaching school
  Near by on Cosy Street;
I pass each morning, as a rule,
  And now and then we meet.

The humble house is small and low;
  Its walls are rude and bare;
And yet I loiter by, for, oh,
  It seems so peaceful there!

I never liked to go to school;
  I would much rather play;
I hated any kind of rule,
  And sometimes ran away:

But when I pass that humble door,
  And breathe that holy air,
I want to be a boy once more,
  And learn my lessons there.

O, little nuns, with wimples white,
  And hearts of purest gold,
My soul is troubled sore to-night,
  My heart is growing cold.



O, little nuns of sable dress,
And souls of drifting snow,
Teach me the way of righteousness,
And I can learn, I know.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

wimple: a covering of silk, linen, or other material laid in folds over the head and round the chin, the sides of the face, and the neck.

An Iceberg.

The atmosphere, which had previously been clear and cold, for the last few hours grew damp and had a disagreeable, wet chilliness in it; and the man who came from the wheel said he heard the captain tell "the passenger" that the thermometer had fallen several degrees since morning, which he could not account for in any other way than by supposing that there must be ice near us, though such a thing was rarely heard of in this latitude at this season of the year.

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, doctor?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered



with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun.

But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and really the sublimity of the sight. Its great size, — for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height, — its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, together with its nearness and approach, which added to a slight element of fear, all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam, and, as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the

afternoon, and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay to quite near it for a greater part of the night.

Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them and now shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who was regarded as among the first of American lawyers, especially on questions of international law, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1815. Having been compelled by an affection of the eyes to withdraw from his profession for a time he shipped as a common sailor, and afterward published his experiences of a sailor's life in a delightful book entitled "Two Years before the Mast," from which this selection is abridged. He died January 7, 1882.

larboard: left-hand side of a ship. — **cavities**: hollow places. — **leeward** (lụ'ard): that part toward which the wind blows. — **lay to**: to reduce sail to the lowest limit, so as to be nearly stationary. — **filled away**: changed the position of the yards so that the wind should fill the sails.

The Address of the Roman Catholics to George Washington, Esq., President of the United States.

Sir, — We have long been impatient to testify our joy and unbounded confidence on your being called, by an unanimous vote, to the first station of a country, in which that unanimity could not have been obtained without the previous merit of unexampled services, of eminent wisdom, and unblemished virtue.

Our congratulations have not reached you sooner, because our scattered situation prevented our communication and the collecting of those sentiments which warmed every breast. But the delay has furnished us with the opportunity, not merely of presaging the happiness to be expected under your administration, but of bearing testimony to that which we experience already.

It is your peculiar talent, in war and in peace, to afford security to those who commit their protection into your hands. In war, you shield them from the ravages of armed hostility; in peace, you establish public tranquillity, by the justice and moderation, no less than by the vigor, of your government. By example, as well as by vigilance, you extend the influence of laws on the manners of our fellow-citizens. You encourage respect for religion, and inculcate, by words and actions, that

principle on which the welfare of nations so much depends, that a superintending Providence governs the events of the world, and watches over the conduct of men. Your exalted maxims and unwearied attention to the moral and physical improvement of our country have produced already the happiest effects. Under your administration, America is animated with zeal for the attainment and encouragement of useful literature. She improves her agriculture, extends her commerce, and acquires with foreign nations a dignity unknown to her before.

From these happy events, in which none can feel a warmer interest than ourselves, we derive additional pleasure by recollecting that you, sir, have been the principal instrument to effect so rapid a change in our political situation.

This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us on another account, because, whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well-founded title to claim from her justice, the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defense, under your auspicious conduct — rights rendered more dear to us by the remembrance of former hardships.

When we pray for the preservation of them, where



they have been granted, and expect the full extension of them from the justice of those States which still restrict them; when we solicit the protection of Heaven over our common country, we neither omit, nor can omit, recommending your preservation to the singular care of Divine Providence; because we conceive that no human means are so available to promote the welfare of the United States as the preservation of your health and life, in which are included the energy of your example, the wisdom of your counsels, and the persuasive eloquence of your virtues.

JOHN CARROLL, *in behalf of the Roman Catholic Clergy.*

CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton,
DANIEL CARROLL,
DOMINICK LYNCH,
THOMAS FITZSIMMONS,
} *In behalf of the Roman Catholic Laity.*

unanimity: agreement in opinion. — **unblemished**: pure; spotless. — **presaging**: foretelling. — **ravages**: destruction wrought by violent action. — **tranquillity**: freedom from disturbance; quietness. — **inculcate**: enforce upon the mind. — **attainment**: the act of arriving at. — **auspicious**: favorable; kind. — **restrict**: hold back.

Washington's Answer.

GENTLEMEN, — While I now receive, with satisfaction, your congratulations on my being called, by an unanimous vote, to the first station in my country — I cannot



but duly notice your politeness in offering an apology for the unavoidable delay. As that delay has given you an opportunity of realizing, instead of anticipating, the benefits of the general government, you will do me the justice to believe that your testimony of the increase of the public prosperity enhances the pleasure which I should otherwise have experienced from your affectionate address.

I feel that my conduct, in war and in peace, has met with more general approbation than could reasonably have been expected; and I find myself disposed to consider that fortunate circumstance in a great degree resulting from the able support and extraordinary candor of my fellow-citizens of all denominations.

The prospect of national prosperity now before us is truly animating, and ought to excite the exertions of all good men to establish and secure the happiness of their country, in the permanent duration of its freedom and independence. America, under the smiles of Divine Providence — the protection of a good government — and the cultivation of manners, morals, and piety — cannot fail of attaining an uncommon degree of eminence in literature, commerce, agriculture, improvements at home, and respectability abroad.

As mankind become more liberal, they will be more apt to allow that all those who conduct themselves



worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their government — or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.

I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind concern for me. While my life and health shall continue, in whatever situation I may be, it shall be my constant endeavor to justify the favorable sentiments which you are pleased to express of my conduct. And may the members of your society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity and still conducting themselves as the faithful subjects of our free government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

March 12, 1790.

congratulations: expressing to a person good wishes at his success or happiness. — **enhances**: heightens; makes greater. — **felicity**: happiness.

It is not ability but character that does most for real success in life.



A Seashell.

Once a child with happy fancy
  Held a seashell to her ear,
Listened to the distant ocean,
  Bade her mother come and hear.

"O, my mother, list the moaning,
  Sad and low it seems to be."
"'Tis the waters' *Miserere*
  For the dead beneath the sea."

"Now, my mother, hear the singing,
  Crooning low, but sounding far."
"Some lone mother, for her sailor,
  Calls the care of Ocean's Star."

"O, my mother, there is shrieking,
  And I hear a lonely cry."
"Now the sailor rides the rigging,
  As the storm winds whistle by."

"Mother, who is gladly singing
  Like a spring bird on the lea?"
"O, the sailor, near his harbor,
  Sings of Mary, Star of Sea."

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"Now, my mother, there is music
Glad, like waves that kiss the shore."
"'Tis the mother and her sailor
Meeting at a cottage door."

REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

Miserere: the 50th Psalm, which begins, *Miserere mei, Deus*, "Have mercy upon me, O God!"—**crooning**: singing or humming a low, monotonous tune.

The Battle of Lake George.

Prior to the breaking out of the French and Indian War, in 1756, France had built a chain of about sixty forts along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, on the Wabash and the Illinois rivers, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. This gave her control of the territory then known as Louisiana. Following this she was endeavoring to take possession of the Ohio Valley

With a view to prevent that, the Ohio Company was organized in 1750 by a number of Virginians, who proposed to found a colony west of the Alleghany Mountains, and sent surveyors to mark out the lands.

Alarmed at this action, France erected a fort at Presque Isle, now Erie, Pennsylvania, and prepared to build another chain of forts southward, toward the Ohio River. When Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia learned



this, he sent to the French commander, bidding him cease building on English territory, and George Washington, then about twenty-one years of age, but already known as prudent and clear-headed, was selected as the bearer of this message.

The French commander received Washington with great courtesy, but declined to comply with Dinwiddie's order. Thereupon the English began the erection of a fort at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, but while thus engaged, the French, always alert, and knowing the importance of this place, came up, and driving off the men who were at work there, took possession, and finished the fort themselves, calling it Fort Duquesne.

Then followed the first fight of the war, in which Washington, who was on his way with a small body of men to the relief of the fort, was obliged to surrender to a superior force.

England now determined, if possible, to drive France out of the country, and planned three expeditions for this purpose. General Edward Braddock, who had been sent out to take command of the English forces in America was to lead in person an army against Fort Duquesne. A second force was to attack the forts near the Niagara River, while a third expedition under William Johnson, the Indian agent among the Mohawks, was to move

on Crown Point, near the southern end of Lake George.

General Braddock had never seen active service and knew nothing of Indians or their modes of fighting. He had a thorough contempt for the colonial troops and an unfailing trust in the British regulars. His lack of experience proved fatal to the expedition; his troops were fired on from ambush, and thrown into confusion; the result was great slaughter; Braddock himself was mortally wounded, and died four days later. In consequence of his defeat, the expedition against the forts near the Niagara River was abandoned.

Early in August, 1755, General Johnson sent his advance up the Hudson under command of General Lyman, who built at the head of navigation a fort which at first was named after him, but was subsequently called Fort Edward. Later in the month General Johnson with an army gathered from Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and the New England colonies reached Lac St. Sacrement, which name he changed to Lake George, in honor of his king. Johnson's force consisted of about three thousand colonists and about three hundred Indians, the latter under King Hendrick, the famous Mohawk sachem, a friend of Johnson's.

In the meantime, Baron Dieskau, a distinguished German officer, commanding the French forces in Canada,



arrived at Crown Point with three thousand men, quite one third of them being veteran regulars from French battlefields. Dieskau was brave, experienced, and enterprising, and exemplifying his motto "Boldness Wins," not only proceeded to fortify Ticonderoga, but, believing that the new Fort Lyman was incomplete and feebly garrisoned, decided to march against it. With a flying corps of about three hundred regulars, eight hundred Canadians, and as many Indians, he moved up Lake Champlain and South Bay. Reaching the Hudson near the present site of Glens Falls on September 7, his Indians hesitated, or refused, to proceed further against Fort Lyman and its "big guns." Learning that General Johnson was at Lake George, and with contempt for the "provincial farmers," Dieskau promptly decided to make a sudden attack upon Johnson's camp the following morning.

When word of the proposed attack on Fort Lyman reached Johnson, he sent out a relieving force, on the morning of September 8, made up of one thousand colonials and two hundred Indians. When a few miles from Lake George, this force fell into an ambush planned by Dieskau, which resulted in severe loss. This engagement has passed into history and story as "The Bloody Morning Scout." Lieutenant Colonel Whiting conducted a hurried retreat, and with the aid of three

hundred men sent to his support from Johnson's camp checked, in a measure, Dieskau's furious pursuit.

The noise of this engagement warned the men of Johnson's camp; breastworks were hastily thrown up from logs, fallen trees, wagons, etc., and such cannon as they had were placed in position. Dieskau followed closely upon the heels of the retreating provincials with the intention of entering Johnson's camp, which he promptly and fiercely attacked, but was checked by the artillery and the firm stand of the colonists. The battle raged with varying promise during the afternoon. At last the colonials and their Indian allies, confident of victory, charged from their breastworks against the French and forced them to a precipitate retreat, leaving most of their regulars dead on the field. General Johnson was wounded early in the action and General Lyman, a Yale tutor and lawyer, took charge of the command. Baron Dieskau was three times severely wounded, and left a prisoner on the field.

About three hundred Canadians and Indians fell back to the field of "The Bloody Morning Scout" to plunder and scalp the dead. While resting with their plunder on the margin of a stagnant forest pool seven miles from Glens Falls, they were surprised and most of them slain by a body of men sent out from Fort Lyman.



General Johnson estimated the French loss at more than five hundred. The colonials lost over two hundred and sixty, not counting Indian allies.

This is but a slight sketch of this "day of battles," memorable as the first considerable success against the French in America, as the most important battle fought up to that time on New York soil, and as the first encounter of the yeomanry of the New World with the disciplined troops and experienced officers of the Old. It was the test which developed that confidence which led the colonists to dare the great struggle of the Revolution.

On September 8, 1903, a monument, erected by the Society of the Colonial Wars in the State of New York, was unveiled and dedicated with elaborate and appropriate public ceremonies. The battlefield itself is now a State Park, secured by the influence of the New York State Historical Society.

chain: succession. — **endeavoring**: trying. — **surveyors**: land measurers. — **Presque Isle** (prĕsk′ēl′). — **comply**: obey. — **Duquesne** (dŭkān′). — **colonial troops**: troops made up of men living in the American colonies. — **ambush**: a concealed place where some one is hidden. — **regulars**: soldiers belonging to a standing army. — **subsequently**: afterward. — **Dieskau** (dēs′kau). — **precipitate**: hasty. — **memorable**: worthy to be remembered. — **encounter**: hostile meeting; contest. — **yeomanry**: common people, especially farmers.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me, that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew indeed that shellfish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I, that at first they seemed to me delicious.

Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching, and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same



food (indeed I had no other) did better with me, and revived my strength. But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me.

All day it streamed rain; the island ran like a sop, there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night between two bowlders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

The second day I crossed the island to all sides. There was no one part of it better than another; it was all desolate and rocky; nothing living on it but game birds, which I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious number. But the creek, or strait, that cut off the isle from the mainland of the Ross, opened out on the north into a bay, and the bay again opened into the sound of Iona; and it was the neighborhood of this place that I chose to be my home; though if I had thought upon the very name of home in such a spot, I must have burst out weeping.

I had good reasons for my choice. There was in this part of the isle a little hut of a house like a pig's hut, where fishers used to sleep when they came there upon their business; but the turf roof of it had fallen entirely in; so that the hut was of no use to me, and gave me

less shelter than my rocks. What was more important, the shellfish on which I lived grew there in great plenty; when the tide was out I could gather a peck at a time: and this was doubtless a convenience. But the other reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the horrid solitude of the isle, but still looked round me on all sides (like a man that was hunted) between fear and hope that I might see some human creature coming. Now, from a little up the hillside over the bay, I could catch a sight of the great, ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold, and had my head half turned with loneliness; and think of the fireside and the company, till my heart burned. It was the same with the roofs of Iona. All together, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shellfish (which had soon grown to be a disgust) and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. This was very like a king, with a palace at



his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of the summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

This was a day of incidents. In the morning I saw a red deer, a buck with a fine spread of antlers, standing in the rain on the top of the island; but he had scarce seen me rise from under my rock, before he trotted off upon the other side. I supposed he must have swum the straits; though what should bring any creature to Earraid was more than I could fancy.

A little after, as I was jumping about after my limpets, I was startled by a guinea piece, which fell upon a rock in front of me and glanced off into the sea. When the sailors gave me my money again, they kept back not only about a third of the whole sum, but my father's leather purse; so that from that day out, I carried my gold loose in a pocket with a button. I now saw there must be a hole, and clapped my hand to the place in a great hurry. But this was to lock the stable door after the steed was stolen. I had left the shore at Queensferry with near on fifty pounds; now I found no more than two guinea pieces and a silver shilling.

It is true I picked up a third guinea a little after, where it lay shining on a piece of turf. That made a for-

tune of three pounds and four shillings, English money, for a lad, the rightful heir of an estate, and now starving on an isle at the extreme end of the wild Highlands.

This state of my affairs dashed me still further; and indeed my plight on that third morning was truly pitiful. My clothes were beginning to rot; my stockings in particular were quite worn through, so that my shanks went naked; my hands had grown quite soft with the continual soaking; my throat was very sore, my strength had much abated, and my heart so turned against the horrid stuff I was condemned to eat that the very sight of it came near to sicken me.

And yet the worst was not yet come.

There is a pretty high rock on the northwest of Earraid, which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not that ever I stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock, a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could



thus come quite near me upon that side, and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble, with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear — I could even see the color of their hair; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on, right before my eyes, for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously; even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone, I thought my heart would have burst. All the time of my troubles I wept only twice. Once, when I could not reach the oar, and now, the second time, when these fishers turned a deaf ear to my cries. But this time I wept and roared like a wicked child, tearing up the turf with my nails, and grinding my face in the earth. If a wish would kill men, those two fishers would never have seen morning, and I should likely have died upon my island.

When I was a little over my anger, I must eat again, but with such loathing of the mess as I could now scarce

control. Sure enough, I should have done as well to fast, for my fishes poisoned me again. I had all my first pains; my throat was so sore I could scarce swallow; I had a fit of strong shuddering, which clucked my teeth together; and there came on me that dreadful sense of illness, which we have no name for either in Scotch or English. I thought I should have died, and made my peace with God, forgiving all men, even my uncle and the fishers; and as soon as I had thus made up my mind to the worst, clearness came upon me; I observed the night was falling dry; my clothes were dried a good deal; truly, I was in a better case than ever before, since I had landed on the isle; and so I got to sleep at last, with a thought of gratitude.

The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shellfish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the sound, and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another



disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid!

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last, my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry I must wet it with the sea water before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long

while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word "whateffer" several times; but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes — yes, yes," said he; and then he looked at the other men, as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand toward the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out — ?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat, leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid; which is only what they call a tidal islet, and



except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish — even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings, but in my present case; being clothed like a beggarman, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of both; and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

incidents: adventures. — **guinea**: an English gold coin, worth about five dollars and a quarter. — **three pounds and four shillings**: about sixteen dollars. — **plight**: condition; state. — **abated**: declined. — **coble**: a boat used in the herring fishery. — **neaps**: low tides.

The Monks' Garden.

In the monks' garden it is high summer — summer that verges toward its golden death. The garden is very old, and has the richness that only comes with age; for no ingenuity of man, no lavishing of gold can make you an old garden. Its trees are old out of memory. At one point is a walnut tree that was planted when the centuries were young — tradition says by the saint who first founded a monastery here eleven hundred years ago: for so long, with now and then a stormy interval when the monks were banished, has the robe of the friar brushed across the immemorial sod. The walnut tree is stanchioned round its split trunk with iron, and the great limbs of it are sprawling helplessly over the grass. It is the veteran of the place, for the other trees are in full prime. Here is a cloister of them, fairer far than the stone cloister the monks declare to be the longest out of Spain. The sod in it is velvety, and the unbroken arch of the lofty boughs meets overhead. There is a shimmering green light within this day of August, and far, far down its shadowy aisle is a statue of the Mother-Maid, meek, and with hidden eyes. There is always a white robe in that cloister of some monk saying his office, and incessantly where we



stand we hear the music of a water wheel, spurting and gurgling out of sight.

Round the paths is a trellis of roses many feet high, and heavy with bloom. The arch is bowered in roses — roses so lavish that one can see no leaves for the bloom: a cloth of gold diapered in roses, for the little roses are deep gold in color. There are dahlias either side the path — no gardener's single dahlias, but the double, old-fashioned sort that are like proud and stately ladies. Beyond the rose trellis are the raspberry beds and the currants and gooseberries, with here and there a very old apple tree, heavy with rosy fruit. On a smooth space of silky grass is a fountain sending up arches of spray. St. Dominic is its tutelary saint, and gazes down ever at the diamond spray which bedews his habit and his rosary. Round about the fountain are a few conventional, star-shaped beds of yellow and scarlet, and there is a dial, close by, to number the golden hours.

The presiding genius of the garden goes with you, meekly proud. He is a brown-faced monk with the black scapular over the white habit that tells him a lay brother. He is such a gift as the saints have sent their monasteries from time immemorial. In his brown, wrinkled face one reads shrewdness, kindliness, humor, humility. The monastery sends out great preachers — zealous men of God; but not the greatest of them is so necessary to its

well-being as this lay brother. He is a man of the world, and stands between the world and the cloister. He is farmer, gardener, lawyer, doctor, man of business. Sometimes he fares far out into the world. He attends English rose shows and visits the great fruit growers and nurserymen of England that he may learn the latest thing in fruit and flower science to benefit his garden. Far away from his monastery and among heretics he is highly esteemed, and is an honored guest at the tables of men who have grown wealthy out of argosies of roses and lilies, and gardens like the Hesperides. He is not chary of his knowledge, and is an eagerly welcomed guest at surrounding halls and farmhouses, where he comes to bud roses or graft fruit with the skill of the expert.

It is he who has brought into the monks' garden such innovations as the houses where tomatoes and cucumbers are grown, and other houses where tuberoses in long lines are yielding a sickly fragrance. With his own hands he has built the houses, and has omitted no artifice of the professional, not even the amber and purple glass above the doorways. The cucumbers uncurl from the vines like heavy green snakes dropping from tropical boughs, and the scarlet tomatoes down a dwindling perspective of green make something strangely beautiful in color.

Here are arches of tomatoes in the open air under the shelter of southern walls where peaches and apricots hang



ripe and the plums are turning purple. Round a corner are rows of mushroom hotbeds. Your guide would disclaim any credit for these if he could. Ask him who devised the water wheel in its green solitude that drives the water of a brook even up to the monastery roof. "A brother," he says simply, and you know the anonymity stands for himself.

Turn aside into the elm walk that makes the crows a rookery, for here along the path by the dahlias comes a group of novices saying the rosary. You will see them again in the wainscoted monastery parlor, where there hangs a triptych by Fra Bartolomeo and a group of angels by Fra Angelico, with many other brown paintings by cloistered artists sent here from the mother-house in Fiesole. Some of these lads are bound for foreign missions, and will presently be bidding their friends farewell, with cowls drawn over their unstained foreheads and their hands folded under the white scapulars. Curiously pathetic, too, in their youth and slenderness, and their air of a great meekness. One is glad of this dovecote for them and of the lay brother who traffics for them with the world so that their peace may be undisturbed.

Blue mountains close in the horizon outside the monastery walls. You catch a glimpse of them here and there where the trees part and the wall is low. There is such a place beyond the garden, beyond the monastery,

and the centuries-old tower that companied the walnut tree before this monastery was dreamed of, and is now a chattering home of birds. There is a sunken road to the farmyard, another engineering feat of that unnamed "brother." You cross it by a bridge, and take the winding path around the pond. The pond sends out small tongues of water which you cross by little wattled bridges. There is a solitary swan who rules the pond. He has his house on an island; it is built of the twisted wattle, and bears the inscription in rude letters, "The Swan's House." At the far end the pond drains below the wall and down a runnel by the roadside; and looking over the low wall at this point you will see the mountains and the gold stubble fields, and close at hand white cottages, with a pink-frocked child driving the ducks to the water.

The monks walk by the pond for their meditations, but on either side the quiet water lie the monastery fields, which earn a modest revenue every year — less, perhaps, than the garden, which produces so richly as to be a veritable gold mine after the table is served with fruit and vegetables.

Everywhere one comes on glimmering statues among green boughs, and amid the rose and gold of fruit and flowers images of the blessed saints or of angels with outstretched wings. The place is so peaceful and holy, so fruitful, so sweet with the songs of birds that one would



not wonder greatly if, looking up, one were to see a very angel poised in air, keeping and blessing this paradise, this garden of God.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

verges: approaches. — **stanchioned**: supported. — **trellis**: frame of cross-barred work. — **diapered**: flowered; clothed. — **tutelary**: guardian. — **dial**: an instrument for showing the time of day. — **fares**: goes. — **argosies**: large ships. — **Hesperides**: in mythology, the daughter of Hesperus, who had gardens of golden fruit. — **innovations**: changes. — **artifice**: ingenious trick. — **devised**: planned. — **anonymity**: namelessness. — **wainscoted**: wooden-lined walls. — **triptych**: an altar-piece in three parts. — **Fiesole** (fyā'zō lā). — **wattled**: made of platted twigs or rods. — **runnel**: small brook. — **poised**: suspended.

Caleb Plummer and his Daughter.

Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter lived all alone by themselves, as the storybooks say, in a little cracked nutshell of a wooden house. The house of Gruff and Tackleton was the great feature of the street; but you might have knocked down Caleb Plummer's dwelling with a hammer or two, and carried off the pieces in a cart.

I have said that Caleb and his poor blind daughter lived here; but I should have said Caleb lived here and his poor blind daughter somewhere else, in an enchanted home of Caleb's furnishing, where scarcity and shabbiness were not, and trouble never entered.

Caleb was no sorcerer, except in the only magic art that still remains to us; the magic of devoted, deathless love. Nature had been the mistress of his study; and from her teaching all the wonder came.

The blind girl never knew that ceilings were discolored; walls blotched, and bare of plaster here and there; high crevices unstopped and widening every day. The blind girl never knew that iron was rusting, wood rotting, paper peeling off.

The blind girl never knew that ugly shapes of delft and earthenware were on the board; that sorrow and faint-heartedness were in the house; that Caleb's scanty hairs were turning grayer and more gray before her sightless face. The blind girl never knew they had a master, cold, exacting, and uninterested; never knew that Tackleton was Tackleton in short; but lived in the belief that he was a man who loved to have his jest with them; and, while he was the guardian angel of their lives, disdained to hear one word of thankfulness.

And all was Caleb's doing; all the doing of her simple father! When the motherless blind child was very young, the thought came to him that even her great deprivation might be almost changed into a blessing, and the girl made happy by these little means.

Caleb and his daughter were at work together in



their usual working room, which served them for their ordinary living room as well; and a strange place it was. There were houses in it, finished and unfinished, for dolls of all stations in life. Country houses for dolls of moderate means; kitchens and single apartments for dolls of the lower classes; capital town residences for dolls of high estate.

There were various other samples of his handicraft besides dolls in Caleb Plummer's room. There were Noah's arks, in which the birds and beasts were an uncommonly tight fit, I assure you; though they could be crammed in anyhow at the roof, and rattled and shaken into the smallest compass.

There were scores of little carts which, when the wheels went round, performed most doleful music; fiddles, drums, and other instruments of torture; no end of cannon, shields, swords, spears, and guns.

There were beasts of all sorts: horses, in particular, of every breed, from the spotted barrel on four pegs, with a small tippet for a mane, to the thoroughbred rocker on his highest mettle.

In the midst of all these objects, Caleb and his daughter sat at work, — the blind girl busy as a doll's dressmaker; and Caleb painting and glazing the front of a desirable family mansion.

The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, and

his absorbed and dreamy manner, — which would have sat well on some student, — were at first sight an odd contrast to his occupation.

"So you were out in the rain last night, father, in your beautiful new greatcoat," said Caleb's daughter.

"In my beautiful new greatcoat," answered Caleb, glancing toward a clothesline in the room on which his sackcloth garment was carefully hung up to dry.

"How glad I am you bought it, father!"

"And of such a tailor, too," said Caleb. "Quite a fashionable tailor. It's too good for me."

The blind girl rested from her work and laughed with delight. "Too good, father? What can be too good for you?"

Happy blind girl! How merry she was!

"I see you, father," she said, clasping her hands, "as plainly as if I had the eyes I never want when you are with me. A blue coat —"

"Bright blue," said Caleb.

"Yes, yes! Bright blue!" exclaimed the girl, turning up her radiant face; "the color I can just remember in the blessed sky! You told me it was blue before! A bright blue coat —"

"Made loose to the figure," suggested Caleb.

"Yes, loose to the figure!" cried the blind girl, laughing heartily; "and in it you, dear father, with



your merry eye, your smiling face, your free step, and your dark hair, looking so young and handsome!"

"Holloa! holloa!" said Caleb. "I shall be vain presently."

"I think you are already," cried the blind girl, pointing at him, in her glee. "I know you, father! Ha, ha, ha! I've found you out, you see!"

How different the picture in her mind from Caleb, as he sat observing her! She had spoken of his free step. She was right in that. For years and years he never once had crossed that threshold at his own slow pace, but with a footfall counterfeited for her ear; and never had he, when his heart was heaviest, forgotten the light tread that was to render hers so cheerful and courageous.

"There we are," said Caleb, falling back a pace or two to form the better judgment of his work. "What a pity that the whole front of the house opens at once! If there were only a staircase in it now, and regular doors to the rooms to go in at!"

Caleb began to hum a song.

"What! you are singing, are you?" said Tackleton, putting his head in at the door. "Go it! I can't sing."

No one would have suspected him of it. He hadn't what is generally termed a singing face, by any means.

"I can't afford to sing," said Tackleton. "I'm glad

you can. I hope you can afford to work, too. Hardly time for both, I should think!"

"If you could see him, Bertha, how he's winking at me!" whispered Caleb. "Such a man to joke! You'd think, if you didn't know him, he was in earnest, wouldn't you?"

The blind girl smiled and nodded.

"The bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing, they say," grumbled Tackleton. "What about the owl that can't sing, and oughtn't to sing, and will sing? Is there anything that he should be made to do?"

"The extent to which he's winking at this moment!" whispered Caleb to his daughter. "Oh, my gracious!"

"Always merry and light-hearted with us!" cried the smiling Bertha.

"Oh, you are there, are you? and being there — how are you?" said Tackleton.

"Oh! well; quite well. And as happy as even you could wish me to be. As happy as you would make the whole world if you could!"

"Bertha!" said Tackleton, assuming a little cordiality. "Come here."

"Oh, I can come straight to you. You needn't guide me!" she rejoined.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Bertha?"

"If you will!" she answered eagerly.



How bright the darkened face! How adorned with light, the listening head!

"This is the day on which little what's-her-name, Peerybingle's wife, pays her regular visit to you — makes her fantastic picnic here, isn't it?" said Tackleton, with a strong expression of distaste for the whole concern.

"Yes," replied Bertha, "this is the day."

"I thought so!" said Tackleton. "I should like to join the party."

"Do you hear that, father?" cried the blind girl, in an ecstasy.

"Yes, yes, I hear it," murmured Caleb, with the fixed look of a sleepwalker; "but I do not believe it."

"You see, I — I want to bring the Peerybingles a little more into company with May Fielding," said Tackleton. "I am going to be married to May."

"Married!" cried the blind girl, starting from him.

"She's such an idiot," muttered Tackleton, "that I was afraid she'd never comprehend me. Ah, Bertha, married! Church, parson, clerk, bell, breakfast, bridecake, favors, and all the rest. A wedding, you know; a wedding. Don't you know what a wedding is?"

"I know," replied the blind girl, in a gentle tone. "I understand."

"Do you?" muttered Tackleton. "It's more than I expected. Well, on that account, I want to join the party

and to bring May and her mother. I'll send in a little something or other before the afternoon. A cold leg of mutton, or some comfortable trifle of that sort. You'll expect me?"

"Yes," she answered.

She had drooped her head and turned away, and so stood, with her hands crossed, musing.

"I don't think you will," muttered Tackleton, looking at her; "for you seem to have forgotten all about it already. Caleb!"

"I may venture to say I'm here, I suppose," thought Caleb. "Sir!"

"Take care she doesn't forget what I've been saying to her."

"She never forgets," returned Caleb. "It's one of the few things she isn't clever in."

"Every man thinks his own geese swans," observed the toy merchant with a shrug. Having delivered himself of which remark he withdrew.

Bertha remained where he had left her, lost in meditation.

It was not until Caleb had been occupied some time in yoking a team of horses to a wagon by the simple process of nailing the harness to their bodies, that she drew near to his working stool, and, sitting down beside him, said: —



"Father, I'm lonely in the dark. I want my eyes: my patient, willing eyes."

"Here they are," said Caleb. "Always ready. They are more yours than mine, Bertha, any hour in the four and twenty. What shall your eyes do for you, dear?"

"Look round the room, father."

"All right," said Caleb. "No sooner said than done, Bertha."

"Tell me about it."

"It's much the same as usual," said Caleb. "Homely, but very snug. The gay colors on the walls; the bright flowers on the plates and dishes; the shining wood, where there are beams or panels; the general cheerfulness and neatness of the building make it very pretty."

Cheerful and neat it was, wherever Bertha's hands could busy themselves. But nowhere else were cheerfulness and neatness possible in the crazy old shed which Caleb's fancy so transformed.

"You have your working dress on, and are not so fine as when you wear the handsome coat?" said Bertha, touching him.

"Not quite so fine," answered Caleb. "Pretty brisk, though."

"Father," said the blind girl, drawing close to his side, and stealing one arm round his neck, "tell me something about May. She is very fair."

"She is, indeed," said Caleb. And she was indeed. It was quite a rare thing to Caleb not to have to draw on his invention.

"Her hair is dark," said Bertha, "darker than mine. Her voice is sweet and musical, I know. I have often loved to hear it. Her shape —"

"There's not a doll's in all the room to equal it," said Caleb.

"Our friend, father; our benefactor. I am never tired, you know, of hearing about him. Now was I ever?" she said hastily.

"Of course not," answered Caleb. "And with reason."

"Ah, with how much reason!" cried the blind girl, with such fervency that Caleb could not bear to meet her face; but dropped his eyes, as if she could have read in them his innocent deceit.

"Then tell me again about him, dear father!" said Bertha. "Many times again! His face is benevolent, kind, and tender. Honest and true, I am sure it is. The manly heart that tries to cloak all favors with a show of roughness and unwillingness beats in its every look and glance."

"And makes it noble," added Caleb, in his quiet desperation.

"And makes it noble!" cried the blind girl.

* * * * * * *



sorcerer: magician. — **crevices**: cracks. — **delft**: colored, glazed earthenware. — **disdained**: considered unworthy of notice. — **high estate**: high rank. — **handicraft**: labor and skill. — **scores**: large numbers. — **doleful**: full of grief. — **mettle**: courage. — **absorbed**: occupied wholly. — **counterfeited**: imitated so as to deceive. — **cordiality**: heartiness. — **fantastic**: queer. — **ecstasy**: extravagant emotion. — **comprehend**: understand. — **draw on his invention**: overstate: exaggerate. — **benefactor**: friendly helper. — **fervency**: warmth of feeling.

Caleb Plummer and his Daughter (*Continued*).

"I have been thinking of what I have done," said Caleb to Mary; "I have been blaming myself till I hardly knew what to do or where to turn, and I've come to the conclusion that I'd better tell her the truth. You will stay with me the while?" he inquired, trembling from head to foot.

"I don't know what effect it may have upon her; I don't know what she'll think of me; I don't know that she'll ever care for her poor father afterward. But it's best for her that she should be undeceived; and I must bear the consequences as I deserve."

"Mary," said Bertha, "where is your hand? Ah, here it is! here it is!" pressing it to her lips with a smile, and drawing it through her arm. Her father went on one side of her, while Mary remained upon the other, holding her hand.

"Bertha, my dear," said Caleb, "I have something on my mind I want to tell you, while we three are alone. Hear me kindly! I have a confession to make."

"A confession, father?"

"I have wandered from the truth and lost myself, my child," said Caleb, with a pitiable expression in his bewildered face. "I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you, and have been cruel."

She turned her wonderstricken face toward him, and repeated, "'Cruel'!"

"He accuses himself too strongly, Bertha," said Mary. "You'll say so presently. You'll be the first to tell him so."

"He cruel to me!" cried Bertha, with a smile of incredulity.

"Not meaning it, my child," said Caleb. "But I have been, though I never suspected it till yesterday. My dear blind daughter, hear me and forgive me! The world you live in, heart of mine, doesn't exist as I have represented it. The eyes you have trusted in have been false to you."

She turned her wonderstricken face toward him still; but drew back and clung closer to her friend.

"Your road in life was rough, my poor one," said Caleb, "and I meant to smooth it for you. I have altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented



CALEB PLUMMER AND BERTHA.

many things that never have been, to make you happier. I have had concealments from you, put deceptions on you, — God forgive me! — and surrounded you with fancies."

"But living people are not fancies!" she said hurriedly, turning very pale and still retiring from him. "You can't change them."

"I have done so, Bertha," pleaded Caleb. "Tackleton is a stern, sordid, grinding man. A hard master to you and me, my dear, for many years. Ugly in his looks and in his nature. Unlike what I have painted him to you in everything, my child. In everything."

"Oh, why," cried the blind girl, "why did you ever do this! Why did you ever fill my heart so full, and then come in like Death and tear away the objects of my love! Oh! Heaven, how blind I am! How helpless and alone!"

Her afflicted father hung his head, and offered no reply but in his penitence and sorrow.

"Mary," said the blind girl, "tell me what my home is, — what it truly is."

"It is a poor place, Bertha; very poor and bare indeed. The house will scarcely keep out wind and rain another winter. It is as roughly shielded from the weather, Bertha," Mary continued, in a low, clear voice. "as your poor father in his sackcloth coat."



The blind girl spread her hands before her face. "Dear Mary, a moment. One moment! Speak softly to me. You are true, I know. You'd not deceive me now, would you?"

"No, Bertha, indeed!"

"No, I'm sure you would not. You have too much pity for me. Mary, look where my father is — my father, so compassionate and loving to me — and tell me what you see."

"I see," said Mary, who understood her well, "an old man sitting in a chair and leaning sorrowfully on the back, with his face resting on his hand. As if his child should comfort him, Bertha."

"Yes, yes. She will. Go on."

"He is an old man, worn with care and work. He is a spare, thoughtful, gray-haired man. I see him now, despondent and bowed down, and striving against nothing. But, Bertha, I have seen him many times before; and striving hard in many ways for one great sacred object. And I honor his gray head and bless him!"

The blind girl broke away from her, and throwing herself on her knees before him, took the gray head to her breast.

"It is my sight restored. It is my sight!" she cried. "I have been blind, and now my eyes are open. I never knew him! To think I might have died and

never truly seen the father who has been so loving to me!"

There were no words for Caleb's emotion.

"There is not a gallant figure on this earth," exclaimed the blind girl, holding him in her embrace, "that I would love so dearly, and would cherish so devotedly, as this! The grayer and more worn, the dearer, father! Never let them say I am blind again. There's not a furrow in his face, there's not a hair upon his head, that shall be forgotten in my prayers and thanks to Heaven!"

Caleb managed to say, "My Bertha!"

"And, in my blindness, I believed him," said the girl, caressing him with tears of exquisite affection, "to be so different! And having him beside me, day by day, so mindful of me always, never dreamed of this!"

"The fresh, smart father in the blue coat, Bertha," said Caleb, — "he's gone!"

"Nothing is gone," she answered. "Dearest father, no! Everything is here — in you. The father that I loved so well; the father that I never loved enough, and never knew; the benefactor whom I first began to reverence and love because he had such sympathy for me. All are here in you. Nothing is dead to me. The soul of all that was most dear to me is here — here, with the worn face and gray head. And I am not blind, father, any longer! Father," said Bertha, hesitating. "Mary."



"Yes, my dear," returned Caleb. "Here she is."

"There is no change in her? You never told me anything of her that was not true?"

"I should have done it, my dear, I am afraid," returned Caleb, "if I could have made her better than she is. But I must have changed her for the worst, if I had changed her at all. Nothing could improve her, Bertha."

CHARLES DICKENS.

incredulity: doubt. — **sordid**: mean; covetous. — **compassionate**: full of pity. — **despondent**: low-spirited; sad.

The Meeting of the Waters.

"The Meeting of the Waters," that is, of the rivers Avon and Avoca, forms a part of the beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in County Wicklow, Ireland.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no — it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin in 1779 and died in 1852. His widest and most enduring reputation is as the author of the "Irish Melodies," a collection of about one hundred and twenty-four lyrics, adapted to Irish national airs of great beauty. His most pretentious work is his Oriental romance "Lalla Rookh," a string of stories told in sparkling verse. Moore was distinguished by the grace of his thoughts and sentiments, his wit and fancy, and the melody and refinement of his versification.

As soon as you perceive that you are tempted, follow the example of children; when they see a wolf or a bear, they at once run to the arms of their father or mother, or at least they call out to them for help. It is the remedy which Our Lord taught, when He said: Pray, lest you enter into temptation.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

I wish the reader to fix his attention for a moment on these two great characters of the pine, its straightness and rounded perfectness; both wonderful, and in their issue lovely. I say first its straightness. Because we see it in the wildest scenery, we are apt to remember only as examples of it those which have been disturbed by violent accident or disease.

Of course such instances are frequent. The soil of the pine is subject to continual change; perhaps the rock in which it is rooted splits in frost and falls forward, throwing the young stems aslope, or the whole mass of earth around it is undermined by rain, or a huge bowlder falls on its stem from above, and forces it for twenty years to grow with the weight of several tons leaning on its side.

Nevertheless this is not the truest or universal expression of the pine's character. The pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, looking up to its great companies of pine.

You cannot reach them; those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but that of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs.

Then note, further, their perfectness. The pine stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, and, instead of being wild in its expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery. For other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs; but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows no bough to be seen. Lowland forests arch overhead and checker the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing to the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew.

And then I want you to notice in the pine its exquisite fineness. Other trees rise against the sky in dots and knots, but this in fringes.

You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they; and for this reason it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery changes noticed by Shakespeare.

When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine, provided the ridge be at a distance of about two miles, and seen clear, all the trees for about three or four degrees on each side of the sun become trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself.

I thought at first this was owing to the actual luster of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the

cloud dew upon them, every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them.

JOHN RUSKIN.

aslope: slanting. — **bowlder**: a large stone. — **awe**: fear mingled with reverence. — **compact**: solid. — **cones**: the fruit of the pine. — **luxuriant**: abundant. — **isolation**: loneliness. — **checker**: mark with small squares. — **subtle**: artful; cunning. — **luster**: brightness.

St. Stephen, the First Christian Martyr.

Princes sat, and spake against me;
  Sinners held me in their net;
Thou, O Lord! shalt save Thy servant,
  For on Thee his heart is set;
Strong is he whose strength Thou art,
Plain his speech, and strong his heart.

Blessed Stephen stood discoursing,
  In the bud of speechless youth,
With his judges. Love, not malice,
  Edged his words and armed with truth;
They that heard him gnashed their teeth —
Heard him speak, and vowed his death.

Gathered on a thousand foreheads,
  Dark and darker grew the frown,
Broadening like the pine-wood's shadow
  While a wintry sun goes down:
On the Saint that darkness fell —
At last they spake: it was his knell.

As a maid, her face uplifted
  Bright'ning with an inward light,
When the voice of her beloved
  Calls her from some neighboring height,
So his face he raised on high,
And saw his Savior in the sky!

Dimmed a moment was that vision —
  O'er him burst the stony shower;
Stephen with his arms extended
  For his murderers prayed that hour.
To his prayer St. Paul was given;
Then he slept, and woke in heaven.

Faithful deacon, still at Christmas
  Decking tables for the poor,
Martyr at the bridal banquet,
  Guest of God for evermore!
In the realms of endless day
For thine earthly clients pray!

AUBREY DE VERE.

Aubrey de Vere was born at Currah Chase, County Limerick, Ireland, in 1814. In 1851 he entered the Catholic Church, of which he remained a devout member. His verse is smooth and melodious, and his inspiration springs from his faith and his patriotism, two qualities that are noticeable in most of his writings. He died in 1902.

To his prayer St. Paul was given: St. Paul was converted shortly after St. Stephen's martyrdom, which he witnessed.

Elizabeth.

One of the most terrible punishments inflicted on political and other offenders in Russia is that of exile to the barren, weary wastes of Siberia. Banished to this country of pitiless cold, under the eye of a watchful and often cruel governor, many a noble, cultured man has pined his life away, welcoming death as a happy release.

In this wretched place there dwelt at one time a gentleman and his wife, people of education and refinement, with their daughter Elizabeth. For many years the young girl did not know the reason for their cruel fate.

But she did know that her parents lavished on her the most tender love, and that in spite of the cheerfulness they affected in her presence, there was a never ceasing grief gnawing at their hearts.

When Elizabeth was sixteen, she learned the story of her father's life and of the devotion which led her

mother to share his exile. From that time one idea alone occupied the mind of this loving, dutiful daughter, and that was how she could gain the pardon and the freedom of her dear ones.

Think of the difficulties she must encounter before she could reach the Czar, who alone could pardon them! Without money and without proper clothing, she must make her way alone on foot for hundreds of miles through vast forests, across dreary, snow-covered plains, meeting people whose language was unknown to her; and these hindrances overcome, there was a still greater, more formidable obstacle: the stern, unbending will of an all-powerful monarch. To meet and conquer these and help her on her way she had only the courage and perseverance of a pure, brave, loving heart; but putting her trust in a merciful Providence, she made ready for her journey.

Her parents urged her to abandon her purpose, for they could see in it nothing but certain failure and probable death. But in vain they pleaded, for though obedient in all other things, in this she refused to listen to them.

At last an unlooked-for opportunity arrived — an old priest who was returning to Spain, and had to pass through Russia, called at Elizabeth's home. At the girl's earnest solicitation, he consented that she should

accompany him; so, bidding a tender and tearful adieu to her parents, she turned her face toward the Russian capital, and started on her errand of love.

It was about the middle of May when Elizabeth began her eventful journey. Before it was half done, her guide, the priest, took sick and died. It was a great blow to the girl, but, undaunted, she kept on. More than once she was overtaken by a storm and drenched to the skin; at one time she met with robbers, but as she had nothing they let her go unharmed; at other times she was treated with great kindness and charity by people even poorer than she was.

At last, after many months of painful travel, Elizabeth neared Moscow, and to her delight learned that the emperor was to be there.

Footsore, penniless, and hungry she entered the city, and was forced to beg for food and shelter. Often repulsed, she finally found refuge in an inn, where the charity of the host received her. To this good man and his equally kind wife Elizabeth told her story.

Her joy was unbounded when these good people assured her that the emperor had only to hear her pitiful tale to grant the sought-for pardon. And so it proved; her story spread until it reached the monarch's ears, and an audience was granted to the girl. To him she told the object of her journey, and long before her

tale was ended her filial eloquence gained what she so much desired.

Her return to Siberia with the joyful news was different from her painful journey to Moscow. She was sent back under the protection and care of the government, and had the pleasure of finding her parents alive and well.

If you would know more of this story, you will find it in "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," a little book written a hundred years ago by a French lady, and you may read it in English, for its pathos and beauty have so stirred the pulses of the world that it has been translated into many languages.

wastes: uncultivated country. — **lavished**: gave generously. — **Czar**: the Emperor of Russia. — **undaunted**: fearless. — **repulsed**: driven away.

Flow gently, sweet Afton.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,

Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, a famous Scotch lyric poet, was born at Alloway, near Ayr, Scotland, January 25, 1759, and died July 21, 1796.

Afton: a river in Scotland. — **braes**: a Scotch word meaning *hills*. — **birk**: the Scotch form of *birch*. — **lave**: wash.



The Yellow Violet.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.



Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them — but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794, and died in New York City, in 1878, from the effects of a sunstroke. He was a poet by nature; his "Thanatopsis," written before he was nineteen, bids fair to secure him a literary immortality. He was a careful observer of nature, "as any one may prove who will take a volume of his poems out into the woods and fields, and read the descriptions in the presence of what is described." In 1826 Bryant became editor of the New York *Evening Post*, which position he retained until his death. His writings in that paper were often very anti-Catholic.

war'ble: song. — **the yellow violet**: this flower is not properly a violet, but belongs to the lily family. — **russet**: reddish or yellowish brown. — **mold**: fine, soft earth. — **unapt**: not likely. — **ape**: to mimic, as an ape does. — **genial**: cheerful. — **painted tribes of light**: the flowers.

At the Home of Martha and Mary.

At the time when our divine Lord was on earth, there lived at Bethany, near Jerusalem, two sisters, named Martha and Mary. Our Lord loved them and their brother Lazarus, and they, in turn, loved Him, and He was always welcome at their home.

At one of Our Savior's visits, Martha, being anxious to show her guest all possible hospitality, was busy with much serving, running to and fro, arranging the table, and apparently doing all the work, while her sister Mary was seated at the Master's feet, listening to His words.

After a while Martha grew weary, and seeing that her sister had no intention of helping her, she complained to Our Lord that all the labor fell on her. So she, in the language of the Evangelist, stood and said: "Lord, hast Thou no care that my sister hath left me alone to serve? Speak to her, therefore, that she help me."

She *stood* and said these words. We can imagine her, hot and tired with her household work, standing still for a moment, and somewhat ruffled in temper, asking Our Lord to come to her help. But, instead of doing so, He took Mary's part and warmly defended her, while He rebuked the elder sister.

"Martha, Martha," He said, the repetition of the name suggesting the tone of Our Lord's voice and the gentle look of reproach, "thou art careful and art troubled about many things. But one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her."

This beautiful passage in the life of Our Lord is full of instruction for us all, for we learn by it, direct from the lips of our blessed Savior, that to do His will in all things, to live up to His teachings, is, above everything, the better part.

Heinrich Hofmann, the artist, has selected this incident as the subject of one of his most masterly creations. He shows our dear Lord in all His dignity and majesty, standing beneath a vine-crowned arbor. His right hand is extended toward Martha, as if remonstrating with her for her unreasonable complaint, while at His left, wrapt in the sweetness of His words, sits Mary. The doves drinking at the near-by basin, the sheep grazing on the distant hills, add to the beauty and peace and quiet of the scene.

Economy is praiseworthy; stinginess is not: it contracts the heart of a man and makes him miserable.

How a Good Priest served the State.

Pope Leo XII., on his accession to the Pontificate, was determined that the roads should be safe for the poor pilgrims who were visiting Rome for the Jubilee, and took such active measures, in concert with the neighboring States, that the system of brigandage was completely extinguished. The last act, however, of its destruction deserves recording.

A good old priest, the Abbate Pellegrini, Archpriest of Sezze, ventured alone to the mountains which formed the headquarters and stronghold of the banditti, unauthorized and uninvited. Without password besides the expression of his charity, without a pledge to give that his assurances would be confirmed, without any claim, from position, to the fulfillment of his promises, he walked boldly into the midst of the band and preached to them repentance and change of life.

They listened: perhaps they knew that active measures were being planned for their extermination; more probably, the very simplicity of the feeble, unarmed peacemaker touched their rude natures, and they wavered. But they were among the most dreaded of their race, nay, the most unpardonable, for some of them had been the assassins of the Terracina students.

One of them was their chief, Gasbarone, who owned to the commission of many murders. What hope could they entertain of pardon? The old man took upon himself to give his priestly word that their lives would be spared; they believed that word, and surrendered to him at discretion. The city of Sezze was astonished at beholding this herd of wolves led in by a lamb.

All admired the heroic action, the self-devoting charity, of this worthy ecclesiastic, who sought no reward, and who might have received a bullet or a stab for his first welcome from those desperadoes, but had done in a few hours what troops and statesmen, in combined action, had not been able to effect in years. His word was respected, his promise fulfilled, and these brutal men spent their lives of expiation in the fortress of Civita Vecchia.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

accession: the act of reaching an office. — **Pontificate**: the position of Pope. — **concert**: agreement in a plan. — **brigandage**: robbery. — **abbate** (ăb bȧ'tă). — **Sezze** (sĕt sȧ): a title of courtesy applied to priests in Italy. — **banditti**: robbers. — **desperadoes**: wild ruffians. — **expiation**: atonement. — **Civita Vecchia** (chē'vē tȧ vĕk'kē ä): a town of Italy.

Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can.

The history of the renowned Don Quixote presents something more stately, more romantic, and at the same time more real to the imagination, than that of any other hero upon record. His lineaments, his accouterments, his pasteboard visor, are familiar to us; and Mambrino's helmet still glitters in the sun. We not only feel the greatest love and veneration for the knight himself, but a certain respect for all those connected with him,— the curate and Master Nicholas, Sancho and Dapple, and even for Rozinante's leanness and his errors.

Perhaps there is no work which combines so much whimsical invention with such an air of truth. Its popularity is almost unequaled, and yet its merits have not been sufficiently understood. The story is the least part of them, though the blunders of Sancho and the unlucky adventures of his master are what naturally catch the attention of the majority of readers. The pathos and the dignity of the sentiments are often disguised under the ludicrousness of the subject, and provoke laughter when they might well draw tears.

The character of Don Quixote himself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of the most amiable kind; of a nature equally open, gentle, and generous; a lover of truth and justice; and one who

had brooded over the fine dreams of chivalry and romance till they had robbed him of himself and cheated his brain into a belief of their reality.

There cannot be a greater mistake than to consider "Don Quixote" as a merely satirical work, or as a vulgar attempt to explode the "long-forgotten order of chivalry." There could be no need to explode what no longer existed. Besides, Cervantes himself was a man of the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament; and even through the crazed and battered figure of the knight the spirit of chivalry shines out with undiminished luster, as if the author had half designed to revive the examples of past ages, and once more to "witch the world with noble horsemanship."

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

William Hazlitt was an English critic and essayist. He was born at Maidstone, England, April 10, 1778, and died in 1830.

Don Quixote (dŏn kwĭks'ŏt). — **lineaments**: features. — **accouterments**: dress. — **Mambrino's** (mam brē'nos) **helmet**: a Moorish king who was supposed to have a golden magic helmet. Don Quixote took possession of a barber's brass basin, which he conceived was Mambrino's helmet. — **the curate and Master Nicholas**: friends of Don Quixote. — **Sancho**: Don Quixote's serving-man. — **Dapple**: Sancho's donkey. — **Rozinante**: Don Quixote's charger. — **whimsical**: singular; fanciful. — **pathos**: a passion which awakes tender emotion. — **ludicrousness**: the state of being laughable. — **enthusiast**: a visionary. — **chivalry**: valor and courtesy. — **satirical**: bitter; reproachful. — **sanguine**: hopeful. — **witch the world with noble horsemanship**: Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," Act IV., Scene I.

Sancho Panza's Judgment.

After having traveled a certain distance, Governor Sancho, with his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best in the duke's territories. They gave him to understand that the name of the place was the Island of Barataria. As soon as he came to the gates, the magistrates came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of joy. They then delivered to him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governor of the Island of Barataria.

Next they carried him to the court of justice. When they had placed him in his seat, "My lord governor," said the duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and, by the return he makes, the people judge whether they ought to rejoice or be sorry for his coming."

At this instant, two men came into the court, the one dressed like a farmer; the other, who had a pair of shears in his hand, looked like a tailor.

"If it please you, my lord," said the tailor, "this honest man came to my shop yesterday; for, saving your



presence, I am a tailor; so, my lord, he showed me a piece of cloth: 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered 'Yes.'

"Now, I imagined, that perhaps he imagined, that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth — judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Prithee,' quoth he, 'look if there be not enough for two caps?' Now, I saw his design, and told him there was. With that he bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three; and at last, if it would not make five? I was resolved to humor my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain. Now that the caps are ready, he refuses to pay me for my work; and wants me either to give him his cloth again, or pay him for it."

"Is this true, honest man?" said Sancho to the farmer.

"Yes, if it please you," answered the man; "but pray let him show the five caps he has made."

"With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, stuck upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins. "There," quoth he, "you see the five caps this customer asked for; and that I have not wronged him of the least shred of his cloth, let any workman be judge."

The sight of the caps and the oddness of the cause set the whole court a laughing.

Only Sancho sat gravely considering a while; and then, "Methinks," said he, "this suit may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and, therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the farmer his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners; and so let there be an end of the business."

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration. For after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him; one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff.

"My lord," said the other, who had no cane, "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns, to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again for a good while, lest it should prove inconvenient. However, perceiving that he was in no hurry to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he not only refuses to pay me again, but denies he owes me anything, and says that 'if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it.' Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath;

and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him."

"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho.

"Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it that I have honestly returned his money."

Thereupon the governor held down his rod; and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold. This done, he declared it was true the other had lent him the ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands.

The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply.

He made answer that, since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than to forswear himself, and that perhaps he himself had forgotten he had been repaid.

Then the defendant took his cane again, and having made a low obeisance to the judge, was leaving the court. Sancho, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had thought a while, suddenly ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me look at that cane a little; I have use for it."

"With all my heart, sir," answered the other; "here it is;" and with that he gave it to him.

Sancho took it and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, for now you are paid."

"How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?"

"Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a headpiece fit to govern a whole kingdom, if necessary."

This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done than out dropped the ten crowns.

All the spectators were amazed and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that he had observed that the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold, while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned him the money into his own hands, after which he took the cane again from the plaintiff; this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed.

The two old men went away; the one satisfied, the other shamefully disgraced; and the beholders were astonished, insomuch that the person who was commissioned to register Sancho's words and actions and

observe his behavior was not able to determine whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (mē gwĕl′ dā sĕr văn′tĕz sä vĕd′rä), one of the greatest imaginative writers of Spain, was born in 1547. Although he wrote many works, his masterpiece is "Don Quixote." This book, which has been translated into many languages, was intended to put an end to the absurd and affected romances which it was once the fashion to read. The work is regarded by the majority of readers as a burlesque, but the real aim of the author is to show that the disinterested, generous, kind-hearted, charitable man always commands our affection and esteem. Despite the fact that the works of Cervantes have had great circulation, he lived, the most of his life, in poverty. He died April 23, 1616.

demonstrations: exhibitions. — **steward**: manager. — **quoth**: said. — **cabbage**: steal. — **prithee**: a corruption of *pray thee*. — **shred**: strip; piece. — **methinks**: I think. — **provoked**: called forth. — **dun**: ask for payment. — **plaintiff**: one who begins a suit. — **creditor**: one who trusts. — **adversary**: an opposing person. — **forswear**: swear falsely. — **obeisance**: bow. — **Solomon**: a very wise man, so called from King Solomon. — **conjecture**: guess.

To a Water Fowl.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.



And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

plashy: watery. — **marge**: border; edge. — **chafed**: rubbed. — **illimitable**: boundless. — **abyss**: vast space.

The Story of Molly Pitcher.

"A red-haired, freckled-faced young Irishwoman," without beauty and without distinction, Molly Pitcher was the newly wedded wife of an artilleryman in Washington's little army. On June 28, 1778, was fought the battle of Monmouth, famous for the admirable tactics by which Washington regained the advan-

tages lost through the negligence of General Charles Lee, and also for the splendid charge and gallant death of Captain Moneton, an officer of the English grenadiers.

It was a Sunday morning, close and sultry. As the day advanced, the soldiers on both sides suffered terribly from that fierce, unrelenting heat in which America rivals India. The thermometer stood at ninety-six in the shade. Men fell dead in their ranks without a wound, smitten by sunstroke, and the sight of them filled their comrades with dismay.

Molly Pitcher, regardless of everything save the anguish of the sweltering, thirsty troops, carried buckets of water from a neighboring spring, and passed them along the line. Back and forward she trudged, this strong, brave, patient young woman, while the sweat poured down her freckled face, and her bare arms blistered in the sun.

She was a long time in reaching her husband — so many soldiers begged for drink as she toiled by — but at last she saw him, parched, grimy, spent with heat, and she quickened her lagging steps. Then suddenly a ball whizzed past, and he fell dead by the side of his gun before ever the coveted water had touched his blackened lips.

Molly dropped her bucket, and for one dazed moment stood staring at the bleeding corpse. Only for a moment,



MOLLY PITCHER.

for, amid the turmoil of battle, she heard the order given to drag her husband's cannon from the field.

The words roused her to life and purpose. She seized the rammer from the trodden grass, and hurried to the gunner's post. There was nothing strange in the work to her. She was too well versed in the ways of war for either ignorance or alarm.

Strong, skillful, and fearless, she stood by the weapon and directed its deadly fire until the fall of Moneton turned the tide of victory. The British troops under Clinton were beaten back after a desperate struggle, the Americans took possession of the field, and the battle of Monmouth was won.

On the following day, poor Molly, no longer a furious Amazon, but a sad-faced widow, with swollen eyes, and a scanty bit of crape pinned on her broad young bosom, was presented to Washington, and received a sergeant's commission with half-pay for life.

It is said that the French officers, then fighting for the freedom of the colonies, that is, against the English, were so delighted with her courage that they added to this reward a cocked hat full of gold pieces, and christened her "La Capitaine."

What befell her in after years has never been told. She lived and died obscurely, and her name has well-nigh been forgotten in the land she served. But the

memory of brave deeds can never wholly perish, and Molly Pitcher has won for herself a little niche in the temple of Fame.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Miss Agnes Repplier (rĕp plēr′) is a native of Philadelphia. She is the author of many volumes of delightful essays marked by a delicate and fascinating humor. In her chosen line she is probably unsurpassed by any living writer of English.

grenadiers: a special regiment of the British army. — **anguish**: extreme pain. — **spent with heat**: worn out by heat. — **turmoil**: tiring labor. — **Amazon**: female warrior. — **La Capitaine**: the Captain. — **niche in the temple of Fame**: a distinguished name.

An Ascent of Kilauea.

At last we found ourselves at the very edge of the old crater, the bed of which, three or four hundred feet beneath us, was surrounded by steep and in many places overhanging sides. It looked like an enormous caldron, four or five miles in width, full of a mass of cooled pitch. In the center was the still glowing stream of dark red lava flowing slowly toward us, and in every direction were red-hot patches, and flames, and smoke, issuing from the ground.

Yet the first sensation is rather disappointing, as one expects greater activity on the part of the volcano; but the new crater was still to be seen, containing the lake

of fire, with steep walls rising up in the midst of the sea of lava.

We spent the night at the Volcano House, and at three o'clock the next afternoon we set out.

First of all we descended the precipice, three hundred feet in depth, forming the wall of the old crater, but now thickly covered with vegetation. It is so steep that flights of zigzag wooden steps have been inserted in the face of the cliff in some places, in order to render the descent practicable.

At the bottom we stepped straight on to the surface of cold boiled lava, which we had seen from above the night before. Even here, in every crevice where a few grains of soil had collected, delicate little ferns might be seen struggling for life, and thrusting out their green fronds toward the light.

It was the most extraordinary walk imaginable, over that vast plain of lava, twisted and distorted into every conceivable shape and form, according to the temperature it had originally attained and the rapidity with which it had cooled, its surface, like half-molten glass, cracking and breaking beneath our feet.

Sometimes we came to a patch that looked like the contents of a pot, suddenly petrified in the act of boiling; sometimes the black, iridescent lava had assumed the form of waves, or more frequently of huge masses

of rope, twisted and coiled together; sometimes it was piled up like a collection of organ pipes, or had gathered into mounds and cones of various dimensions.

As we proceeded, the lava became hotter and hotter, and from every crack arose gaseous fumes, affecting our noses and throats in a painful manner; till at last, when we had to pass to leeward of the molten stream flowing from the lake, the vapors almost choked us, and it was with difficulty we continued to advance.

The lava was more glassy and transparent-looking, as if it had been fused at a higher temperature than usual; and the crystals of sulphur, alum, and other minerals, with which it abounded, reflected the light in bright, prismatic colors. In places it was quite transparent, and we could see beneath it the long streaks of a stringy kind of lava, like brown spun glass, called "Pelé's hair."

At last we reached the foot of the present crater, and commenced the ascent of the outer wall. Many times the thin crust gave way beneath our guide, and he had to retire quickly from the hot, blinding, choking fumes that immediately burst forth. But we succeeded in reaching the top, and then what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! I could neither speak nor move at first, but could only stand and gaze at the horrible grandeur of the scene.



We were standing on the extreme edge of a precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire, a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery liquid lava hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air.

The restless, heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. Its normal color seemed to be a dull dark red, covered with a thin gray scum, which every moment and in every part swelled and cracked, and emitted fountains, cascades, and whirlpools of yellow and red fire, while sometimes one big golden river, sometimes four or five, flowed across it.

As the sun set and as darkness enveloped the scene, it became more awful than ever. We retired a little way from the brink to breathe some fresh air, and to try and eat the food we had brought with us; but this was an impossibility. Every instant a fresh explosion or glare made us jump up to survey the scene.

The violent struggles of the lava to escape from its fiery bed, and the loud and awful noises by which these struggles were at times accompanied, suggested the idea that some imprisoned monsters were trying to release themselves from their bondage, with shrieks and groans,

and cries of agony and despair at the futility of their efforts. Sometimes there were at least seven spots on the borders of the lake where the molten lava dashed up furiously against the rocks — seven fire fountains playing at the same time.

I had for some time been feeling very hot and uncomfortable, and on looking round the cause was at once apparent. Not two inches beneath the surface the gray lava on which we were standing and sitting was red hot. A stick thrust through it caught fire, a piece of paper was immediately destroyed, and the gentlemen found the heat from the crevices so great that they could not approach near enough to light their pipes.

One more long last look, and then we turned our faces away from the scene that had inthralled us for so many hours. The whole of the lava we had crossed in the extinct crater was now aglow in many patches, and in all directions flames were bursting forth, fresh lava flowing, and steam and smoke were issuing from the surface.

It was a toilsome journey back again, walking as we did in single file, and obeying the strict charges of our head guide to follow him closely, and to tread exactly in his footsteps. On the whole, it was easier by night than by day to distinguish the route to be taken, as we could now see the dangers that before we could only feel; and



many were the fiery crevices we stepped over and jumped across.

Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself.

LADY BRASSEY.

Lady Brassey was an English woman, the wife of Sir Thomas Brassey, who, with her husband, made a yacht voyage around the world. This selection is taken from her account of the voyage, entitled "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam." She died at sea in 1887.

Kilauea (kē lou ā ā): an active volcano in the island of Hawaii, Hawaiian Islands. — **lava**: melted rock ejected by a volcano. — **zigzag**: running this way and that in an onward course. — **fronds**: leafy branches. — **iridescent**: having colors like the rainbow. — **petrified**: turned to stone. — **fumes**: vapors; smoke. — **fused**: melted. — **normal**: natural. — **futility**: uselessness. — **inthralled**: enslaved. — **extinct**: extinguished.

The Presentation in the Temple.

According to the Mosaic law, when a boy was born, his mother was obliged to present herself at the temple, and there offer prayer and sacrifice that she might be cleansed from all impurities of soul and body. She was also obliged to offer a pair of turtle doves or two young

pigeons. The law further required that the first-born son should be carried to the temple, and dedicated to the Lord, and afterward be released by the payment of a ransom of five shekels.

Although in the eyes of God the Blessed Virgin was not subject to these laws, yet she wished to submit to them and to appear outwardly like any other mother. So when the time was come, the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph set out on the journey to Jerusalem.

At daybreak the holy pilgrims were already on the road. Mary, holding her Child, rode upon an ass led by St. Joseph. No one noticed the lovely Babe, but Mary pressed Him the more closely to her love-warm heart. But what man in his blindness refused, the senseless animal endeavored to make good. When the pilgrims were near to Bethlehem, the beast stopped under a tree which stood by the roadside, and the tree bowed and dipped its largest branches over the head of the Infant and His Mother as if to pay homage to its Creator. For a while the Holy Family rested under this tree; then they resumed their journey, and soon stood before the gates of Jerusalem.

Quietly and unnoticed they passed through the streets on their way to the temple, where they met the venerable priest, Simeon. To this saintly servant of God it had been revealed that he should not see death till he

had first beheld the consolation of Israel, the promised Messias. Impelled by holy yearnings this devout man had come at early morning to the temple, and on meeting the Holy Family near the door he knew that here was the Child of promise.

When the ceremony of purification was over, the venerable Simeon conducted the holy Mother and her Child to the altar, where the presentation and ransoming of the first-born took place. As the Child was laid on the "table of offerings" a supernatural light filled the sacred edifice, and the glory of God was made manifest in the temple.

One of the priests who were always present at the rite of presentation took the Child from His Mother's arms, held Him over the altar of offering, and raising his eyes to heaven pronounced the prescribed prayer and benediction, while the devout parents offered the five pieces of silver for His ransom.

Every requirement being complied with, the offerings were sacrificed, and the ceremony was over. Then did Simeon give vent to his feelings. Taking the Divine Child in his arms, he blessed God, and cried out, "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."

The women, too, were to be represented: "There was one Anna, a prophetess; she was far advanced in years and a widow, who departed not from the temple, by fastings and prayers serving night and day. Now she coming in confessed to the Lord, and spoke of Him to all that looked for the redemption of Israel."

As Mary and Joseph listened to the words of Simeon and of Anna they wondered it had so soon pleased the Holy Ghost to make known the hidden glory of their Child. All four together praised the mercy of God, and the holy parents, bidding farewell to Simeon and to Anna, returned with the Infant to their own home at Nazareth.

ransom: the amount paid for the release of a prisoner; the price paid for freedom from a penalty. — **shekel**: an ancient coin used by the Jews, and worth about sixty cents in American money. — **Messias**: Our Savior. — **impelled**: moved. — **yearnings**: eager desires. — **prescribed**: ordered. — **vent**: utterance.

The Shandon Bells.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.



On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine:

For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;



But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly; —
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem more dear to me,
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

Shandon: a church in the city of Cork, Ireland. — **ponder**: think; reflect. — **Lee**: a river of Ireland. — **vibrate**: produce a ringing effect. — **belfry**: bell-tower. — **Adrian's Mole**: the Castle of Sant' Angelo, Rome, which is the remodeled mausoleum of the Emperor Adrian. — **Vatican**: the Papal palace, Rome. — **turret**: a small tower rising from or connected with another building. — **Notre Dame**: a famous cathedral of Paris. — **Peter**: St. Peter's, Rome. — **Tiber**: the second largest river in Italy. — **phantom**: fancy; delusion.

Happiness is a thing of the soul and not of the body; its source is in devotedness, not in enjoyment.



As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, — trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins.

The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call "thunder and lightning," which, though grown too short, was much

too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad, black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied.

"Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each,



which my wife undertook to keep for them and give them by little at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was unusually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by.

I wondered what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" —"I have brought you myself," cried Moses with a sly look and resting the box on the dresser. —"Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?" —"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." —"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then." —"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again.



"I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are, a gross of green spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases." —"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!" —"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." —"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife. "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." —"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims. They are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." —"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" —"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." —"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." —"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." —"The idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff! If I had them, I would throw them into the fire." —"There again you are wrong, my dear," said I, "for



though they be copper we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who had marked him for an easy prey. I, therefore, asked the circumstances of his deception.

He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in the County Longford, Ireland, in 1728, and died in 1774.

discreet: prudent. — **higgles**: tries to get bargains. — **cocking**: turning up the brim of. — **gosling**: a young goose. — **commendation**: praise. — **importing**: meaning. — **assented**: agreed. — **sevenpence halfpenny**: about fifteen cents. — **patches**: small pieces of black silk, that ladies used to stick on the face, as a mark of beauty. — **three pounds five shillings and twopence**: about sixteen dollars and a quarter. — **shagreen**: a kind of leather.



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THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.



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The Turning Point in the War of Independence.

The year 1777 was one of the most perilous periods in the early history of our republic. The eyes of the British were fixed on New York State, which they planned to conquer, hoping that by so doing the Eastern states would be cut off from the Middle States. In the furtherance of this plan General John Burgoyne, who was in command in Canada, was to march upon Albany by way of Lake Champlain. Colonel St. Leger was to lead a force up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Oswego, and come down the Mohawk Valley to Albany, while General William Howe was to go up the Hudson and join Burgoyne at Albany.

On May 10, Burgoyne ascended Lake Champlain with a disciplined and well-equipped army of about ten thousand men, four fifths of them British and Hessian regulars, the remainder Canadians and Indians.

The American General St. Clair, who had about three thousand men, with valuable stores and artillery at Ticonderoga, realizing that he could not hold the place, abandoned it to the enemy, and retreated to Fort Edward, which he reached in a week, with his men weary and worn from toil and exposure.

General Philip Schuyler, at Fort Edward, felt that



he was not strong enough to meet Burgoyne's army, and he too retreated, going toward Albany, destroying the bridges behind him, felling trees across the roads, and placing other obstructions in the way, so that it was three weeks before Burgoyne reached Fort Edward. When he came in sight of the Hudson, he was so overjoyed that he boasted he would eat his Christmas dinner in Albany.

Learning that the Americans had collected some supplies at Bennington, a little village of Vermont, Burgoyne sent a thousand men there to secure them, and to persuade the Vermonters, if possible, to join the British. Neither plan succeeded, for Colonel John Stark, with a much smaller force of militia, met the enemy and defeated them, killing many and taking the rest prisoners.

A few days after this battle General Schuyler, who was at the mouth of the Mohawk, where it empties into the Hudson, was replaced in command by General Horatio Gates.

Burgoyne's position was becoming dangerous by the loss of some of his best men, the desertion of many Indians, and the want of provisions, so he determined to force his way through the American army, and retreat to Canada. He crossed the Hudson and moved down toward the Mohawk. About the same time General Gates moved up the Hudson away from the Mohawk.

The two armies met at Bemis Heights, a ridge of hills near Saratoga, and a desperate battle ensued which lasted all day; over and over again the field was lost and won, and when night closed the contest, the Americans, thanks to the efforts and the valor of General Arnold, aided by General Morgan and his riflemen, felt that the honors of the day were theirs.

For nearly three weeks hostilities were not resumed, but on October 7, Burgoyne, grown desperate and having abandoned all hope of reënforcements, determined to cut his way through the American line. Then followed the battle of Stillwater, which, thanks again to Arnold, whose leg was shattered by a musket ball in the battle, proved to be an undoubted victory for the Americans.

Believing that the contest would be renewed on the following morning, the Americans slept on their arms. But during the night Burgoyne abandoned his sick and wounded, led off his men, and on the second day retreated to Saratoga. He was now completely at the mercy of the Americans. He was hemmed in on all sides. He had only provisions enough for three days. His army was reduced to four thousand men, and they were worn out by hunger and fatigue. There was nothing for him to do but to surrender, and at eleven o'clock on the morning of October 17, 1777, Burgoyne's army laid down its arms.



Shortly afterward, Burgoyne and his staff, in scarlet and gold, rode to the headquarters of General Gates. "The fortunes of war, General Gates, have made me your prisoner," said the defeated general; and Gates replied, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency."

The two generals dined together at a table of boards laid on empty barrels, and as the unarmed English army approached on its march to Boston, Burgoyne and Gates stepped out in view of both armies. Drawing his sword, Burgoyne bowed and presented it to Gates who, in turn, bowed, received the weapon, and returned it to Burgoyne. Such was the simple ceremony that marked the turning point in the American Revolution.

As the result of this surrender New York State was saved; France came to our aid; the drooping hopes of the patriots revived; and the weakened ranks of our armies were strengthened by new recruits.

periods: times. — **furtherance**: helping. — **disciplined**: drilled; well-trained. — **felling**: bringing to the ground. — **ensued**: followed.

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.

A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for a change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home; he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy.

Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him.

What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet

minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty.

With that sweet story of the "Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Goldsmith's sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court.

He could give the coals in that queer coal scuttle we read of to his poor neighbor; he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers; he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from gaol; when he was

a school-usher, he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own.

When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Doctor Goldsmith, Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man.

The court face was turned from honest Oliver; the fashion did not shine on him. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox — friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's table.

For the last half-dozen years of his life Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity; and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius

who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed it, and had not sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs, or sufficed for his habits.

As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of beggars and lazy dependents. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay day), he gave them of his money; if they begged on empty-purse days, he gave them his promissory bills; or he treated them at a tavern where he had credit; or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, for which he paid as long as he could earn.

Staggering under a load of debt and labor, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependents, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from



all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure — at last, at five-and-forty, death seized him and closed his career.

I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith — the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door.

Ah! it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote, with heart yearning for home, those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn: —

> In all my wanderings round this world of care,
> In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
> I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
> Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
> To husband out life's taper at the close,
> And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
> I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
> Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
> Around my fire an evening group to draw,
> And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
> And, as a hare, whom hounds and horn pursue,
> Pants to the place from whence at first he flew —
> I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
> Here to return, and die at home at last.



Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like — but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph — and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it.

W. M. THACKERAY.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta in 1811. He inherited a considerable fortune, but lost it, partly through his own fault, and partly through the fault of others. For four or five years he studied art, at which he became quite proficient, but was obliged to abandon it, and finally took to literature for a livelihood. His style is of the purest, and as a master of English fiction he stands in the highest rank. He was a voluminous author, and left behind him twenty-five to thirty volumes of essays, poems, and novels. He died in December, 1863.

wayward: willful. — **achieve**: obtain. — **dire**: dreadful. — **Auburn** and **Wakefield**: places mentioned in Goldsmith's writings. — **Lissoy**: a village of Ireland. — **elegy**: mournful poem. — **tremulous**: trembling. — **gaol** (in the United States, usually written *jail*): prison. — **vivid**: true to the life. — **versatile**: variable. — **competence**: sufficiency. — **sufficed**: been enough. — **bailiffs**: sheriffs' officers. — **Temple**: an office building in London. — **husband**: use with economy. — **swains**: young men living in the country. — **pensioners**: people depending on one.

Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

When Our Lord taught upon earth, He had many disciples, men and women, who followed Him everywhere, believing that He was the Son of God, the Savior. In order to instruct these people He often took them away from the multitudes crowding about Him, and brought them up to the mountains. It was on one of these occasions that He preached the Sermon on the Mount. "Opening His mouth," says the Holy Scriptures, "He taught them, saying:—

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall have their fill. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall see the kingdom of God. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

After giving these eight beatitudes He also taught that the greatest charity should prevail in the world; and that hatred of our brother was a sin against the fifth commandment. If we have quarreled with our

brother, we must be reconciled. And here, by our brother, is understood every human being with whom we have intercourse. We must see in every one of the human family a brother or a sister, and treat him or her as we would wish to be treated.

"We must love our enemies," He said, and Our Lord Himself does this all through His earthly life, even to the very end of His life, for from the hard wood of the cross He looked up to heaven and prayed that His Father might forgive the unhappy men who had crucified their Redeemer.

It was in this sermon that Christ gave to the world the Prayer of all prayers, the "Our Father," and taught that we cannot serve two masters — the world and God — at the same time. We must not endeavor to lay up riches for ourselves but rather to think of heavenly riches first, which are prayer and good works and charitable deeds. "Behold," He said, "the birds of the air. They neither sow nor reap, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not of more value than they? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they labor not, neither do they spin: yet not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these."

Our Lord went on to say that we must not judge others that we may not be judged, and that if we ask anything from God, it shall be given us. Here it was



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

that Our Lord gave the second commandment of the New Law, which we call the Golden Rule: "All things therefore that you want men to do to you, do also unto them." These words are just as important to-day as they were when Our Savior uttered them — but imagine how they sounded to the disciples, who had never heard the like from any other teacher. The Bible tells us that they were lost in admiration at His doctrine, for He was teaching as one having power.

prevail: spread widely. — **intercourse**: acquaintance; fellowship. — **arrayed**: clothed.

The Sister of Charity.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy reveled around her, love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race;



And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride;
Nor wept, at the threshold, as onward she moved,—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion, to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ballroom that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

* * * * * *

Her down-bed a pallet; her trinkets a bead;
Her luster one taper that serves her to read;



Her sculpture the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings one print of the thorn-crownèd head;
Her cushion the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined;
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapors of death;
Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace!
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb!
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;

Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men,
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,—
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed,
With the life and the deeds of that delicate maid?

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Gerald Griffin was born at Limerick in 1803, and while quite a young man, without money or influence gained a reputation in London as a successful writer. While in the midst of what promised to be a brilliant career, he forsook the world and joined the Christian Brothers. His best known work is "The Collegians," which proved successful as a novel and has been dramatized under the title of *The Colleen Bawn* and become widely popular.

trappings: ornaments. — **barters**: exchanges. — **pallet**: a small, mean bed. — **luster**: in this case, *light* is meant. — **pestilence**: any wide-spread, fatal, catching disease. — **philanthropist**: one who sympathizes with and endeavors to help his fellow-men.

The Pleasures of Home.

It may well be doubted which is more delightful — to start for a holiday which has been well earned, or to return home from one which has been thoroughly enjoyed; to find one's self, with renewed vigor, with a new store of memories and ideas, back once more by



one's own fireside, with one's family, friends, and books.

"To sit at home," says Leigh Hunt, "with an old book of romantic yet credible voyages and travels to read, an old bearded traveler for its hero, a fireside in an old country house to read it by, curtains drawn, and just wind enough stirring out of doors to make an accompaniment to the billows or forests we are reading of — this surely is one of the perfect moments of existence."

It is no doubt a great privilege to visit foreign countries; to travel say in Mexico or Peru, or cruise among the Pacific Islands; but in some respects the narratives of early travelers, the histories of Prescott or the voyages of Captain Cook, are even more interesting; describing to us, as they do, a state of society which was then so unlike ours, but which now has been much changed and Europeanized.

Thus we may make our daily travels interesting, even though, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family, all our adventures are by our own fireside, and all our migrations from one room to another.

Moreover, even if the beauties of home are humble, they are still infinite. We may indeed secure for ourselves endless variety without leaving our own home.

How different is the view from our windows as we

look on the tender green of spring, the rich foliage of summer, the glorious tints of autumn, or the delicate tracery of winter.

In our happy climate, even in the worst months of the year, "calm mornings of sunshine visit us at times, appearing like glimpses of departed spring amid the wilderness of wet and windy days that lead to winter.

"It is pleasant, when these interludes of silvery light occur, to ride into the woods and see how wonderful are all the colors of decay. Overhead, the elms and chestnuts hang their wealth of golden leaves, while the beeches darken into russet tones, and the wild cherry glows like blood-red wine. In the hedges crimson haws and scarlet hips are wreathed with hoary clematis or necklaces of coral briony-berries; the brambles burn with many-colored flames; the dogwood is bronzed to purple; and here and there the spindle wood puts forth its fruit, like knots of rosy buds, on delicate frail twigs. Underneath lie fallen leaves, and the brown brake rises to our knees as we thread the forest paths." Nay, every day gives us a succession of glorious pictures in never ending variety.

It is remarkable how few people seem to derive any pleasure from the beauty of the sky. Gray, after describing a sunrise — how it began with a slight "whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue,



all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that, before I can write these words, was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one too glorious to be distinctly seen" — adds, "I wonder whether any one ever saw it before. I hardly believe it."

From the dawn of poetry the splendors of the morning and evening skies have excited the admiration of mankind. But we are especially indebted to Ruskin for making us see more vividly these glorious sky pictures. As he says, in language almost as brilliant as the sky itself, the whole heaven, "from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language, and no ideas in the minds — things which can only be conceived while they are visible; the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, showing here deep and pure, and lightness; there modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold."

It is in some cases indeed "not color but conflagration," and though the tints are richer and more varied toward morning and at sunset, the glorious kaleidoscope goes on all day long.

Yet "it is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

"There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

"And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure."

Nor does the beauty end with the day. For my part I always regret the custom of shutting up our rooms in the evening, as though there was nothing



worth looking at outside. What, however, can be more beautiful than to "look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," or to see the moon journeying in calm and silver glory through the night?

Even if we do not feel that "the man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight, has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world," still "the stars say something significant to all of us; and each man has a whole hemisphere of them, if he will but look up, to counsel and befriend him;" for it is not so much, as is said elsewhere, "in guiding us over the seas of our little planet, but out of the dark waters of our own perturbed minds, that we may make to ourselves the most of your significance."

Indeed,

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures; nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,
How beautiful is night!"



After all, the true pleasures of home are not without, but within, and "the domestic man who loves no music so well as his own kitchen clock and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of."

If our life be one of toil and of suffering, if the world outside be cold and dreary, what a pleasure to return to the sunshine of happy faces and the warmth of hearts we love.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Sir John Lubbock, baronet, was born in London in 1834. He is distinguished as an archæologist and naturalist, and is the author of several important works. He has been in Parliament for several years, and has held many other honorable positions.

credible: worthy of belief. — **migra'tions**: removals. — **in our happy climate**: the climate of England is referred to. — **thread**: make our way carefully. — **Gray**: Thomas, an English poet, an accomplished scholar, and a writer of elegant prose. — **orb**: ball; any rounded heavenly body. — **ze'nith**: the point of the heavens directly overhead. — **hori zon**: the apparent junction of the earth and sky. — **mod'ulated**: changed about. — **conflagra'tion**: a burning. — **kalei'doscope**: an instrument in which by change of position its contents exhibit an endless variety of colors and forms; hence, that which assumes varying colors and shapes. — **pat'ines**: plates. — **sol'aces**: comforts.

The night is day for us when God is in our heart, and the day is night for us when He is not there.



The Lofoden Islands.

The Lofoden Islands are an archipelago lying off the Arctic coast of Norway. Although in the same latitude as central Greenland and Siberia, they enjoy, in common with all the outer coast of Scandinavia, a comparatively mild climate. Even in the severest winters their harbors are not frozen. The group extends at an acute angle to the mainland for about one hundred and forty miles, northeast and southwest. In shape they seem on the map like a great wedge thrust out into the Atlantic, the point being the desolate rock of Röst, the most southerly of the islands; but this wedge is not solid; the center is occupied by a sea lake, which communicates by many channels with the ocean. All of the islands are mountainous and of the most fantastic forms. They are inhabited by scattered families of fishermen. There is no town, scarcely a village; it is but a scanty population so barren and wild a land will support.

But quiet and noiseless as the shores are when the traveler sees them in their summer rest, they are busy enough and full of animation in the months of March and April. As soon as the tedious, sunless winter has passed away, the peculiar Norwegian boats, standing high in the water, with prow and stern alike curved

upward, begin to crowd into the Lofoden harbors from all parts of the vast Scandinavian coast. It is the never failing harvest of codfish that they seek. The number of boats collected has been estimated at three thousand; and as each contains on an average five men, the population of the Lofodens in March must be very considerable.

Unfortunately for these "toilers of the sea," the early spring is a season of stormy weather and tumultuous seas; and when the wind is blowing from the northwest or from the southwest, they are especially exposed to danger. It is, however, a matter of regret to me that truth obliges me to raze to the ground the romantic fabric of fable that tells of a terrible whirlpool that surrounds one of these islands.

There is no such whirlpool. This passage is one of those narrow straits, so common on the Norwegian coast, where the current of water sets with such persistent force in one direction that when the tide or an adverse wind meets it, a great agitation of the surface takes place. I have seen, on one of the narrow sounds, the tide meet the current with such violence as to raise a little hissing wall across the water, which gave out a loud noise. This was in the calmest of weather; and it is easy to believe that such a phenomenon, occurring during a storm or when the sea was violently disturbed,



would cause small boats passing over the spot to be in great peril, and might even suddenly swamp them. Some such disaster, observed from the shore, and exaggerated by the terror of the beholder, doubtless gave rise to the prodigious legends of the maelstrom.

In ordinary years the snow disappears from the low ground in these islands before May, and the rapid summer brings their scanty harvest soon to perfection. A few years ago, however, the snow lay on the cultivated lands till June, and a famine ensued. These poor people live a precarious life, exposed to the attacks of a singularly peevish climate. A whim of the codfish, a hurricane in the April sky, or a cold spring, is sufficient to plunge them into distress and poverty. Yet for all this they are an honest and well-to-do population; for, being thrifty and laborious, they guard with much foresight against the severities of nature.

In winter the aurora scintillates over their solemn mountains, and illuminates the snows and wan gray sea; they sit at their cottage doors and spin by the gleam of it; in summer the sun never sets, and they have the advantage of endless light to husband their hardly won crops. Remote as they are, too, they can all read and write; it is strange to find how much intelligent interest they take in the struggles of great peoples who never heard of Lofoden.

I would fain linger over the delicious memories that the name of these wild islands brings with it; and especially do I recall the last sight I had of them on a calm sunny night in summer.

It had been a cloudless day of excessive heat, and the comparative coolness of night was refreshing. The light, too, ceased to be garish, but flooded all the air with mellow luster. The surface of the fiord was slightly broken into little tossing waves that, murmuring faintly, were the only things that broke the silence. The edge of the ripple shone with the color of burnished bronze, relieved by the cool gray of the sea hollows. The entrance to the sound was unbroken by any wave, unillumined by any light of sunset or sunrise, but was a somber reflex of the unstained blue heaven above. As we glided, in the same utter noiselessness of the hour when evening and morning meet, up the Räfsund itself, the glory and beauty of the scene rose to a pitch so high that the spirit was oppressed and overawed by it, and the eyes could scarcely fulfill their function.

Ahead of the vessel the narrow vista of glassy water was a blaze of purple and golden color arranged in a faultless harmony of tone that was like music. At each side the fiord reflected each elbow, each edge, each cataract, and even the flowers and herbs of the base with a precision so absolute that it was hard to tell where moun-



tain ended and sea began. The center of the sound was the climax of loveliness, for here the harmonious vista was broadened and deepened, and here rose Iistand towering into the unclouded heavens, and showing by the rays of golden splendor that lit up its topmost snows that it could see the sun whose magical fingers, working unseen of us, had woven for the world this tissue of variegated beauty.

Adapted from EDMUND GOSSE.

Edmund Gosse, an English poet, was born in London, September 21, 1849. He was made assistant librarian in the British Museum in 1867, and has given special attention to Scandinavian literature. He has published a number of books in prose and verse.

Lofoden (Lō fō'den). — **archipelago**: any sea or broad sheet of water with many islands scattered through it. — **Rōst** (rûst). — **raze**: destroy. — **persistent**: inclined to be fixed and unmoved. — **phenomenon**: appearance. — **exaggerated**: enlarged beyond the truth. — **precarious**: uncertain. — **aurora**: the redness of the sky just before sunrise. — **scintillates**: sparkles. — **wan**: pale. — **fain**: gladly. — **fiord**: a narrow inlet of the sea, penetrating between high banks or rocks. — **reflex**: reflection. — **Räfsund** (rāf'sund): a lake of Sweden. — **climax**: the highest point. — **Iistind**: a mountain peak.

A poet was looking one day at a beautiful rose-tree. "What a pity," said he, "that these roses have thorns!" A man who was passing by said to him, "Let us rather thank God for having allowed these thorns to have roses."

The Shamrock.

When April rains make flowers bloom
  And Johnny-jump-ups come to light,
And clouds of color and perfume
  Float from the orchards pink and white,
I see my shamrock in the rain,
  An emerald spray with raindrops set,
  Like jewels on Spring's coronet,
So fair, and yet it breathes of pain.

The shamrock on an older shore
  Sprang from a rich and sacred soil
Where saint and hero lived of yore,
  And where their sons in sorrow toil;
And here, transplanted, it to me
  Seems weeping for the soil it left
The diamonds that all others see
  Are tears drawn from its heart bereft.

When April rain makes flowers grow,
  And sparkles on their tiny buds
That in June nights will over-blow
  And fill the world with scented floods.



The lonely shamrock in our land —
So fine among the clover leaves —
For the old springtimes often grieves —
I feel its tears upon my hand.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

coronet: crown. — **of yore**: of old time. — **bereft**: deprived.

The Reception of Columbus in Spain.

About the middle of April, 1493, Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony.

As he drew near the place, many of the youthful courtiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors.

First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of

precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions.

After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs, and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprises, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court.



At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved them, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation.

As Columbus approached the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence — a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest.



All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth their thanks to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

serenity: calmness. — **hidalgos**: the lesser nobility of Spain. — **concourse**: crowd. — **cavalcade**: procession of persons on horseback. — **sated**: satisfied. — **buoyancy**: light-heartedness. — **Prince Juan** (hwän): the only son of King Ferdinand. — **Las Casas**: a Spanish missionary and historian who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage. — **punctilious**: very precise in behavior. — **harbingers**: signs which foretell future happenings. — **realms**: kingdoms.

Meissonier.

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier was born at Lyons, February 21, 1815. In his chosen branch of art he was probably the greatest painter of his day in all of France. His childhood was passed in poverty, and when, at the age of nineteen, he went to Paris, there



to seek fame and fortune, he had nothing on which to depend for a livelihood but the cunning of his hands.

In a short time he gained admittance as a pupil to the studio of an artist of that city, but soon realizing that he could learn but little there, he left, determined to work for himself. He began as an etcher and illustrator, and there are yet to be seen some beautiful examples of his excellence in this line, in emblematic figures, ornamental letters, landscapes, and other designs.

Inspired by his ambition, he attempted higher work, and in 1834 his first painting, "The Visitors," was exhibited. It was not until five or six years later, however, that the critics awoke to the fact that a new star had risen in the art firmament, and from that time his career may be said to date. England, Holland, Russia, and his native land soon recognized his genius, and orders, decorations, and medals began to be showered upon him.

Meissonier's pictures, while for the most part very small, are remarkable for their attention to detail and their exquisite finish. Their size led some envious critics to speak of them as "infinitely little things," and to predict that the artist would never succeed on a canvas larger than his thumb nail. But their prophecy came to naught, for the world has since acknowledged him as a master irrespective of the size of his canvas.

As with most great men, Meissonier's success was the result of "infinite pains." Before he began work on any subject he always made a careful study of its every detail, and often sketched a single figure a dozen times before attempting to fix it permanently on canvas.

Every touch of his brush meant something. He painted truth as he saw it. At one time he wished to study a field of rye torn to pieces and mowed down by a rush of cavalry. As he could not succeed in finding a farmer who was willing to sacrifice his rye for the sake of art, Meissonier bought a field for himself, and asked a colonel of cavalry to allow his regiment to ride through it. But before this could be done a heavy storm washed out the field and destroyed the grain. Nothing discouraged, Meissonier bought a second field of rye, and that time was enabled to paint his picture.

His favorite subjects were military, and many of his pictures represent soldiers, men at arms, guards, or cavaliers. His most celebrated paintings are the four known as "The Napoleonic Cycle." These are large pictures. One of them, "Friedland—1807," was purchased in 1887 for $66,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. This picture represents the charge of a regiment of cuirassiers, passing at full gallop in front of the emperor, who is on horseback on a mound. One can hear the blare of the trumpets, the shouts of the



men, the pounding of the horses' hoofs. The stream of men passes on, but it is Napoleon whom we see first, and he it is who towers over the whole scene. Every figure, horse and man, is perfect, but no one detracts from the grandeur of the whole.

Meissonier painted between four hundred and fifty and five hundred pictures, and of these about seventy-five are owned in the United States.

A faithful son of the Church, Meissonier, in writing of his brother-in-law, who had just died, used these words: "His funeral will take place at the Madeleine. It is there I should like to be taken when my turn comes." Speaking of himself, a little later, he said: "I have the confidence, the faith of a child in religious matters. I hope there will be time to send for a priest before I die."

Meissonier died January 31, 1891, and was buried from the Madeleine, as he desired.

Meissonier (mā-so-nyā'). — **realizing**: knowing. — **etcher**: one who engraves by a certain process. — **illustrator**: an artist who makes pictures for books. — **firmament**: the sky. — **recognized**: admitted. — **detail**: minor parts necessary to the completeness and finish of a work. — **cavalier**: a knight; an armed rider. — **cycle**: a series that repeats itself. — **cuirassiers**: soldiers of the heavy artillery. — **blare**: a loud brazen sound. — **Madeleine**: a celebrated church in Paris.

Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father; and attend, that you may know prudence.

Take hold on instruction; leave it not; keep it, because it is thy life.

Be not delighted in the path of the wicked; neither let the way of evil men please thee.

Go to the ant, O sluggard, and consider her ways, and learn wisdom.

A wise son maketh the father glad, but a foolish son is the sorrow of his mother.

Say to wisdom, Thou art my sister, and call prudence thy friend.

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal faithfully please Him.

A fool will laugh at sin; but among the just grace shall abide.

Get wisdom, for it is better than gold.

A reproof availeth more with a wise man than a hundred stripes with a fool.

He that answereth before he heareth, showeth himself a fool.

He that curseth his father or mother, his lamp shall be put out in the midst of darkness.



A young man, according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it.

My son, give me thy heart, and let thy eyes keep my ways.

He that stealeth anything from his father or his mother, and saith, This is no sin, is the partner of a murderer.

Remove from thee a froward mouth; and let detracting lips be far from thee.

A fool immediately showeth his anger; but he that dissembleth injuries is wise.

A fool laugheth at the instruction of his father, but he that regardeth reproofs shall become prudent.

Be not wise in thy own conceit, fear God, and depart from evil.

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that speak sentences.

A good name is better than riches; and good favor is above silver and gold.

Love not sleep, lest poverty oppress thee; open thy eyes, and be filled with bread.

Even a fool, if he hold his peace, shall be counted wise; and if he close his lips, a man of understanding.

Better is a little with justice than great revenues with iniquity.

Substance got in haste shall be diminished; but that

which, by little and little, is gathered with the hand, shall increase.

Oft, in the Stilly Night.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so lately link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

stilly: quiet. — **Ere Slumber's chain has bound me**: before I have fallen asleep. — **treads**: walks. — **garlands**: strings of flowers or leaves, intended to be hung round an object for ornament, as a sign of festivity.

Stavoren.

Six centuries ago Stavoren was one of Holland's most flourishing ports. Vessels plied to all parts of the world from its quays. Its prosperity, as usual, stimulated the growth of luxury, and wealth jostled poverty in its streets and squares.

A spirit of vanity and of show took possession of its inhabitants, who tried to surpass one another in extravagance. Where before was stone, were now costly marbles; the plain but solid woodwork of former days was rejected

for carving and inlaid work, and iron and copper were replaced by precious metals.

Wealthiest of the wealthy was the Lady Richberta, the sole heiress of one of the most prosperous merchants of the place, who upon her father's death had assumed the direction of his business affairs.

Fortune never seemed tired of lavishing rewards upon her; her enterprises were invariably crowned with success, and her riches continually increased. A fleet of her vessels traded with all parts of the world and realized for her enormous profits.

Humored and spoiled from her cradle, the whims of Richberta were limited only by her imagination. She used to offer her fellow-citizens the most splendid entertainments, not so much from any feeling of generosity as from the wish to amuse herself, and to astonish her guests by the splendors of her house and its furniture, and the daintiness and rarity of the food.

At one of these feasts, where there was little heartiness beneath the pomp and luxury, a stranger was presented to Richberta. He had previously caused her to be informed that he had journeyed from far-distant countries for the sole purpose of seeing and admiring the riches of Richberta, of which he had heard such marvelous accounts in this far-off home. He had seen, he said, many emperors and kings in all the brilliance

of their courts, but not one of these surpassed the splendor which surrounded her.

Won by these declarations, Richberta summoned the stranger to a seat near her.

He was a man of grave and comely, almost venerable, mien, but yet hardly old, and clad in the picturesque and flowing costume of the East. His presence and bearing were noble and dignified.

He approached Richberta expecting to be offered the bread and salt, which it was customary to present to visitors in his country as a symbol of welcome. But on those tables, groaning beneath the weight of the rarest and most exquisite fruits and viands on dishes and salvers of gold and silver, there was no bread. The simple food of the poor was wholly banished from this sumptuous board.

The new guest took his place silently, and after having partaken of the banquet he related his travels by sea and land. He told of far-off peoples, of his own adventures, of his joys and sorrows, of the uncertainty of earthly goods, and the inconstancy of human happiness.

The guests lent attentive ears to the narrative of the mysterious stranger. Richberta, however, took but little interest in his conversation; she had expected him to enlarge upon the splendor of the entertainment, and



FISHING BOATS IN HOLLAND.



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draw comparisons which would feed her vanity. Used to flattery as she was, she grew impatient at his indifference, and at length turned the conversation so as to draw from him an avowal that he had never before witnessed such magnificence save perchance in the courts of princes.

"There is, however, one thing that astonishes me here — amidst all your luxury you have not the best and most precious treasure which the earth yields."

"What, then, is this rare thing that I have failed to procure?" asked the hostess, piqued. "I swear it shall not be long wanting to my table, if money, men, and ships can obtain it."

The rest of the company, too, pressed around the stranger eagerly, curious to learn the name of this unknown rarity.

The guest, however, offered no explanation, and as the inquirers grew importunate, he withdrew and was not again seen.

Richberta's curiosity and pride were piqued to the utmost. She felt she could not rest until she had obtained this treasure. She had always thought she possessed everything which human ingenuity could devise or the fruitful earth supply.

She questioned divines and diplomats, sages and sorcerers, but none was able to name anything which

she had not already long possessed. Preyed on by her constant desire to obtain the wonderful product, she equipped several vessels and dispatched them to explore sea and land, in order to bring back the desired commodity.

The commander of this fleet hardly knew whither to direct his course. He sent one vessel to the East, and another to the West, and another into far distant regions of the South, while he suffered his own ship to drive without helm whither the winds and waves impelled it.

After a time it happened that this vessel sprang a leak, and the salt water penetrating into the hull spoiled a portion of the provisions. There remained abundance of meat and wine, and other articles of food, but the flour and bread were found to be no longer fit for use, and the privation of this food was severely felt.

Through this want the captain came to understand what was the most valuable of all things. Not spices of India nor pearls of Orient nor gold from the bosom of the earth, but the simplest of Nature's gifts, universal, indispensable, inestimable, strengthening, nourishing — BREAD.

Then the captain saw the meaning of the words spoken by the strange guest at the banquet, and his mind was quickly made up; he ordered the sails to be trimmed, and the helm set for a port in the Baltic.



Here he took in a cargo of wheat and returned without loss of time to Stavoren. He presented himself before Richberta, and announced to her that he had discovered the best and most precious of possessions, and had brought with him as much as his vessel could carry thereof.

He related the details of his voyage and explained how he had been brought to understand the meaning of the strange guest's words and his allusion to the absence of bread at his hostess's board. He trusted the Lady Richberta was pleased with the way in which he had fulfilled his mission.

Richberta, however, was far from being of this opinion. Her eyes shot furious glances at the captain, and she could scarcely repress the violence of her rage and disappointment.

"On which side of the vessel," she asked, "was the cargo shipped?"

"On the right side."

"Well, then," rejoined she, haughtily, "I order you instantly to discharge the whole lading into the sea on the left side."

In vain the faithful captain remonstrated against the execution of this heartless command. In vain he appealed to Richberta's pity, begging she would not thus treat this precious gift of Providence, which might relieve

the distress of hundreds of poor families. In vain he sent throngs of the indigent to her doors to soften the hardness of her heart.

His attempts were fruitless. Richberta caused the bounteous provision to be cast into the sea in the presence of the multitude to whom it would have afforded so much bread. And the people lamented, and they cursed her.

The grain sank to the bottom, where it sprouted and grew, sending up a forest of stalks which never had ears, but at length mounted to the surface of the water; the roots forming with the silt made a tangled bank or shoal which could not be removed or cut through, and which ended by completely barring the port.

The vessels of Stavoren, including those of Richberta, could no longer penetrate to its quays and landing places; the former secure harbor became shallower and shallower, and the vessels which formed its prosperity and carried its commerce to all parts of the earth were exposed to the shoals and sands of the outer coast. The haughty and capricious Richberta lost all her wealth and was reduced from her high estate to beg her bread in the lowliest poverty.

The sea, no longer finding its accustomed inlet as before in the harbor, lashed in fury against the obstructing bank, and during one stormy night the waves broke



the dikes which surrounded the town, enveloped their desired prey, and the Zuyder Zee now rolls its waves over what was Stavoren.

At times, when the transparency of the waters allows the sight to penetrate to its depths, the mariner espies with awe-struck gaze the towers and gates and lofty gables of the former opulent city.

Stavoren (stä'vō rĕn). — **quays** (kēs): wharfs or artificial landing places where vessels may unload. — **Richberta** (rĭk'bĕr tȧ). — **mien**: appearance. — **piqued**: irritated. — **importunate**: urgent in demand or request. — **divines**: clergymen. — **diplomats**: statesmen. — **Orient**: East. — **indigent**: poor; needy. — **silt**: a fine sediment. — **opulent**: wealthy. — **Zuyder Zee**: the German Ocean.

Dream Children: A Reverie.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or a grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene — so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country — of the tragic incidents which they had lately

become familiar with from the ballad of the "Children in the Wood." Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreast; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it.

Here Alice put on one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how good their great-grandmother Field was; how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it, too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county. But still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterward it came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed."



And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good woman. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told her what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer, — here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted, — the best dancer in the country.

Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again or I to be turned into marble with them. How I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion with its vast empty rooms, with their wornout hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels with the gilding almost rubbed out, — sometimes in the spacious, old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me.

How the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they



were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at, — or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me, — or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth, — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children.

Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in a somewhat more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us. Instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get,



when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and joined the hunters when there were any out, — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries, — and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy — for he was a good bit older than me — many a mile when I could not walk for pain.

In after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed, and how when he died, though he had not yet been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterward it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him.

Here the children fell a crying and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and

they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens, — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was. While I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams;" — and, immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep.

CHARLES LAMB.

conception: the formation in the mind of an image or idea. — **traditionary**: heard of. — **upbraiding**: blaming. — **tawdry**: cheap and gaudy. — **gentry**: well-bred, educated people. — **involuntary**: done



unwillingly; in this case, done without knowing it. — **spacious**: vast in extent. — **dace, pike**: the names of two fishes. — **meditated**: thought upon. — **nectarine**: a smooth-skinned variety of peach. — **mettlesome**: spirited. — **pent up**: shut up. — **considerate**: thoughtful of one's feelings. — **coyness**: bashfulness. — **representment**: likeness; the word is not in use at present. — **receding**: retreating.

New Year's Gifts.

It was the evening of a public holiday. The principal buildings of Paris were blazing with the light of innumerable lanterns, a thousand flags waved in the night wind, and the fireworks had just ceased darting forth their jets of flame into the midst of a public square. Suddenly one of those unaccountable panics which often seize a multitude fell upon the dense crowd. Amid cries and shouts they rush headlong on; the weaker ones fall, to be trampled down by the frightened crowd in its struggles; I escaped from the confusion almost by a miracle, and was hastening away, when the piercing cries of a child checked my steps. I plunged back into the maddened throng, and after great effort brought Paulette out at the peril of my life.

That was two years ago: since then I had seen the child only at long intervals, and had almost forgotten her; but Paulette's memory was that of a grateful heart, and

she came at the beginning of the year to offer her wishes for my happiness. She brought me a flower in full bloom; she herself had planted and reared it; it was something that belonged wholly to herself, for it was by her care, her perseverance, and her patience that it now stood blooming there.

The flower was in a common pot; but Paulette, who is a box-maker, had inclosed it in a fancy-paper covering. The ornaments might have been in better taste, but it did not diminish my appreciation of her thankful heart.

This unexpected present, the little girl's modest blushes, the compliments she stammered out, dispelled, as by a sunbeam, the mist which had gathered around my mind; my thoughts suddenly changed from the dull tints of evening to the brightest colors of dawn. I made Paulette sit down, and cheerfully questioned her.

At first the little girl replied in monosyllables; but before long the tables were turned, and I interrupted only with occasional remarks her long and confidential talk. The poor child led a hard life. She was left an orphan long ago, with a brother and sister, and lived with an old grandmother, who brought them up to a life of poverty, as she always called it.

However, Paulette now helps her to make boxes; her little sister Perine begins to use her needle, and her brother Henry is apprenticed to a printer. All would go

well if it were not for losses and want of work; if it were not for clothes that will wear out, for appetites that grow more ravenous, and for the winter, when you cannot get warmth for nothing, as you do in summer.

Paulette complains that candles burn too fast, and wood is too dear. The fireplace in their garret is so large that a bundle of wood makes little more show in it than a match; it is so near the roof that the wind blows the rain down, and in winter hail and snow fall on the hearth; so they have left off using it. Henceforth they must be content with a charcoal furnace, on which to cook their food. Her grandmother had often spoken of a stove she had seen at a second-hand shop near by; but the man asked seven francs for it, and the times are too hard to think of such an expense; so the family must bear the cold for economy!

While Paulette was speaking, I felt my fretfulness and low spirits vanishing gradually. The first disclosures of the little box-maker gave birth to a vague idea that soon became a settled plan. I questioned her about her daily occupations, and she informed me that when she had wished me good-day, she must go with her brother, sister, and grandmother to the different people for whom they work. My plan was immediately settled. I told the child that I would call upon her that evening, and she went away repeating her thanks.



I placed the flower in the open window, where a ray of sunshine bid it welcome; the birds were singing, the sky had cleared, and the day, which began so loweringly, had become bright. I sang as I moved about my room; then hastily putting on my hat and coat, I went out.

Three o'clock. — All is settled with my neighbor, the tinker; he will repair my old stove and warrants that it will be as good as new. At five o'clock we are to put it up in Paulette's grandmother's room.

Midnight. — All went off well. At the hour agreed upon I was at the old box-maker's; she was still out. The tinker fixed my stove, while I laid in the great fireplace a dozen logs, taken from my winter stock. I must make up for them by warming myself with a brisk walk, or by going to bed earlier.

My heart beat at every step I heard on the staircase; I trembled for fear they might come suddenly upon me in my preparations and thus spoil my intended surprise. But no, everything is ready; the lighted stove murmurs gently, the little lamp burns upon the table, and the can of oil stands ready on the shelf. The tinker is gone. Now, my fear that they might come is succeeded by impatience at their not coming. At last I hear children's voices; here they are; they push open the door and rush in — But they all stop in astonishment.

At the sight of the lamp, the stove, and the visitor,



who stands there like a magician in the midst of these wonders, they draw back almost frightened. Paulette is the first to understand it, and the arrival of the grandmother, who comes more slowly up the stairs, finishes the explanation. Then come tears, ecstasies, thanks.

But the wonders are not yet ended. The little sister opens the oven, and discovers some chestnuts just roasted; the grandmother takes up the bottle of cider from the dresser; and I draw forth, from a basket that I have kept hidden, a cold tongue, a pat of butter, and some fresh rolls.

Now wonder turns to admiration; the little family have never seen such a feast! They lay the cloth, they sit down, they eat; it is a complete banquet for all, and each contributes a share to it. I had brought the supper; the box-maker and her children supplied the enjoyment.

What bursts of laughter at nothing! What a hubbub of questions which waited for no reply, of replies that answered no question! Even the old woman joined in the wild merriment of the little ones. I have often been struck at the ease with which the poor forget their wretchedness. Being accustomed to live only for the present, they make a gain of every pleasure as soon as it offers itself. But the rich are more difficult to satisfy; they require time and everything to suit before they will consent to be happy.



The evening passed like a moment. At last we were obliged to separate, not without fresh thanks on the part of the happy family.

I came home slowly, thinking with a full heart and pure enjoyment on the simple events of the evening. It gave me much comfort and much instruction.

As I came in I met my rich neighbor's new equipage. She, too, had just returned from her evening party; and as she sprang from the carriage-step with feverish impatience, I heard her murmur, "At last!"

For my part, when I left Paulette's family, I said, "So soon!"

E. SOUVESTRE.

Emile Souvestre (sōō'vâs'tr'), a French writer of high reputation, was born at Morlaix, in Brittany, in 1806. He was at one time the associate editor of the *Revue de Paris* and of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was the author of numerous works commendable for their moral tone. One of these translated under the title of "The Attic Philosopher" has been largely sold in England and in this country. Souvestre died in Paris in 1854.

throng: crowd. — **appreciation**: true estimation. — **monosyllables**: words of one syllable; short words. — **disclosures**: the act of making known. — **vague**: uncertain. — **tinker**: one who does repairing work of every kind. — **hubbub**: confusion. — **equipage**: carriage.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
And we mount to its summit round by round."



The Tapestry Weavers.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson —
No lesson can braver be —
From the ways of the tapestry weavers,
On the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs,
They study it with care,
The while their fingers deftly work,
Their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides,
Of the patient and plodding weaver,
He works on the wrong side evermore,
But works for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops,
And the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork, —
That his marvelous skill is learned.

Oh, the sight of its delicate beauty,
How it pays him for all his cost,
No rarer, daintier work than his
Was ever done by the frost.
Then the Master bringeth him golden hire,
And giveth him praise as well;



And how happy the heart of the weaver is,
No tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are looms of God,
Let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving always,
Till the mystic web is done.
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,
Each for himself his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks,
We can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern,
No weaver need have fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven —
The perfect pattern is there;
If he keeps the face of Our Savior,
Forever and always in sight;
His toil shall be sweeter than honey,
His weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended,
And the web is turned and shown;
He shall hear the voice of the Master,
It shall say to him "Well done!"



And the white-winged angels of heaven,
To bear him thence shall come down,
And God for his wages shall give him,
Not coin, but a golden crown.

ANSON G. CHESTER.

tapestry: a woven cloth, something like a carpet. — **deftly**: skillfully. — **looms**: machines for weaving.

Mexico.

The traveler from the United States who visits Mexico for the first time must be struck by the novel appearance of almost everything he meets, for place and people, dress and manners are all distinctly different from that with which he is familiar.

Mexico is the most southerly country of North America. The greater part of it is an elevated table-land formed by a spreading out of the Cordilleras of Central America, which slope toward the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and the Pacific on the west. This vast tract comprises one of the richest and most varied regions in the world, for while its geographical position secures to it a tropical vegetation, the rapid difference of elevation gives it the advantages of temperate climates, and it has a luxuriance and multiplicity of natural products.

The northern section of the country is unproductive,

barren; the central part is rich in vegetation, and in the southern part, especially along the coast, there is a magnificent vegetation.

The differences in temperature, depending upon the various degrees of altitude, are so great that in the course of a few hours, the traveler may experience almost every kind of climate, embracing the heat of the tropics and the cold of the north, and pass through different tracts of vegetation, including wheat and sugar cane, the ash and the palm, apples, olives, and guavas.

Mexico may be said to be without navigable rivers, for while some have a course of more than a thousand miles, few are free from rapids. On the whole the country is badly supplied with water. Springs are rare, and many of the rivers flow in deep mountain beds, without receiving smaller tributaries, and in places the surface of the soil is dry and hot, and unable to support any vegetation, with the exception of cactus. Many tracts are barren and unsuited for human occupation, especially in the north. A greater part of the table-lands can be used for pasture only.

The plains on the north and east of the table-lands contain the beds of numerous dry salt lakes. The western parts of the plateaus yield, by careful irrigation, rich crops of maize and wheat, and are among the most fertile agricultural districts of Mexico. There are, however, sterile tracts here and there, covered either by stones or with lava.



In contrast to these there are occasionally deep ravines, descending sometimes a thousand feet and measuring several miles across, which are covered with a luxuriant vegetation of trees and shrubs, and watered by small streams.

On the first occupation of Mexico by the Spaniards they distinguished the great divisions by the names of hot lands, temperate lands, and cold lands. The hot lands produce maize, rice (where there is water), bananas, pineapples, oranges, and cassava, and in the swampy forests of the coast sarsaparilla, jalap, and vanilla.

This tract has two seasons, winter and summer. In the former there are hurricanes, which the sailors dread, but the coast is free from yellow fever, which prevails in summer. On the medium elevations of the temperate lands a perpetual summer reigns.

In the forests along the coast chicle gum, the principal ingredient of chewing gum, is extracted and prepared.

The mines of Mexico, which are among the richest in the world, yield gold and silver, tin, antimony, mercury, copper, lead, iron, and zinc.

Factories run by steam are few in number, but there is a large production of hand-made pottery, saddles, sandals, and sombreros (the national hat).

The government of Mexico is modeled very closely upon that of the United States. The President is elected for four years, and may be reëlected.



SCENE IN MEXICO.



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The people, for the most part, are Catholics, and the cathedral in the City of Mexico is one of the finest in the world. It dates back to the sixteenth century, and its walls are estimated to have cost nearly two millions of dollars, and the interior, with its twenty chapels and elaborate ornamentation, much more.

Three miles north of the city is Guadalupe Hidalgo, famous as a pilgrimage, and in its chapel is preserved the celebrated picture of our Blessed Mother, which was miraculously painted on an Indian boy's cloak.

We of the United States, who pride ourselves on our progress and our civilization, may learn no little from the people of Mexico. They are uniformly polite, and the visitor cannot fail to notice the consideration always shown for one's neighbor. Rough ways are unknown among them; there is no jostling in the streets; the harsh word and look are the exception. The people enjoy life, and wish others to enjoy it. A gentleman invariably gives up his seat in a car to a woman, whether she be rich or poor, and this politeness is always thankfully acknowledged.

When five or six boys meet, each boy lifts his hat, and salutations of extreme courtesy are exchanged before the chatter, fun, and laughter begin. Children treat their elders with respect. In the parks the shadiest seats under the trees are always reserved for the old people.



When a boy enters a room he walks around among the company, shaking hands with all, and does the same on leaving the room. Urbanity is taught in school, and takes precedence of arithmetic, geography, and all other studies except Christian Doctrine.

Cordilleras: mountain ridges. — **vegetation**: vegetable growth. — **temperature**: degree of heat or cold. — **tropics**: hot countries. — **navigable**: capable of use for navigation. — **tributaries**: streams that flow into others. — **cactus**: a leafless, prickly plant. — **plateau**: a table-land. — **irrigation**: the process of watering land by artificial means. — **maize**: Indian corn. — **sterile**: unfruitful. — **ingredient**: a part. — **Guadalupe Hidalgo** (gạ'dȧ lo͞op hē dȧl gō). — **jostling**: crowding against. — **salutations**: greetings; salutes. — **urbanity**: civility; politeness.

Surrender of Granada.

Day dawned upon Granada, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily on the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro.

Alone, upon a balcony commanding that stately landscape, stood the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had cultivated.

"What are we," thought the musing prince, "that we should fill the world with ourselves — we kings! Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne: on the ear



of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? — nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose; nothing save the source of all my wretchedness! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought or action, or man's more material luxuries of food or sleep, — the common and the cheap desires of all? Arouse thee, then, O heart within me! many and deep emotions of sorrow and of joy are yet left to break the monotony of my existence."

He paused; and, in the background, his eye fell upon the lonely minarets of the distant and deserted palace.

He turned away, and his cheek suddenly grew pale, for he heard in the courts below the tread of hoofs, the bustle of preparation: it was the hour for his departure. His philosophy vanished: he groaned aloud, and reëntered his chamber just as his vizier and the chief of his guard broke upon his solitude.

The old vizier attempted to speak, but his voice failed him.

"It is time, then, to depart," said Boabdil, with calmness; "let it be so: render up the palace and the fortress, and join thy friend, no more thy monarch, in his new home."

He stayed not for reply: he hurried on, descended to the court, flung himself upon his barb, and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet



survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence, amidst gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unwitnessed way.

The sun had fairly risen above the mountains when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of the *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and exclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watchtower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe.

At that sight the king's voice died within him: he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and did not slacken his speed till almost within bowshot of the first ranks of the army.

Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlit spears and blazoned banners; while beside, murmured and glowed and danced the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his



little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course.

By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the archpriests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivaled the Rolands of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain; relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail.

Within sight of the royal group Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and, a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival, — their new subject; and, as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king, resisting man, but resigned at length to God!"



Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head and remained a moment silent; then, motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city.

"O king," then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Granada: yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy."

"They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be broken. But, since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Granada be surrendered."

Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil; but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

"Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic

dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is thy last, nor least, glorious conquest. But I detain ye: let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell."

Boabdil saluted the royal pair with profound and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality beyond the Alpujarras.

As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march.

Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother and his slaves awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path.

They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpujarras. From its height the vale, the rivers, the spires, the towers of Granada, broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted, mechanically and abruptly: every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart and gushed from every eye.

Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel and rolled along the sunlit valley and crystal river. A universal wail burst from the exiles: it smote,



it overpowered, the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in Eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands.

The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles: and that place where the king wept is still called "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

Adapted from EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

Edward Bulwer-Lytton was born in Norfolk, England, in 1803. Although best known as a novelist, he wrote with no little success on a great variety of subjects. His novels, with the exception of "My Novel" and "The Caxtons," are not to be commended. He died January 18, 1873.

Xenil (ha neel') and **Dar'ro**: rivers of Spain. — **monot'ony**: any tedious sameness. — **min'arets**: slender, lofty towers. — **viz'ier**: a high official in Eastern countries. — **Boabdil'**: the last Moorish king of Granada. — **barb**: a breed of horse brought from Barbary. — **appertain'ing**: belonging. — **ar'mament**: a body of armed troops. — **Te Deum**: an ancient hymn of praise and thanksgiving. — **Alham'bra**: the palace of the Moorish kings at Granada. — **bla'zoned**: having a coat of arms painted or embroidered on. — **mosque**: a Mohammedan church. — **hi'erarchy**: body of ecclesiastical rulers. — **Ro'land**: a famous hero of French romance, and supposed nephew of Charlemagne. — **Charlemagne**: a great ruler; he was crowned Emperor of the West in 800 by Pope Leo III. — **buck'ler**: shield. — **Mos'lem**: a Mohammedan. — **Alpujarras** (ăl poo här'răs): a mountain range in Spain. — **stoical philosophy**: the Stoics in their philosophy taught a repression of all emotion. — **defiles**: long, narrow passages between rocks.



My Country.

There is a land, of every land the pride!
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
O land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For, in this land of heaven's peculiar race,
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie;



Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?"
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

James Montgomery was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1771, and died in 1854. His poems are distinguished by depth and tenderness of feeling, elevated moral sentiment, and graceful description.

imparadise: make perfectly happy. — **time-tutored**: taught by the experience of time. — **pageantry**: show.

Industry.

To do something, however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.

Pietro de' Medici is said to have once employed Michael Angelo to make a statue out of snow. That was stupid waste of precious time. But if Michael Angelo's time was precious to the world, our time is just as precious to ourselves, and yet we too often waste it in making statues of snow, and, even worse, in making idols of mire.

"We all complain," said the great Roman philosopher



and statesman, Seneca, "of the shortness of time, and yet we have more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end to them."

One great, I might almost say *the* great, element of success and happiness in life is the capacity for honest, solid work. Cicero said that what is required is first audacity, second audacity, and third audacity. Self-confidence is no doubt useful, but it would be more correct to say that what is wanted is first perseverance, second perseverance, and third perseverance. Work is not, of course, any more than play, the object of life; both are means to the same end.

Work is as necessary for peace of mind as for health of body. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Worry upsets our whole system, work keeps it in health and order. Exercise of the muscles keeps the body in health, and exercise of the brain brings peace of mind. "By work of the mind one secures the repose of the heart."

"Words," said Dr. Johnson, "are the daughters of Earth, and Deeds are the sons of Heaven." Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Put your heart into it. Cultivate all your faculties: you must either use them or



lose them. We are told of Hezekiah that "in every work that he began, . . . he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

"The story of genius even, so far as it can be told at all, is the story of persistent industry in the face of obstacles, and some of the standard geniuses give us their word for it that genius is little more than industry. 'Genius,' President Dwight used to tell the boys at Yale, 'is the power of making efforts.'"

Corbett, speaking of his celebrated English grammar, tells us: "I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day, and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that.

"Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper. That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me: I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion I, after all absolutely necessary ex-

penses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red herring in the morning; but when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my halfpenny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child!

"And again I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there be, in the whole world a youth to find an excuse for the nonperformance?"

Adapted from SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Pie'tro de' Medici (med'e-chee): for two years ruler of the city of Florence. — **Mi'chael An'gelo**: a great Italian painter and sculptor. — **mire**: deep mud. — **Seneca**: a Roman philosopher, born 4 B.C. — **Cic'ero**: a Roman orator who died 43 B.C. — **audacity**: impudence. — **perseverance**: steadiness. — **Dr. Johnson**: a learned Englishman of the eighteenth century. — **faculties**: talents; natural gifts. — **Hezeki'ah**: Ezechias, a king of Juda. See 2 Paralipomenon, xxxi. — **persistent**: inclined to hold firm. — **sixpence**: twelve cents. — **farthing**: half a cent. — **twopence**: four cents. — **made shift**: managed.

The Invention of Printing.

Who was the first printer?

You may read all the books, pamphlets, and articles; you may consider all the arguments, and in the long run you will know no more than you knew at the beginning.



Perhaps it was Coster of Haarlem, or perhaps it was Gutenberg of Mainz. No one knows, and really it matters little except for the antiquary and the historian.

At this period some modification in the old method of copying was certain to be invented. It was by the greatest good luck, I have always thought, that a sort of shorthand, a representation of words by little easy symbols, was not invented. For instance, supposing a separate symbol for each of the prepositions, articles, and auxiliary verbs, and other separate symbols for the commoner words, there might be some thousands of symbols in all to be learned by the scribe; but his labor would be reduced to one tenth. They might have invented some such method. Then, satisfied with the result, we should have gone on for centuries, and the art of printing would still have to be invented.

But the time was come, and the invention, happily, came with it. Had printing been invented two centuries before, it would have been neglected and speedily forgotten, because there was no demand for books. Had it been invented two centuries later, it would have had to contend against some other contrivance for shortening labor and cheapening books.

If an ingenious projector discovers some great truth or invents some useful contrivance before or after his time, he is lost — he and his discovery.



THE DAWN OF PRINTING.

Thus, in the reign of James the First a man of great ingenuity contrived a submarine boat — he was before his age. In the middle of the eighteenth century another ingenious person discovered a way of sending messages by electricity — he was before his age. In a romance now a hundred and fifty years old, the possibility of photography was imagined by another person before his age. Men whose ideas are much before their age receive, as their reward, contempt, certainly; imprisonment, probably; and perhaps death in one of its most unpleasant forms.

The generally received story about printing, after all that has been said, is this: There was a certain Johann Gensfleisch von Sorgenloch, called Zum Gutenberg, a man of noble family, who was born in Mainz somewhere about the end of the fourteenth century. He removed from his native town to Strasbourg, where he began experimenting upon wood blocks. He then, with the idea of printing clearly defined in his mind, perhaps with type already cut in wood, went back to Mainz and entered into partnership with three others, named Riffe, Heitman, and Dritzchen.

Documents still exist which prove this partnership, and contemporary evidence is clear and strong upon the point that this Gutenberg, and none other, was the inventor of the art. The first partnership was speedily broken up. A second was formed with Fust or Faust, a goldsmith,

and one Peter Schöffer, who seems to have been the working partner. Certainly he improved and carried the art to a high state of perfection.

That it should spread was certain; the work was simple; the press was not a machine which could be kept secret. Before long printers were setting up their presses everywhere. At Bruges the first printer was one Colard Mansion, a native of the place. He was a member of the Fraternity or Guild of St. John. He was himself a writer, or at least a translator, as well as a printer. Caxton followed him in this respect. He printed and published twenty-two works, of which one, called "The Garden of Devotion," was in Latin, the others were all in French except two, which were in English. These two were printed for Caxton.

These are the earliest English-printed books. The first is a "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troie"; the second is "The Game and Playe of the Chesse." The second is dedicated to the unfortunate Duke of Clarence.

The "Recuyell," a translation, was completed in 1471. It was not printed until 1474. The conclusion is that Caxton found so great a demand for it that he could not get the book copied quickly enough to meet the demand; that his attention was drawn to the newly invented art, and that he perceived something of the enormous possibilities which it presented. About this time he resigned



Thus, in the reign of James the First a man of great ingenuity contrived a submarine boat — he was before his age. In the middle of the eighteenth century another ingenious person discovered a way of sending messages by electricity — he was before his age. In a romance now a hundred and fifty years old, the possibility of photography was imagined by another person before his age. Men whose ideas are much before their age receive, as their reward, contempt, certainly; imprisonment, probably; and perhaps death in one of its most unpleasant forms.

The generally received story about printing, after all that has been said, is this: There was a certain Johann Gensfleisch von Sorgenloch, called Zum Gutenberg, a man of noble family, who was born in Mainz somewhere about the end of the fourteenth century. He removed from his native town to Strasbourg, where he began experimenting upon wood blocks. He then, with the idea of printing clearly defined in his mind, perhaps with type already cut in wood, went back to Mainz and entered into partnership with three others, named Riffe, Heitman, and Dritzchen.

Documents still exist which prove this partnership, and contemporary evidence is clear and strong upon the point that this Gutenberg, and none other, was the inventor of the art. The first partnership was speedily broken up. A second was formed with Fust or Faust, a goldsmith,

and one Peter Schöffer, who seems to have been the working partner. Certainly he improved and carried the art to a high state of perfection.

That it should spread was certain; the work was simple; the press was not a machine which could be kept secret. Before long printers were setting up their presses everywhere. At Bruges the first printer was one Colard Mansion, a native of the place. He was a member of the Fraternity or Guild of St. John. He was himself a writer, or at least a translator, as well as a printer. Caxton followed him in this respect. He printed and published twenty-two works, of which one, called "The Garden of Devotion," was in Latin, the others were all in French except two, which were in English. These two were printed for Caxton.

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the post he had held so long; he married a wife, and he entered into the service of the Duchess of Burgundy.

It has been asked in what capacity he served. In no capacity at all; he wore the livery of the duchess; he was attached to the court; he had rooms and rations and some allowance of money; he was a secretary or an interpreter; he conducted the duchess's trade ventures; he was Usher of the White Rod, Chamberlain, Gentleman-in-waiting — anything. Do not let us be deceived by the word "service" and its modern meaning.

This "service" lasted a very short time. He left the court — no one knows why — and he returned, after this long absence, to his native land. Then began the third, the last, the most important chapter of his life. This was in the year 1476. He brought over his presses and his workmen with him; and he settled at Westminster.

It is not necessary to enumerate the books which Caxton printed; and the questions of type, process, binding, and illustrating must be left for the biographer.

As to the books themselves, Caxton, in the true spirit of trade, gave the world not what he himself may have wanted, but what the world wanted. Books of romance, chivalry, and great achievements were demanded by the knights and nobles. Books of service were wanted by the Church. Caxton provided these. These things illustrate the character of the man — cautious, businesslike, anxious



to run his press at a profit, so that he tried no experiments, and was content to be a servant rather than a teacher.

Those who will take the trouble to visit the British Museum and there examine for themselves the treasures which the nation possesses of early printing — the case full of Caxtons in the King's Library, the shelf filled with Caxtons in the vast Library, which the general visitor is not allowed to see — will be astonished to observe the rapid advances already made in the art of printing when Caxton undertook its practice.

Printing was invented some time in the first half of the fifteenth century. The type is clear and strong — clearer type we have never made since; the ink is perfectly black to this day; the lines are even and in perfect order; the binding, when an ancient binding has been preserved, is like any binding of later times. But the shape of the book was not newly invented, nor the binding, nor the form of the type; in these matters the printer followed the copyist.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

Sir Walter Besant, an English novelist, was born in 1838, and died in 1901.

Haarlem: the capital of the province of North Holland. — **Mainz**: the capital of the province of Rhine-Hesse, Hesse. — **antiquary**: a student or collector of ancient things. — **modification**: alteration or change. — **Gensfleisch von Sorgenloch** (gĕns'flīsh von sŏr'gĕn lŏk). —



Strasbourg: the capital of Alsace-Lorraine. — **Riffe** (rĭf'fă). — **Dritzchen** (drĭtz'shĕn). — **contemporary**: existing at the same time. — **Bruges**: the capital of the province of West Flanders, Belgium. — **guild** (now, generally, spelled gild): an association for the promotion of some common object. — **Recuyell**: an obsolete word, signifying *a collection of writings;* a book or pamphlet.

The Silver Cord.

In the little village of Reathal among the German mountains, the people lived a quiet life. In the quaint old houses, the narrow courtyards, the sunny space around the broad, flat, gurgling fountain, there was no change from year's end to year's end except the changing seasons. But, winter or summer, there were children everywhere. Sturdy little children, fair and ruddy, round-eyed and red-lipped, quaintly garbed and with wooden shoes. At heart, however, they were very like our own girls and boys. At school and at home, at work and at play, they chattered and wondered, plotted and planned, quarreled and made up again. Asking little and content with what was given, they spent their days always in the shadows of the same mountains; but, occasionally, a more adventurous spirit climbed the steep paths and went over the mountain's crest into the world beyond. They were always lost to Reathal. They never came back. From some distant city, from the wonderful New World, at longer and longer intervals, there came



letters to the forsaken hearths. Their contents were talked over at the fountain, but no one ever believed them. Then the good people went home, the fountain plashed and gurgled in the quiet night, and the letters and the stories were forgotten.

In every house in the village except one, — the house of Doctor Jacob. There, there was a tradition, beautiful and cherished. Some day, whether far off or near it mattered not, Fritzel was coming home. No one under that roof ever doubted it. He had promised, and the blood of Doctor Jacob was pure in his veins. What Doctor Jacob promised, he performed.

Doctor Jacob was old. Very tall, very thin, with thick white hair, mild blue eyes, and a gentle old voice, more than half the village had seen no change in him in all their lives. A few of the older people could remember him moving a little more quickly and holding himself rather more upright, but no one living could recall the time when his hair was dark or his cheeks rounded with youth. His companions had long passed away, leaving him a heritage of love and honor to their children and their children's children. His care sufficed for all their ailments.

Day after day he went his rounds, sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, and when the sunset light was red on the highest peaks, came slowly pacing up the street, guid-



ing his horse with steady hand, and glancing with kindly eyes from left to right and from right to left. Then every one came out to speak to him. The day would not close naturally for them without that salute, "Good-night to you, Herr Doctor!" The little children, escaped from mother shelter and home bounds for the once, ran close to his horse and repeated it with shrill sweetness. To them the gentle voice said always, "Sleep well, good children!" The doctor had said it to the children of many generations, and never without a thought now of his Fritzel, on whom sleep had fallen so many years in lands where the doctor's voice had never sounded: never without recalling the hour which had brought him Fritzel and the happiness of his life.

Years and years ago, but when the doctor was already middle-aged and lived alone in his father's house with old Martha, he had come riding up the street toward a black crowd which blocked the road before his door. It separated as he drew near, and he heard them say: "It is the Herr Doctor, thanks be to God! Ah, the poor thing! See, Martha, he is here!" And out from the door ran Martha, followed by half a score of the village matrons, all talking at once and striving to get him off his horse and into the house in a moment.

When he did get in, there lay a pale, beautiful woman upon his bed, insensible and dying, it seemed. At first



he could not listen to anything they were telling him. He went at once to work to restore her and discover the cause of her illness, and only by degrees it became clear to him that she was a traveler who had been taken ill on the road, and forced to leave the conveyance by a driver, half frightened and half brutal. Martha had seen the disturbance on the street and hurried to see what it meant. Her kind old heart had been sure of her master, and she had not hesitated to have the woman carried in and laid upon his bed.

"Thou art a wise woman, Martha," he said, when she finished her story. "If she lives, the good God will have given thee a soul. Thou wilt have saved her."

She lived. Her illness proved to be a fever brought on by exposure, care, and overwork, and only faithful nursing and patient skill could have saved her. The doctor and Martha, aided by all the village, gave her both without stint. To these simple people she was the stranger whom they took in as the Lord Jesus, and in His name they gave her of their best. Slowly, painfully, feebly, she struggled through it. As she mended they saw her fair and sweet beyond the common run of women, —a gentle spirit, fine and pure and strong, on whom loneliness and sorrow had fallen early. She had no home. But she had a little money and some skill in womanly



craft, and, as soon as possible, she wished to go on her way to the work she had been seeking when she fell into such kindly hands.

No one ever knew what the doctor said when she spoke to him of this wish. But one day he told Martha, with a flush on his thin cheeks and a light in his blue eyes, that their patient would never leave them. Old Martha laughed with pleasure.

"And is it thus, Herr Doctor, you would have me believe the good God rewards our charitable deeds? You said the reward would be mine if she lived."

"Did I not say she would remain with us? Together we helped the good God to save her, and together we keep her. Are not my blessings thine, thou good old friend of my father's house?" The doctor reddened and laughed shyly as he went away.

He had not learned all his good fortune yet. As men sow, they reap. The unselfish, faithful following of duty had led Doctor Jacob to the only reward he would have coveted, if he had dreamed of rewards. Fond, tender, grateful, earnest in her love, his wife devoted herself to him and to the furtherance of his wishes. She worked for him and with him. She understood him and loved him. He was happy, and when Fritzel came there were no words to tell the measure of his happiness.

Fritzel remained their only child, — a child of both

indeed. Even in face and person he was a curious likeness of both, — a brave, sweet, noble nature, humble and simple, but with high aspirations and intense longings, that sometimes made him restless but never impatient.

When Fritzel was just twenty, his mother died.

No one guessed what the sweet woman had been to those whom she cherished more than her life. She had helped Doctor Jacob to a closer hold on the spiritual life, and turned her son's eager and inquiring mind into channels which deepened as they rolled. Now the husband could rest in his sorrow, sure of each day shortening his grief. But the son, with the years of youth before him, for the first time fretted and fluttered like a chained eagle. Doctor Jacob was as wise as he was loving.

"Fritzel, thou art not a rock upon the mountain side," he said, at last. "There is no cloud freer than thou. The clouds go forth and carry a blessing with them. Thou, too, mayst go and give of thyself to other plains and valleys. Wilt thou not take thy mother's teaching to those who have it not? Wouldst thou not have her live in other hearts?"

The gentle old voice trembled as he spoke, but the words were clear. Fritzel looked up eagerly.

"If I might, father! But I cannot leave thee."

"I am never alone," said Doctor Jacob, with a meaning that thrilled the boy's heart. Little more was said



between them, but Fritzel came one morning to his father's bedside before he rose.

"Father, I have thought of all things," he said. "If thou still thinkest it well, I wish to go."

"And thou art wise. Go, my son! Thou wilt come again when thou hast sown thy mother's seed. Between thee and thy father and thy fatherland there is a triple silver cord, woven from the past, the present, and the future. Sooner or later, it will draw thee home and bind thee here. I will wait for thee and the good God will go with thee."

Before many days Fritzel was gone.

Old Martha had gone long before. In her place, Frau Keffler cared for Doctor Jacob's comfort. Her home was near, and she never intruded on the real privacy of his house or disturbed the traces of those who had crossed his threshold and left him lonely. She had one son,— Anton. He had been, first, the baby pet and plaything of Fritzel, and later, his pupil. Always a fine lad, Doctor Jacob turned more and more toward him as he grew older, and found a ready response to his affection. To him alone he talked of Fritzel and the future — of Fritzel's coming.

Anton had grown up side by side with Liza Müller, and they loved each other. Doctor Jacob was the first to see it and to welcome it. Into his warm old heart Anton

told it all, and the doctor found another blessing in the confidence.

"She is a good child, Anton," he said one day. "And thou art good — and dear to me. Bring her home with thee to this house. There is room. There would have been room for another like her, had Fritzel chosen as thou hast. And —" he paused a moment, then added softly, "and the house will not be empty when he comes."

With faltering tongue Anton thanked the doctor; with eager gratitude he entered on the matter, and when they had made it clear to each other, he went to tell the story to Liza. And under the doctor's quaint old roof, around the doctor's old family hearth, there began a new life and a new home for Anton and Liza Keffler.

The change and the new interests were good for Doctor Jacob. He had new eagerness and new vigor. He rode and walked faster than of late, and he talked more. Thus a whole year went by, happy and prosperous, and ended on the birthday of a little Fritzel, for the doctor named Anton's child. The doctor's whole soul glowed with delight in the baby. Liza and he were one in their innocent worship at the cradle shrine, and both were half jealous of Anton's more lively and robust exultation in his son.

Suddenly, it seemed as though the new fire had burned too fast in the aged spirit. The doctor altered sadly. He



rode up the sunset-reddened street now with drooping head and a hand heavy on the reins. Sometimes he did not even hear the little children when they cried "good night."

Then Anton wrote to Fritzel, the first letter he had ever written without the doctor's knowledge and the doctor's signature, — the first letter in all these years which had said, "Come home! If you would be with him when that time comes, you must delay no longer."

In the still whiteness of a hospital ward, the letter reached its owner. Doctor Fritzel Jacob was off duty and alone. He was tired, he was perplexed, he was crowded with thoughts, and cares, and plans, and doubts.

He opened the letter eagerly, but half impatiently because it was not his father's hand. As he read, he sprang to his feet, electrified. Two days later he was on the ocean, his face toward Reathal and its mountains.

It was sunset time when he entered Reathal, and, suddenly, it all became as unreal as a dream. Here, all so old! There, across the sea, all so new and fresh and glaring! He hurriedly crossed the paved square to the well-known house at the far corner. The door stood open. All was still. He entered the passage, treading softly to the door of the large room. It was ajar, and he could see it all.

Through the broad, low window beside him, the even-

ing light shone full upon the great bed, with the same plaided curtains, partly drawn, the same heaped-up pillows and snowy coverings, the same black crucifix above it. A young woman, pale and heavy-eyed, her hands clasped hopelessly upon her lap, sat gazing sorrowfully upon the bed's occupant. A young man, with his back to the door, bent forward and hid the face among the pillows. Fritzel trembled violently. "Too late! Too late!" his heart beat in his breast.

But the young man stood upright and moved to the other side of the woman's chair. Fritzel started with new life. The lax hand the man took in his so tenderly was the pink and dimpled hand of a tiny child; the head upon the pillow, still and heavy with pain, was the dark curled head of a child; the face below the wet, white bandage was the round, soft, dim-eyed, and pathetic face of a sick child. Thank God! Not his father!

"Anton!" said Fritzel, softly stepping within the room.

There was a moment's startled pause.

"It is Fritzel," said Liza, slowly.

"God be thanked!" cried Anton, and covered his face with his hands.

"My father?" questioned Fritzel, breathlessly.

"Have no fear!" answered Anton, quickly. "There has come a scourge upon Reathal — upon our little ones —



our helpless little ones! They are all ill — they are dying! God has given Doctor Jacob new life to help us in our sore need. He is well, strong — very different now. But for how long, who knows?"

"I have come in good time," said Fritzel, briefly. "I have come from such a scourge but lately. I can help my father. Let me see your little one, Liza!"

With his father's gentleness and the strength of early manhood, he lifted the tiny form and carried it to the full light of the window, looking long and carefully at it.

"We will keep your Fritzel for you," he said, as he turned to lay the child on the bed. "All is going well. Doctor Jacob has not lost his skill. Take me to him, Anton. We will soon return," he added, smiling at Liza, with a bright courage. She smiled in return. His power was felt.

At Anton's side, Fritzel hurried through the darkening village, each turn taking him back into the past, bearing him on to the future with giant strides. At the far end, they went in at a small door. A trembling voice was speaking low in the shadows.

"We shall do well — we shall do well! God is good. I have sent for a new doctor, and he will soon be here."

"Doctor Jacob," said Anton, "there is a new doctor here now. I have brought him to you at once."

The tall forms stepped forward toward each other.



Doctor Fritzel bowed low over the other's hand. The next instant he was folded to his father's heart.

"It is my son!" said the old man, with a tone that thrilled every heart. Then he lay quiet on the strong breast, his rightful pillow. With a long sigh of relief, he stood up presently, and spoke with quiet dignity and infinite tenderness.

"In the name of God, be welcome to thy father and thy fatherland! They have need of thee. Thou hast come in a good time."

"I come not all unworthy to serve both," said Doctor Fritzel.

"Good!" said old Moritz, in whose house they were. "Thou art the only one we have ever seen of those that have once left us. Surely, thou wilt bring us of the good thou hast gathered. Thou wast ever a good lad, — thy mother's child."

Doctor Fritzel grasped the rough old hand held out to him. Then he and his father turned homeward. When Doctor Jacob turned in at his own door, he stayed his steps, and laid a detaining hand on Fritzel's arm.

"I have waited for thee. Did I not tell thee I would wait?"

"And the silver cord has strengthened," said Fritzel. "The past, the present, and the future bind me here, father. As thy son, it shall be my work to give thy



home and mine all the treasure I have gathered in God's wide and beautiful and well-beloved world. What He would have of me, He would have *here*. Let us begin with Anton's little one."

"Anton," said Doctor Jacob, "has been *like* a son to me, but thou *art* my son. Still, he is very dear."

"He is everything that deserves my best," said Fritzel, and together they went to Liza and the little one. Together they began that night their work for Reathal's little ones. And from that hour the scourge was stayed.

Doctor Fritzel was wise and learned among the wisest and the most learned. He did not rust in Reathal. The little ones thrived well in all ways where he was.

And Doctor Jacob, when indeed "the silver cord" was loosed and "the golden bowl" was broken for him, held his son's hand in his, fixed with his fading eye his son's fond glance, and heard with his fast-failing ears his son's dear voice, satisfied that he left him bound, and gladly bound, to his fatherland by the threefold cord, stronger, purer, more incorruptible than silver, — the tie woven of the past, the present, and the future, — of the hallowed and tender memories of one's parents, the struggles and conquest of one's self, the hopes and aspirations of one's hereafter, where God reigns.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.



SHEEP IN PASTURE.



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quaint: odd; queer. — **garbed**: clothed. — **crest**: the highest part. — **intervals**: distances between times. — **craft**: occupation; employment. — **aspirations**: aims; ambitions. — **intense longings**: excessive desires. — **exultation**: triumphant joy. — **perplexed**: puzzled; confused. — **lax**: yielding.

Rosa Bonheur.

On March 25, 1822, there was born at Bordeaux, France, the little girl who in after years was to win fame as the great painter, Rosa Bonheur. Her father, an amiable, hard-working man, was an artist of no mean ability, whose life was a continual struggle with poverty. Her mother, an excellent woman, was a fine musician, and helped to support the family by giving lessons on the piano. She died when Rosa was about eleven years of age.

After her mother's death, Rosa was sent to a boarding school where her father was the drawing master, but the necessary restraint of the school, and the humiliations which the girl suffered on account of her poverty, so wounded her pride and affected her temper that her father was obliged to take her away.

On reaching Paris, where the family then had their home, the girl's disposition changed entirely. She became



amiable, and applied herself with industry to the study of the art which was to make her known to the world. She spent much of her time in the great Louvre Gallery, copying pictures and acquiring skill in the handling of her brush, and the training there received proved of inestimable value in after life. Her only other teachers were Nature and her father.

When she was seventeen she began the study of animals, and made long excursions on foot to the country in search of subjects. Her first picture was that of a goat, which she copied from life.

In the Paris Salon of 1841 she exhibited two charming little pictures of sheep and goats, and the following year three more, "Animals in the Pasture," "A Cow lying in a Meadow," and "The Horse to be Sold," which were much admired, and nearly every year after she produced something new.

Her delightful picture, "Plowing in the Nivernais," added greatly to her fast-increasing reputation. It represents two teams of six oxen drawing plows over a heavy field, and is a brilliant example of the most exquisite qualities of art. The French government complimented the artist on this work, and honored her by hanging the picture in the Luxembourg. But her joy at the reception accorded to this work was chilled by the death of her beloved father, which occurred early in 1849.



Rosa Bonheur continued to paint without interruption. At one time it was a watering place to which thirsty oxen were making their way; again it was a ewe, overtaken by a storm, calling to her lamb. This was followed by a farmer, mounted on his horse, and taking a drove of cattle to market; then "Charcoal Burners in a Field," and many other pictures, in all of which the artist showed her great and varied talent.

In the meanwhile Rosa had moved to a little village, where she could work with less interruption than in the city. There she established her studio, and gathered about her quite a menagerie of animals, including the lions that served as models in her pictures "Lions at Home," "Repose," etc.

The success of "Plowing in the Nivernais" led her to attempt a more ambitious work, "The Horse Fair," which proved to be her masterpiece. In vigor, animation, and perfect mastery of muscular action, there has been nothing to surpass it since the time of Rubens.

A motley group of horses is represented passing along a dusty road, behind which a line of trees stretches into the distance. A rearing horse in the center breaks the line and occasions some confusion, in spite of the example of two mottled grays, who plod in front in the most orderly manner. A little vicious chestnut, with set ears and strained eyes, toils with unequal steps by the side of the



unruly black, whose proximity is not to his taste. Behind him is a solid roan, who comes prancing along the road with such energy that one feels inclined to jump aside, out of his way. To the right of the picture, a blue-jacketed urchin upon a rough pony dashes along in front of the stately grays, and behind is an indication of some of those scraggy specimens of horseflesh usually seen at a fair. A rising bank, upon which a few people are gathered, shuts out the further view, but patches of sky are visible above the trees.

The perfect keeping of the whole is remarkable. Clouds, trees, and distant objects recede, while the principal figures stand out more and more boldly. There is no straining after effect in "The Horse Fair," but it is rich in life and action. The moving group streams along endlessly. The picture is remarkable, too, for its cheerfulness; the animals seem to enjoy their life, and the riders, seated carelessly but firmly on their steeds, have a free and jovial air.

The picture was finished in 1853, and was exhibited in France, Belgium, and England, and, finally, was purchased for 300,000 francs, about $60,000, and brought to this country, where it found a home on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and still hangs there.

Later in her life, Rosa Bonheur visited England, Scot-

land, and the Pyrenees, and in all these places found subjects for her brush.

Before her death, which occurred May 25, 1899, she parted with most of the animals that had served as her models.

In France she was made a member of The Legion of Honor, an unusual compliment for a woman, and Spain, Belgium, Portugal, and far-off Mexico conferred honors on her.

Rosa Bonheur was universally respected, and her life is a fitting example of what may be accomplished by laudable ambition, application, and industry.

Bonheur (bŏ nĕr′). — **restraint**: hindrance. — **Louvre Gallery**: a famous art gallery in Paris. — **exquisite**: choice; perfect. — **qualities**: marks which determine the worth and rank. — **Luxembourg**: a palace in Paris, built in 1615–20. It contains a Museum of Art. — **motley**: made up of different kinds. — **mottled**: marked with spots of different colors. — **proximity**: nearness. — **scraggy**: lean and rough. — **jovial**: joyous. — **laudable**: praiseworthy.

Casabianca.

Louis Casabianca, a naval officer, was in command of the French vessel *Orient*, which was destroyed by an explosion at the battle of the Nile. Both the commandant and his son, a young lad, were killed; the son might have escaped had he not refused to abandon the post to which he had been assigned by his father. The boy is the hero of the following poem.



The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled:
The flames, that lit the battle's wreck, shone round him — o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood, as born to rule the storm,
A creature of heroic blood, a proud though childlike form!

The flames rolled on — he would not go without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below, his voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: — "Say, father, say, if yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried, "if I may yet be gone!"
But now the booming shots replied, and fast the flames rolled on:
Upon his brow he felt their breath, and in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death, in still, but brave despair;



And shouted but once more aloud, "My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud, the wreathing fires made way.
They wrapt the ship in splendor wild, they caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child, like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound; the boy — oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around with fragments strewed the sea!
With mast and helm, and pennon fair, that well had borne their part —
But the noblest thing that perished there, was that young, faithful heart.

MRS. HEMANS.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans was born in Liverpool, England, September 25, 1794, and died in 1835. She is well known as a writer of elegant and harmonious verse.

heroic: brave; noble. — **shroud**: one of a set of ropes, part of the rigging of a ship or other vessel. — **pennon**: a small flag.

"Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. *No reward* offered, for they are gone forever."



Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

A wicket hung loosely under the shadow of a thorn; a line of uneven flagstones led through the garden, and I had scarcely set foot upon them, when a dame, whose face was a kind of welcome, and whose modest and antique attire was a warrant of her right to do the honors of the place, appeared at the cottage door, paused there a moment to drop a courtesy, that was like a cue from the Elizabethan drama, and I was at once at home.

There was a small well or spring to the left of the path, with smooth, flat stones about it, and many a thriving shrub seeking to do justice to the garden even in mid-January. All this beguiled me. What more could I do than be grateful and enter, since the dame had cordially bidden me?

Stone steps, a half-dozen of them, led to the door; within was a small hall or entry, floored with flags, and suggestive of nothing but winter apples and garden tools. Out of this entry a door admitted us to the main room of the cottage, also paved with well-washed, well-worn, and fragmentary flagstones. This was the best room in Anne's cottage, and here I put off the Old World and the New World, and went back into the past, like one who has been long seeking some mode of egress, and is overcome

with resignation when he finds himself at the very threshold of his desires and a welcome guest withal.

There was but one thought in my mind now. I had found the golden key to the mystery of a life that has ever seemed to be more like a fable than a reality, and it was for me to lay hold on it at once and be satisfied, or ever after hold my peace.

I hung my cap on a peg in the hall, went into the great chimney that was like an ideal smokehouse, and sat in the corner where Will used to sit when Anne was young and he was younger. Somehow it all seemed like a dream; the dark walls of the chimney, the low beam that I ran against two or three times before I learned to duck under it, as I passed from the chimney-place into the room and back to the chimney-place again, in a kind of aimless pilgrimage that was a source of deep and inexpressible gratification to me. I was taking on the spirit of the surroundings and by degrees growing in grace.

On the left of the fire hung a net of small, shiny onions; two or three great hams, shrouded in white, were slung up in the dusk of the chimney almost out of reach; the poker and tongs stood with their heads together in close confidence; and back of them was a cupboard, within which the goodies in Anne's time were stored. On the opposite side of the fire was a stack of kindlings, crowned with a basket of knitting work; overhead was a



flying bridge of towels and woollen socks, each article in a comfortable, lukewarm condition. The smoke floated past these signals of domestic peace and coiled up the great chimney passage, growing bluer and bluer, and more spiritualized, until it blended with the blue sky itself, plainly visible through the uncovered mouth of the chimney.

An atmosphere of unutterable calm brooded over the place. It began in the bed of coals under the sooty kettle that hung by a chain to the guy pole in the chimney; it filled that serene nook and swept into the low-roofed room.

Sprigs of Christmas holly, with the red berries just beginning to shrivel, were thrust into the leaden casement of the small window panes; a bird in a willow cage hopped from perch to perch, as patient and persistent as the long pendulum of a coffin-like clock that stood next the chamber-door. In fact, it was difficult to say whether the bird was timing the pendulum or the pendulum magnetizing the bird, for both bird and pendulum swung to and fro with amazing deliberation, and ticked harmoniously for hours together.

I examined the blue china that was displayed to the utmost extent on the dresser; and counted a row of small mugs, all of a pattern, that hung the length of a big beam overhead. I watched two copper-colored squashes slowly

going to seed in the midst of the congregation of mugs. There was a bunch of lavender on one wall, and some prints of Napoleon, the only ones, dating back to Waterloo; and — well, just here a curtain was drawn across part of the room, to keep the strong draft from sweeping every member of the family up the chimney, and to make the chimney-corner seem rather more like a shrine, I fancy, for it surely had that effect.

When I had come thus far in my tour of inspection, I was quite in the mood to withdraw into my high-back chair and dream over the coals that flushed and scowled when a shadow passed over them, but flushed again as the soft air fanned them in the hollow of the chimney.

Suddenly there was a small roar of waters within the kettle; a cloud of steam gushed out of its crooked spout; a few drops of rain leaped in at the open mouth of the chimney, and spat on the coals with a short, sharp hiss; the old dame hastened from some undiscovered corner where she had been very silent and very busy, and supper was speedily under way.

After supper, two clay pipes added their aromatic fumes to the thin blue clouds that floated up the chimney. I listened to the easy drone of the cottager, who sat opposite me under the chimney, the very picture of contentment, and to the unsteady steps of the housewife, who was preparing my bed for the night. The bird had



stopped vibrating between his perches; the old clock, with a face like a harvest moon, was ticking to itself as softly as possible, as though it felt we had lost interest in its affairs, and it was not expected to tick with much decision any more that night.

To bed at last in the little chamber, next Anne's room. I had already seen her stately couch, on which so many eyes have looked. I saw it by daylight, when the great headboard, with its heavy carvings, and the tall posts that are beginning to tilt a little under the weight of the ponderous wooden canopy, seemed worthy of some reverence; but at night, by the dim light of an exceedingly slender taper, it positively looked to me like some curious sarcophagus, with mummies standing in a row over the pillow, and probably a handful of dust and ashes hidden away under the quilt. One glance was enough for me now.

The dame said, "Good night, and sleep ye well!" as she passed down the creaking stairs, and I closed the small door that shut Anne's room from mine. There was a low murmur of voices in the room under me. I heard them as I lay in bed. Then there was a sound of sliding bolts and retreating steps, and then an inner door closed after the kind creatures under whose roof I had found shelter, and all was still.

I thought I heard the clock tick once or twice, but

was not quite sure of it; a bird started suddenly out of the thatch by my window, and gave me a little fright, for the cottage had grown ghostly in the darkness; a mouse skipped across a corner of my room. I buried my face in the pillow, full of vague fancies, and presently slept the sleep that had compassed Shottery with its profound and tranquil spell.

— CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Charles Warren Stoddard, born at Rochester, New York, August 7, 1843, is one of the best of living American writers. He has traveled extensively in this country, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and resided for a time in Hawaii. He has been a newspaper correspondent, and has occupied the chair of English literature in two universities. He is the author of several charming books. Of one of these, his "South Sea Idyls," W. D. Howells, the eminent critic, says, "There are few such delicate bits of literature in the language." At present Mr. Stoddard's time is occupied in writing.

Anne Hathaway: Shakespeare's wife. — **wicket**: a small gate. — **cue**: hint. — **withal**: likewise. — **Will**: Shakespeare. — **spiritualized**: refined. — **guy pole**: a pole to steady anything. — **harmoniously**: in a peaceful and friendly way. — **aromatic**: fragrant; spicy. — **ponderous**: heavy. — **sarcophagus**: a stone coffin, bearing carvings and inscriptions. — **mummies**: dead bodies embalmed and dried after the manner of the ancient Egyptians. — **compassed**: surrounded. — **Shottery**: a village of England, where Anne Hathaway lived.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives and fights and frets:
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is all he gets.

The Death of St. Louis.

St. Louis's second crusade, twenty-two years after the first, undertaken when he was in a deplorable state of health, was certainly a great act of earthly self-denial as well as of religious enthusiasm. Pope Clement IV., whose advice he asked, hesitated long before giving his assent, notwithstanding the Holy See's traditional zeal against Islamism.

It seems certain that the pious king was not free from generous illusion and confiding credulity in the design and conduct of this crusade, which, in accordance with the interested advice of Charles of Anjou, then King of Sicily, was first directed against Tunis. It may, however, be noted that France now congratulates herself on having planted her flag on the land in which St. Louis was the first to display the banner of the *fleur de lis* together with the oriflamme.

Attacked by dysentery, which had declared itself in the army, as he had been attacked before in Egypt, St. Louis saw and accepted the approach of death with the feelings which were to be expected from his life and virtues.

M. Wallon, summing up the witness of his contemporaries, writes: "His tent became a house of prayer.



THE LAST COMMUNION OF ST. LOUIS.



Mass and the usual offices of the Church were celebrated there. The cross was raised at the foot of his bed, before his eyes; he kissed it often, and blessing God for all things, he thanked Him for his illness. He had with him as confessor Geoffrey of Beaulieu, a close observer of his pious life and virtues, and on this account one of his chief historians. He attended the king during his illness, and gave him Holy Communion.

"One day, when the sacred Host was brought to him, St. Louis, weak as he was, threw himself out of bed, prostrated himself, and wished to receive it kneeling. It was necessary to carry him back to his bed. When he received Extreme Unction his voice was scarcely audible, but Queen Margaret's confessor says that it could be seen by the movement of his lips that he took part in the prayers of the rite. Geoffrey of Beaulieu says that he made the responses in the Psalms, and that in the Litany he himself pronounced the names of the saints and invoked their prayers.

"Toward the end he was speechless for four days, but always of conscious mind. His eyes were often raised to heaven, and directed again to those who were with him, on whom he seemed to smile.

"In this extreme weakness, on the day before his death, when Geoffrey of Beaulieu brought him the Viaticum, he was resolved to rise to receive it, and kneeling at

the foot of the bed with joined hands, he confessed and communicated. The power of speech was therefore not absolutely gone.

"On the night of his death he was heard to say, 'We shall go to Jerusalem.' It was to the heavenly Jerusalem that his thoughts were thenceforth directed, yet he did not forget the reason of his coming to Africa, and clinging to the end to the vision which had allured his pious soul, he said, 'Let us in God's name seek to have the faith preached in Tunis; who can best fulfil such a mission?' and he named a preaching friar who had previously been in that city.

"When his strength failed, and only a low murmur escaped from his lips, he was still invoking the prayers of the saints. Geoffrey of Beaulieu guessed from a few words that he was reciting this end of the prayer of St. Denis, 'Lord, grant that for love of Thee we may despise the good things of the world and not fear its evil things'; or it may have been the beginning of the prayer of St. James, 'Lord, sanctify and guard Thy people.'

"Between nine o'clock and noon, after about half an hour's sleep, he opened his eyes, raised them to heaven with an air of serenity, and spoke the words of the Psalmist: '*Introibo in domum tuam, adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum et confitebor nomini tuo.*' At the last moment he had himself laid upon ashes with crossed arms,



and rendered up his soul; it was the hour at which our Lord Jesus Christ died upon the cross."

Islamism: the Mohammedan religion. — **Tunis**: a country of North Africa. — **fleur de lis** (flĕr′ dę lē′): the royal arms of France. — **oriflamme**: the early royal ensign of France. — **M. Wallon**: a French historian. — **Geoffrey de Beaulieu** (zhō′frwä′ de bōl′yuh′). — **allured**: charmed. — **Introibo in domum tuam, adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum et confitebor nomini tuo**: "I will come into Thy house, I will worship toward Thy holy temple, and I will give praise to Thy name."

Self-Control.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

prune: clear of useless material; smooth by trimming. — **transports**: extreme pleasures.

The Judgment of Van Twiller.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers.

There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom.

This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables, but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life.

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his

mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that he "had his doubts about the matter"; which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of The Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter he swayed a long Turkish pipe wrought with jasmine and amber. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eyes for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber.

Nay, it has even been said that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two

hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular, guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave the flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of said Wandle.

Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth, — either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story, — he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge



jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers.

The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks.

The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word. At length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced, that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, he had found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other: therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused

general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration; and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years.

I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter — being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

burgomasters: chief magistrates of municipal towns in Holland and other countries. — **comported**: conducted. — **smatterers**: one who has only a slight knowledge. — **a man of quick parts**: one of ready abilities. — **dunderpate**: a dull head. — **invincible**: incapable of being conquered. — **reflective**: capable of exercising thought. — **adherents**: followers. — **capacious**: large. — **The Hague**: the capital of the Netherlands. — **fabricated**: made. — **timmerman**: a wood-worker. — **scepter**: a staff borne by a king as an emblem of authority. — **on the carpet**: under consideration. — **acumen**: keenness. — **New Amsterdam**: the old name for New York. The town was so called until its capture by the English in 1664, when the name was changed to New York. — **Haroun Alrasch'id**: a celebrated Eastern monarch whose adventures are told in "The Arabian Nights." — **true believers**: the name given



to themselves by Mussulmans. — **obelisks**: pointed stone pillars. — **diffused**: spread. — **losel scout**: a worthless, spying fellow.

The Bell of Atri.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may," —
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation that whenever wrong
Was done to any man he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.
How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,

The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one who noted this in passing by
Mended the rope with braids of bryony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved his hounds and horses and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.
He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."



So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market place,
Where the great bell upon its crossbeams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song,
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of bryony. . . .
Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd

Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five and twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the king; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?

"He who serves well and speaks not merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed



To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to Mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Henry W. Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807 and died in 1882. His poetry is remarkable for its simplicity, refinement, and grace. He is undoubtedly the most popular of American poets.

Abruzzo (ȧbrut'so): a country of Italy. — **Re Giovan'ni**: King John, in English. — **Sȳn'dic**: a magistrate. — **brȳ'ony**: a common European plant. — **votive garland**: a wreath of flowers given in fulfillment of a vow. — **prodigalities**: wastefulness. — **reluctant**: unwilling. — **reit'erating**: repeating. — **half-articulate jargon**: indistinct, unintelligible speech.

The Pyramids.

Although there are seventy pyramids in Egypt, and others in different quarters of the Old World, and even of the New, yet the term "The Pyramids" is generally applied to those on the banks of the Nile, near where the ancient city of Memphis stood.

They are immense stone structures standing on a square base, with triangular sides running to a point, and were counted among the Seven Wonders of the World. They are supposed to be about four thousand years old, but are in an excellent state of preservation. Formerly the sides were incased by huge slabs, making them perfectly smooth; but this outer casing was removed in the twelfth century by Saladin, who used the slabs in building the citadel of Cairo.

The Pyramids stand at the edge of the desert, on the western side of the Nile. After crossing the ferry at Cairo, the stranger imagines them close at hand, though he has still a good mile to traverse. A near view is generally disappointing; and it is not until the visitor begins to make comparisons that the fact of their exceeding vastness comes home to the mind. The base of the Great Pyramid of Cheops is nearly eight hundred feet square, covering a surface of eleven acres; and its height is four



hundred and sixty-one feet. It is a common feat of travelers to ascend to the summit with the aid of a couple of Arab guides.

The view from the top has the same vivid contrast of life and death which makes all wide views in Egypt striking — the desert and the green plain; only the view over the desert, — the African desert, — being much more extensive here than elsewhere, one gathers in better the notion of the wide, heaving ocean of sandy billows which hovers on the edge of the valley of the Nile. The white line of the minarets of Cairo is also a peculiar feature — peculiar, because it is strange to see a modern Egyptian city which is an ornament instead of a deformity to the view.

It is said that six million tons of stone were used in the construction of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, and that its erection occupied one hundred thousand men for twenty years! The mass is not solid, but contains a series of chambers, the entrance to which is on the north side. A long, close, and devious passage leads to the Queen's Chamber, seventeen feet by eighteen, and twenty feet high. Thence another long passage leads to the King's Chamber, thirty-seven feet by seventeen, and twenty feet high. At one end of this apartment stands a sarcophagus of red granite, in which the monarch is supposed to have been laid.

The second pyramid, that of Cephrenes, is not much

inferior in size to this one, its base being six hundred and eighty-four feet, and its height four hundred and fifty-six feet; but it is not in such good preservation. It contains a chamber hewn out of solid rock, and in the sarcophagus were found the bones of an animal, probably the sacred bull of the Egyptians. The third large pyramid contained a mummy, the remains of which, and of its cedar coffin, are now in the British Museum.

There can be no doubt that they were all designed as receptacles for the dead. Around them lie, scattered about as far as the eye can reach, both up and down the banks of the river and along the edge of the desert for miles beyond the ruined city of Memphis, numberless edifices and tumuli of a monumental character, some of which were once profusely embellished with sculptures, and in which mummies have been found.

In front of the Pyramid of Cephrenes stands the great Sphinx — the hugest marvel of sculpture which the world has ever seen. For centuries this colossal wonder lay almost submerged beneath the sand-drift of the desert. In the beginning of the nineteenth century the laborious task of uncovering it was undertaken, in the course of which discoveries were made tending to show that there was at some former time a temple on the area beneath the stony gaze of the colossal countenance, and an altar upon which sacrifices were offered.



So continuous is the drift of sand from the desert, that nearly all those portions of the figure which modern investigators have at different times laid bare have been again covered.

traverse: cross. — **devious**: winding. — **tumuli**: sepulchral mounds. — **colossal**: of enormous size.

The Sphinx.

Near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once-worshiped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mold of beauty — some mold of beauty now forgotten — forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean Sea, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness, through all generations to come.

Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian

girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big, pouting lips of the Sphinx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of the Deity — unchangefulness in the midst of change — the same seeming will and intent, forever and ever inexorable!

Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings — upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors — upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire — upon battle and pestilence — upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race — upon keen-eyed travelers — Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day — upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien.

And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien.

A. W. Kinglake.



Alexander William Kinglake is best known as the author of a very exhaustive history of the Crimean War, and by his highly popular book of travels, "Eothen." He was born at Taunton, England, in 1809, and died in 1891.

comely: good-looking. — **Cȳthe'rea**: a name for the goddess Venus, so called from the island of Cythera, where she was worshiped. — **Ægean**: the Grecian archipelago. — **Coptic**: pertaining to the Egyptian race known as Copts. — **inexorable**: unchangeable. — **dynasties**: races of kings of the same family. — **Herodotus**: an ancient Greek writer, known as "the father of history." — **Warburton**: William Warburton, an eminent English writer. — **the Faithful**: in Mohammedan usage, believers in Mohammed.

Where Lies the Land?

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
  Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
  Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
  Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
  The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild northwesters rave,
  How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
  Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Arthur Hugh Clough (klŭf), an English poet, was born in Liverpool in 1819. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford, and was for a time a tutor in Oriel College. Between 1849 and 1852 he was professor of English literature in University College, London. About 1852 he visited this country, and became intimately acquainted with Longfellow and other poets. He died in Florence, Italy, in 1861.

The Surrender of Fort William Henry.

This selection is from "The Last of the Mohicans," the most popular of Cooper's Leatherstocking tales. Duncan Heyward has just returned from an interview with General Montcalm, the French commander who was besieging Fort William Henry. With Heyward are the two daughters of Munro, the commander of the fort, who have just arrived after a perilous journey. Montcalm has asked for a conference with Munro.

Munro sat utterly unconscious of Heyward's presence, his features exposed and working with the anguish of his regrets, while heavy tears fell from his eyes and rolled unheeded from his cheeks to the floor. At length he moved, as if suddenly recovering his recollection; then he arose and, taking a single turn across the room, he ap-



proached his companion with an air of military grandeur and demanded: —

"Have you not, Major Heyward, some communication that I should hear, from the Marquis de Montcalm?"

Duncan started, in his turn, and immediately commenced, in an embarrassed voice, the half-forgotten message. As Munro listened to the detail of Duncan, the excited feelings of the father gradually gave way before the obligations of his station, and when the other was done, he saw before him nothing but the veteran, swelling with the wounded feelings of a soldier.

"You have said enough, Major Heyward!" exclaimed the angry old man; "enough to make a volume of commentary on French civility. Here has this gentleman invited me to a conference, and when I send him a capable substitute, for you're all that, Duncan, he answers me with a riddle. I will meet the Frenchman, and that without fear or delay; promptly, sir, as becomes a servant of my royal master. Go, Major Heyward, and give them a flourish of the music; send out a messenger to let them know who is coming. We will follow with a small guard, for such respect is due to one who holds the honor of his king in keeping."

A very few minutes only were necessary to parade a few files, and to dispatch an orderly with a flag to announce the approach of the commandant of the fort. As soon

as the usual ceremonials of a military departure were observed, the veteran and his more youthful companion left the fortress attended by the escort.

They had proceeded only a hundred yards from the works when the little array which attended the French general to the conference was seen issuing from the hollow way, which formed the bed of a brook that ran between the batteries of the besiegers and the fort.

From the moment that Munro left his own works to appear in front of his enemies, his air had been grand, and his step and countenance highly military. The instant he caught a glimpse of the white plume that waved in the hat of Montcalm his eye lighted, and age no longer appeared to possess any influence over his vast and still muscular person.

If the air of Munro was more commanding and manly, it wanted both the ease and insinuating polish of that of the Frenchman. Neither spoke for a few moments, each regarding the other with curious and interested eyes. Then, as became his superior rank and the nature of the interview, Montcalm broke the silence. After uttering the usual words of greeting, he turned to Duncan and continued, with a smile of recognition, speaking always in French: —

"I am rejoiced, sir, that you have given us the pleasure of your company on this occasion. There will be no



necessity to employ an ordinary interpreter; for in your hands I feel the same security as if I spoke your language myself.

"I have solicited this interview from your superior because I believe he will allow himself to be persuaded that he has already done everything which is necessary for the honor of his prince, and will now listen to the admonitions of humanity. I will forever bear testimony that his resistance has been gallant and was continued as long as there was hope."

When this opening was translated to Munro, he answered with dignity, but with sufficient courtesy: —

"However I may prize such testimony, it will be more valuable when it shall be better merited."

After a short pause Montcalm said: —

"These hills afford us every opportunity of reconnoitering your works, sirs, and I am possibly as well acquainted with their weak condition as you can be yourselves."

"Ask the French general if his glasses can reach to the Hudson," said Munro, proudly; "and if he knows when and where to expect the army of Webb."

"Let General Webb be his own interpreter," returned the politic Montcalm, suddenly extending an open letter toward Munro as he spoke; "you will there learn that his movements are not likely to prove embarrassing to my army."

The veteran seized the offered paper without waiting for Duncan to translate the speech. As his eye passed hastily over the words, his countenance changed from its look of military pride to one of deep chagrin; his lip began to quiver; and, suffering the paper to fall from his hand, his head dropped upon his chest, like that of a man whose hopes were withered at a single blow.

Duncan caught the letter from the ground, and without apology for the liberty he took, he read at a glance its cruel purport. Their common superior, so far from encouraging them to resist, advised a speedy surrender, urging, in the plainest language, as a reason the utter impossibility of his sending a single man to their rescue.

"Here is no deception!" said Duncan, examining the billet both inside and out; "this is the signature of Webb."

"The man has betrayed me!" Munro at length bitterly exclaimed; "he has brought dishonor to my door, and shame has he heaped heavily on my gray hairs."

"Say not so," cried Duncan; "we are yet masters of the fort and of our honor. Let us sell our lives at such a rate as shall make our enemies believe the purchase too dear."

"Boy, I thank thee," exclaimed the old man, rousing himself from his stupor; "you have, for once, reminded Munro of his duty. We will go back and dig our graves behind those ramparts."



"Gentlemen," said Montcalm, advancing toward them a step, in generous interest, "listen to my terms before you leave me."

"What says the Frenchman?" demanded the veteran sternly; "does he make a merit of having captured a scout with a note from headquarters? Sir, he had better raise this siege, to go and sit down before Edward, if he wishes to frighten his enemy with words."

Duncan explained the other's meaning. "To retain the fort is now impossible," said the liberal enemy, "it is necessary to the interests of my master that it should be destroyed; but as for yourselves and your brave comrades, there is no privilege dear to a soldier that shall be denied."

"Our colors?" demanded Heyward.

"Carry them to England, and show them to your king."

"Our arms?"

"Keep them; none can use them better."

"Our march; the surrender of the place?"

"Shall all be done in a way most honorable to yourselves."

Duncan now turned to explain these proposals to his commander, who heard him with amazement and a sensibility that was deeply touched by such unusual and unexpected generosity.

"Go you, Duncan," he said; "go with this marquess,

as indeed marquess he should be; go to his marquee, and arrange it all. I have lived to see two things in my old age that never did I expect to behold: an Englishman afraid to support a friend, and a Frenchman too honest to profit by his advantage."

So saying, the veteran again dropped his head to his chest, and returned slowly toward the fort, exhibiting, by the dejection of his air, to the anxious garrison a harbinger of evil tidings.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

unconscious: unaware. — **obligations**: acts by which a person is bound to do something. — **commentary**: a short written account of events. — **conference**: a meeting for an interchange of opinions. — **recognition**: notice. — **admonitions**: friendly advice. — **reconnoitering**: examining with the eye. — **chagrin**: vexation. — **ramparts**: embankments or walls of earth for the purpose of defense. — **Edward**: Fort Edward, where General Webb was stationed. — **marquee** (mar-kē′): a large field tent for the use of an officer. — **dejection**: melancholy.

The Bugle Song.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.



O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson was born in England in 1809 and died in 1892. He succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate. His verses are distinguished by their purity and felicity of diction. His "Idylls of the King" are his masterpieces, but he is best known to the general reader by his shorter poems.

Elfland: fairyland.

A Heroine of the Third Century.

"One would think our little Reparata actually hungry for martyrdom," said the Lady Cornelia, one evening to her husband.

"When the tidings came of the death of certain Christians this very day, in our own city, under torments

which would be inflicted, we might suppose, only by barbarians, instead of being shocked, and crying out with pity and horror as a child of her age would do naturally, she simply said, with a heavenly smile on her countenance: 'Glorious martyrs! how brightly are they shining, even now, in heaven!'

"A mortal dread has seized me lest our precious child should in some moment of ecstasy betray herself to the spying minions of the cruel Decius. Besides, as we have seen again and again, the hope of money may tempt some menial to betray her. Our own servants seem trustworthy, devoted indeed to every one of us, above all to 'the little Lady Reparata.' But who can tell if some special temptation may not be set before them to secure the arrest of our darling — too well we know what that means," and the mother finished her sentence by clasping her hands in anguish and fairly shivering with the dread which had come over her.

"You must not give way to these forebodings," said her husband, Petrus, quietly. "The child is capable of a wonderful exaltation of soul, which is roused by the stories of those heroic Christians. We must, if possible, prevent these stories coming to her ears, and especially must we ask the good priest Barnabas to counsel her to observe holy caution in the midst of such perils. We must remember, also, that God's providence is our only protec

tion, and put this dear child altogether into His hands. Unless we distrust Him, I am certain He will not allow our Reparata to fall into any imprudence."

This Christian family, living in Cæsarea of Palestine, had received the choicest instruction in their faith from the immediate successors of the apostles, and their very names had been given to them in honor of the tradition of St. Peter and Cornelius the centurion, so cherished by the Christians of Cæsarea as belonging to their own city. At this very time the "Seventh Persecution," as it is called, had broken out under the Emperor Decius. He lived as emperor but two years; but during these the utmost cruelty was practiced toward the Christians.

It was a time of doubled and tripled solicitude to those whose young families clung around them, and to whom they must act as guides in this supreme hour; counseling caution, indeed, but without allowing one recoil from torment or death if these should meet them in the way.

It is one of the beautiful prerogatives of youth to kindle at the recital not only of adventures, but of heroism and chivalry under all forms. Noble deeds have a special charm for the young, and none understand better what a truly noble deed is. It was this inborn nobility of youth, together with the innocence fostered by the practice of Christian precepts, which so stimulated

the heroism of such lads as Venantius of Spain, Pancratius of Asia Minor, such maidens as Agnes and Prisca of Rome, and now stirred in the veins of Reparata of Palestine.

In vain did her parents, seeing her eyes and delicate nostrils dilate, the flush rise to her cheek, the slender figure becoming still more erect under the recitals of heroic triumphs constantly coming to their own ears, endeavor to keep them from hers. The air was full of them, and there could be no "wonder-book" in the world like that which was being written out before their eyes, and written, too, in blood.

Still, as time went on, even the anxiety of the mother, Lady Cornelia, lost a certain sharpness. She could hear, see, nothing which indicated that any one of her household was an object of suspicion, and she began to feel that some invisible shield was being held over them.

The little girl grew apace and was now in her teens; delicate in size even for her age, but with a wondrous charm of expression, as if her soul had molded her body and actually radiated through her eyes and her beaming smile. Nothing lovelier, many said, lived this side of heaven.

One day in the early October, after the daily Mass at matins, at which, even in these dangerous times, they found ways to be present, father, mother, and daughter,



having taken their light breakfast, were seated in the inner court around which the eastern houses are built, when an imperial officer entered unannounced, as if he had demanded admittance. Instantly Cornelia's cheek was pale as death. Petrus rose with all his habitual courtesy, as if to welcome the intruder, but his salutation was rudely interrupted by the demand to see the Lady Reparata.

There was no opportunity for concealment, but if there had been, the young girl was not one to avail herself of it. Stepping forward, before either of her parents could answer, she said: "I am the Lady Reparata." Swift as her own action had been, it was met by the imperial officer with a pair of light fetters, for which she reached out her slender wrists as if they had been bracelets.

"Upon what charge," asked Petrus, "do you arrest one so young in her father's house?"

"She is arrested as a Christian," replied the officer, "and is to appear at once before the prefect. It will be useless for you to attempt to screen her from justice. The prefect has long known that she belonged to these disturbers of the peace of the empire, and has only waited to see if she would not grow wise with years. I have no time to spend in talk or farewells. My attendants are already within call."

As he spoke two hardened-looking men laid hold of her arms. A look passed from the child to the parents: on one side a look of unutterable anguish; on the other, of ineffable peace, almost of exultation. Petrus would have followed on their steps without delay, but he saw Cornelia fainting in the arms of her maids, who were weeping and wringing their hands, helpless in their own grief.

Pausing, however, only long enough to assure Cornelia that everything possible would be done to save the child, he darted from his home and kept within sight of the officer, his menials, and their prisoner, as did also the crowds gathering always on the street when an arrest had been made, and this was one to stir the whole city of Cæsarea.

There was no difficulty in gaining access to the court-room of the prefect, especially when money was handed quietly to the guards, and Petrus pressed in with the crowd. Early as it was, everything was in readiness for the mock trial, which proved to be from the first moment like many to which Petrus had listened, so that the glimmer of a possible escape, which had made him promise Cornelia to do all which could be done to save their child, died out before the questions of the prefect, the command to offer incense to the idols at her side, the noble, unhesitating confession of faith from the lips of his little Reparata.



But when it came to the torture, — to the rack, — the eyes of Petrus closed with a sickening feeling he could not overcome. But still the clear young voice gave its responses without a tremor; and when he knew, by the whispers of those around him, that the torches and hot pincers were being applied to that tender side, so sacred to a father's heart, on which only her mother and the nurse of her childhood had ever looked, the great beads of anguish stood on his forehead; still he heard no cry, only the same calm declaration of fealty to her Lord, until the judge exclaimed: —

"Away with her! It is useless to dally with these children, more obstinate than even their infatuated parents. Behead her at once."

The twilight of the sunny October day still lingered in the court from which the saintly child had been so rudely taken; Cornelia had not left it the livelong day, for the last gleam of that radiant countenance on which she had lived for thirteen years was more to her than sunshine, or the couch on which she felt that she could never again find rest, unless her child were restored to her. Petrus entered alone, very pale, but quite calm. Cornelia threw out her hands to him imploringly, but asked no question. How could she hear the reply she was certain awaited her? And Petrus said gently: —

"Thank God, the agony, although sharp, was short.

She is in no dungeon to-night, guarded by brutal men; but her beautiful soul stands before her Lord crowned with the innocence of spotless virginity, in her hand is the palm won with her blood, and her body, which we loved so much, which is now sacred by her act of martyrdom, is resting in the martyr's peace in our own tomb with our Christian ancestors.

"For ourselves, we have only to put our possessions as far as possible out of the reach of our persecutors, and quietly await the death which is surely in store for us, and which we can never call bitter since this same death was bestowed upon her as a reward of her love for her Lord."

But our Reparata! The story of the little maiden of thirteen did not stop on the borders of Cæsarea of Palestine. Passed from mouth to mouth, it found listeners in Florence, so near to Rome and its cruel emperor; and many were the hearts it consoled, and even strengthened for the martyrdom lying in wait for every Christian in the old Tuscan city. So much, indeed, did they venerate this young girl who laid down her life gladly for Christ on the 8th of October, 253, that they named their small cathedral "St. Reparata."

Nor was this all. In the year 407 Florence was in danger of pillage and utter destruction from the barbarians coming toward them from the north. Already



As the fortress was to be approached through the mountain passes, it became necessary to divert the enemy's attention to another quarter. A little while before sunset Juan Pizarro left the city with a picked corps of horsemen, and took a direction opposite to that of the fortress, that the besieging army might suppose the object was a foraging expedition. But, secretly countermarching in the night, he fortunately found the passes undefended and arrived before the outer wall of the fortress without giving the alarm to the garrison.

The entrance was through a narrow opening in the center of the rampart; but this was now closed up with heavy stones that seemed to form one solid work with the rest of the masonry. It was an affair of time to dislodge these huge masses in such a manner as not to rouse the garrison. The Indian natives, who rarely attacked in the night, were not sufficiently acquainted with the art of war even to provide against surprise by posting sentinels. When the task was accomplished, Juan Pizarro and his gallant troop rode through the gateway and advanced toward the second parapet.

But their movements had not been conducted so secretly as to escape notice, and they now found the interior court swarming with warriors, who, as the Spaniards drew near, let off clouds of missiles that compelled them to come to a halt. Juan Pizarro, aware that no time was to be lost,

ordered one half of his corps to dismount, and, putting himself at their head, prepared to make a breach as before in the fortifications. Leading on his men, he encouraged them in the work of demolition in the face of such a storm of stones, javelins, and arrows as might have made the stoutest heart shrink from encountering it. The good mail of the Spaniards did not always protect them; but others took the place of such as fell, until a breach was made, and the cavalry, pouring in, rode down all who opposed them.

The parapet was now abandoned, and the Indians, hurrying with disorderly flight across the inclosure, took refuge on a kind of platform or terrace, commanded by the principal tower. Here, rallying, they shot off fresh volleys of missiles against the Spaniards, while the garrison in the fortress hurled down fragments of rock and timber on their heads. Juan Pizarro, still among the foremost, sprang forward on the terrace, cheering on his men by his voice and example; but at this moment he was struck by a large stone on the head, not then protected by his buckler, and was stretched on the ground. The dauntless chief still continued to animate his followers by his voice till the terrace was carried and its miserable defenders were put to the sword. His sufferings were then too much for him, and he was removed to the town below, where, notwithstanding every exertion to



save him, he survived the injury but a fortnight. He had served in the conquest of Peru from the first, and no name on the roll of its conquerors is less tarnished by the reproach of cruelty or stands higher in all the attributes of a true and valiant knight.

Though deeply sensible to his brother's disaster, Hernando Pizarro saw that no time was to be lost in profiting by the advantages already gained. Committing the charge of the town to Gonzalo, he put himself at the head of the assailants and laid vigorous siege to the fortresses. One surrendered after a short resistance. The other and more formidable of the two still held out under the brave Inca noble who commanded it. He was a man of an athletic frame, and might be seen striding along the battlements, armed with a Spanish buckler and cuirass, and in his hand wielding a formidable mace, garnished with points or knobs of copper. With this terrible weapon he struck down all who attempted to force a passage into the fortress. Some of his followers who proposed a surrender he is said to have slain with his own hand. Ladders were planted against the walls; but no sooner did a Spaniard gain the topmost round than he was hurled to the ground by the strong arm of the Indian warrior. His activity was equal to his strength; and he seemed to be at every point the moment that his presence was needed.

The Spanish commander was filled with admiration at this display of valor; for he could admire valor even in an enemy. He gave orders that the chief should not be injured, but be taken alive, if possible. This was not easy. At length, numerous ladders having been planted against the tower, the Spaniards scaled it on several quarters at the same time, and, leaping into the place, overpowered the few combatants who still made a show of resistance.

But the Inca chieftain was not to be taken; and, finding further resistance ineffectual, he sprang to the edge of the battlements, and casting away his war club, wrapped his mantle around him and threw himself headlong from the summit. He died like an ancient Roman. He had struck his last stroke for the freedom of his country, and he scorned to survive her dishonor. The Castilian commander left a small force in garrison to secure his conquest, and returned in triumph to his quarters.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

William H. Prescott, an American historian of poetical temperament and great pictorial powers, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796. His "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," his "Conquest of Mexico," and "Conquest of Peru," though marred by undue prejudice, are still highly esteemed. He died at Boston, in 1859.

Inca: a Peruvian prince. — **divert**: draw to another course. — **foraging**: collecting supplies for horses. — **mace**: a heavy weapon for striking. — **quarters**: the proper stations for officers and men.



The Lost Chord.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

chord: a combination of musical tones in harmony. — **loath**: unwilling.

The Signing of the Declaration.

It is a cloudless summer day; a clear blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice rising among the giant trees in the center of a wide city. That edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy window frames and a massive hall door.

Such is the State house of Philadelphia in the year of Our Lord 1776.

In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the summit of that red brick State house, stands an old man with snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams as it is fixed on the ponderous



outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy, with laughing eyes of summer blue. The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written upon the bell, then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks: "Look here, my child. Will you do this old man a kindness? Then hasten down the stairs and wait in the hall below till a man gives you a message for me; when he gives you that word, run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?" The boy sprang from the old man's arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

Many minutes passed. The old bell keeper was alone. "Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me!" As the word was upon his lips a merry ringing laugh broke on his ear. And there, among the crowd on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face, and swelling his little chest he raised himself on tip-toe and shouted the single word, "Ring!"

Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with a new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell peals out; the crowds in the



THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



street hear it and burst forth in one long shout. Old *Delaware* hears it and gives it back on the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it and starts up, from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken.

Under that very bell, pealing out at noonday, in an old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers, and mechanics had assembled to break the shackles of the world. The committee, who have been out all night, are about to appear. At last the door opens and they advance to the front. The parchment is laid on the table. Shall it be signed or not? Then ensues a high and stormy debate. Then the faint-hearted cringe in corners. Then Thomas Jefferson speaks his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole soul.

Still there is a doubt; and that pale-faced man, rising in one corner, squeaks out something about "axes, scaffolds, and a gibbet." A tall, slender man rises, and his dark eye burns, while his words ring through the halls: "Gibbets! They may stretch our necks on every scaffold in the land. They may turn every rock into a gibbet, every tree into a gallows; and yet the words written on that parchment can never die. They may pour out our blood on a thousand altars, and yet, from every drop that dyes the ax or drips on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to freedom will spring into existence. What! are



these shrinking hearts and faltering voices here, when the very dead upon our battlefields arise and call upon us to sign that parchment or be accursed forever?

"Sign! if the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck. Sign! if the next moment this hall ring with the echo of the falling ax. Sign! by all your hopes in life or death, as husbands, as fathers, as men! Sign your names to that parchment!

"Yes! were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still, with the last impulse of that soul, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth: God has given America to the free. Yes! as I sink down into the gloomy shadow of the grave, with my last breath I would beg of you to sign that parchment."

GEORGE LIPPARD.

edifice: building. — **fire**: light up; brighten. — **shackles**: something that prevents free action. — **cringe**: draw one's self together, as in fear or servility. — **gibbet**: a framework on which wrong-doers were formerly hanged.



King's Mountain.

A Ballad of the Carolinas.

Hark! 'tis the voice of the mountain,
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes,
Who compassed its summits and died!
How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
When the foemen had clambered the height!
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,
They hunted them down for the fight!

Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
And we snatch down the rifle and go.
As the hunters who hear of the panther,
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate antre,
With the knife and the rifle at need.

From a thousand deep gorges they gather —
From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still;



Each lonely at first in his roaming,
Till the vale to the sight opens fair,
And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.

Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
For the hunt of the insolent foe;
And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
Down the lone heights now wind they together,
As the mountain brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale: —

"The British — the Tories are on us;
And now is the moment to prove
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valleys below us
With fire, to the hills from the sea;
And here would they seek to o'erthrow us,
In a realm which our eagle makes free!"

No war council suffered to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed;
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
Swift followed the bound to the steed;



And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,
Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman,
As he lay in his camp on the height.

Grim dashed they away as they bounded, —
The hunters to hem in the prey, —
And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
Then the British rose fast to the fray;
And never, with arms of more vigor,
Did their bayonets press through the strife,
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
The sharpshooters dashed out a life!

'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions,
'Twas the rushing of tempests and waves,
Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves:
Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
As from danger to danger he flies,
Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
With its "touch me who dare!" and he dies.

An hour, and the battle is over;
The eagles are rending the prey;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way:



THE MIDNIGHT SUN.



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More dreadful the doom that on treason
  Avenges the wrongs of the State;
And the oak tree for many a season
  Bears its fruit for the vultures of Fate.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

William Gilmore Simms was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806, and died in June, 1870. His writings consist of poetry, dramas, romances, history, and critical and miscellaneous essays. He was best in fiction, and American history was the ground of nearly all his novels. He was a contributor to many magazines, and besides took an active part in politics and was a successful planter.

beagles: hunting dogs. — **gorge**: a narrow passage between hills. — **antre**: cave. — **gives tongue**: sounds loudly. — **myrmidons**: rough, desperate followers. — **sycophant**: mean; cringing.

The Midnight Sun.

The phenomenon described in the following lesson occurred on the northern coast of Norway. The fiords are long, narrow inlets, bounded by high rocks or banks, often opening again into the sea. Drontheim, or more properly *Trondjem*, is a town of about twenty thousand inhabitants and was formerly the capital of Norway.

As we crossed the mouth of the Ulvsfiord that evening, we had an open sea horizon toward the north, a clear sky, and so much sunshine at eleven o'clock that it was evident the polar day had dawned upon us at last.



The illumination of the shores was unearthly in its glory, and the wonderful effects of the orange sunlight, playing upon the dark hues of the island cliffs, can neither be told nor painted. The sun hung low between Fuglöe, rising like a double dome from the sea, and the tall mountains of Arnöe, both of which islands resembled immense masses of transparent purple glass, gradually melting into crimson fire at their bases. The glassy, leaden-colored sea was powdered with a golden bloom, and the tremendous precipices at the mouth of the Lyngen Fiord, behind us, were steeped in a dark red, mellow flush, and touched with pencilings of pure, rose-colored light, until their naked ribs seemed to be clothed in imperial velvet.

As we turned into the fiord and ran southward along the bases, a waterfall, struck by the sun, fell in fiery orange foam down the red walls, and the blue ice pillars of a beautiful glacier filled up the ravine beyond it. We were all on deck; and all faces, excited by the divine splendor of the scene and tinged by the same wonderful aureole, shone as if transfigured. In my whole life I have never seen a spectacle so unearthly beautiful.

Our course brought the sun rapidly toward the ruby cliffs of Arnöe, and it was evident that he would soon be hidden from sight. It was not yet half past eleven,

and an enthusiastic passenger begged the captain to stop the vessel until midnight.

"Why," said the latter, "it is midnight now, or very near it: you have Drontheim time, which is almost forty minutes in arrears."

True enough, the real time lacked but five minutes of midnight, and those of us who had sharp eyes and strong imaginations saw the sun make his last dip and rise a little before he vanished in a blaze of glory behind Arnöe. I turned away with my eyes full of dazzling spheres of crimson and gold, which danced before me wherever I looked; and it was a long time before they were blotted out by the semi-oblivion of a daylight sleep.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Bayard Taylor, an American traveler, writer, and poet, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1825. He was the author of many interesting works descriptive of his travels, as well as of other books in prose and verse. In 1878 he was appointed minister to Germany, and died there on December 19, of the same year.

Ulvsfiord (ulfs'fyôrd). — **cliffs**: high rocks. — **Fugloe** (fōōl'û). — **Arnoë** (ärn'û). — **imperial**: royal. — **glacier**: an immense field or stream of ice. — **aureole**: a circle of light. — **Drontheim** (trŏn'yĕm). — **arrears**: behindhand. — **semi-oblivion**: half-forgetfulness.



Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
  The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
  To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
  Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Linden: an abbreviation of *Hohenlinden*, a village of Upper Bavaria, famous for a victory gained there, December 3, 1800, by the French over the Austrians. — **Iser**: a river of Bavaria. — **dun**: dark-colored. — **Frank**: a Frenchman. — **Hun**: a Hungarian. — **sulph'rous canopy**: a sulphurous cloud of smoke, rising from the powder used in the battle.

The Destruction of Pompeii.

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom

of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky; now of a livid and snakelike green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent; now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch, — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pause of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain.

Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsub-

stantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt; the footing seemed to slide and creep — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even upon the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against one another as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set in flames; and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden dark-

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ness into which their sudden birth was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore — an utter darkness lay over it, and upon its groaning and tossing waves the storm of cinders and rock fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land.

Wild, haggard, ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated



RUINS OF POMPEII.

machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Suddenly the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness the mountain shone — a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but, *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as toward the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which gushed the sources of the sudden Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts — darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused the next, in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!

Another — and another — and another shower of ashes far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets.



Who in that hour spared one thought to his neighbor? Perhaps in scenes of universal horror, nothing is more horrid than the unnatural selfishness they engender.

* * * * * * *

Meekly, softly, beautifully dawned at last the light over the trembling deep! — the winds were sinking into rest — the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning; Light was about to resume her reign. Yet, still, dark and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the "Scorched Fields." The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

murkiness: darkness. — **prodigal**: excessive. — **lurid**: gloomy. — **chasms**: deep breaks in the earth or rocks. — **mimicries**: laughable imitations. — **hurtling**: meeting with violence. — **combustible**: liable to burn. — **porticoes**: covered places to walk in. — **forum**: a public place in Rome and other cities where cases were tried before judges. — **impotence**: feebleness. — **supernatural**: exceeding the powers of nature. — **complicated**: made difficult. — **primal**: first. — **riven**: split. — **nether**: lower. — **molten lava**: melted rock thrown out by a volcano. — **Phlegethon**: according to mythology, one of the principal



rivers of Hades, in the channel of which fire flowed instead of water. — **cataracts**: heavy floods like large waterfalls. — **suffused**: covered with something fluid. — **heralded**: foretold.

The Blessed Virgin.

After Our Lord Jesus Christ, no one has ever exercised so salutary and so dominant an influence as the Blessed Virgin on society, on the family, and on the individual. The Mother of Jesus exercises throughout the Christian commonwealth that hallowing influence which a good mother wields over the Christian family.

What temple or chapel, how rude soever it may be, is not adorned with a painting or a statue of the Madonna? What house is not embellished with an image of Mary? What Catholic child is a stranger to her familiar face?

The priest and the layman, the scholar and the illiterate, the prince and the peasant, the mother and the maid, acknowledge her benign sway.

And if Christianity is so fruitful in comparison with paganism, in conjugal fidelity, in female purity, and in the respect paid to womanhood, these blessings are in no small measure due to the force of Mary's all-pervading influence and example. Ever since the Son of God chose

a woman to be His mother, man looks up to woman with a homage akin to veneration.

The poet Longfellow pays the following tribute to Mary's sanctifying influence: —

"This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!

* * * * * *

And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

St. Ambrose gives us the following beautiful picture of Mary's life before her espousals: —

"Let the life," he says, "of the Blessed Mary be ever present to you, in which, as in a mirror, the beauty of chastity and the form of virtue shine forth. She was a virgin not only in body, but in mind, who never sullied the pure affection of her heart by unworthy feelings.

"She was humble of heart, serious in her conversation, fonder of reading than of speaking. She placed her con-



fidence rather in the prayer of the poor than in the uncertain riches of this world.

"She was ever intent on her occupations, and accustomed to make God rather than man the witness of her thoughts. She injured no one, wished well to all, reverenced age, yielded not to envy, avoided all boasting, followed the dictates of reason, and loved virtue.

"When did she sadden her parents even by a look?

"There was nothing forward in her looks, bold in her words, or unbecoming in her actions. Her carriage was not abrupt, her gait not indolent, her voice not petulant, so that her very appearance was the picture of her mind and the figure of piety."

Her life as a spouse and as a mother was a counterpart of her earlier years.

The Gospel relates one little circumstance which amply suffices to demonstrate Mary's supereminent holiness of life, and to exhibit her as a beautiful pattern to those who are called to rule a household.

The Evangelist tells us that Jesus "was subject to them," that is, to Mary and Joseph. He obeyed all her commands, fulfilled her behests, complied with her smallest injunctions; in a word, He discharged toward her all the filial observances which a dutiful son exercises toward a prudent mother. These relations continued

from His childhood to His public life, nor did they cease even then.

Now Jesus being the Son of God, "the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance," could not sin. He was incapable of fulfilling an unrighteous precept.

The obvious conclusion to be drawn from these facts is, that Mary never sinned by commanding, as Jesus could not sin by obeying; that all her precepts and counsels were stamped with the seal of divine approbation, and that the Son never fulfilled any injunction of His earthly Mother which was not ratified by His Eternal Father in heaven.

Such is the beautiful portrait which the Church holds up to the contemplation of her children, that studying it they may admire the original, admiring they may love, loving they may imitate, and thus become more dear to God by being made "conformable to the image of His Son," of whom Mary is the most perfect mirror.

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

James, Cardinal Gibbons was born in Baltimore, July 23, 1834. His many duties have prevented him from writing much, but his "Faith of Our Fathers," from which our lesson is selected, is known wherever the English tongue is spoken, and has been translated into other languages.

salutary: wholesome. — **dominant**: prevailing. — **commonwealth**. state. — **benign** (be-nīn): kind; generous. — **sway**: rule. — **conjugal**: matrimonial. — **visionary**: unreal. — **espousals**: marriage ceremony. —



intent: having the mind fixed. — **indolent**: idle. — **petulant**: fretful. — **supereminent**: eminent in a superior degree. — **behests**: commands. — **obvious**: plain. — **conformable**: similar.

Portia's Speech.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above his sceptered sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

Portia: an heiress in Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice." Disguised as a doctor of law, she defended her husband's friend in a suit brought against him for a pound of his flesh, and in the course of that suit used the words in this lesson. — **strained**: forced. — **sceptered sway**: power of kings. — **attribute**: a quality which is considered as belonging to.

The Catacombs of Rome.

The name "catacombs" might mislead our readers into an idea that this was either the original or a generic name of those early Christian crypts. It is not so, however; Rome might be said to be surrounded by a circumvallation of cemeteries, sixty or thereabouts in number, each of which was generally known by the name of some saint or saints, whose bodies reposed there. Thus we have the cemeteries of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, of St. Agnes, of St. Pancratius, of Prætextatus, Priscilla, Hermes, etc.

Sometimes these cemeteries were known by the names of the places where they existed. The cemetery of St. Sebastian, which was called sometimes *Cœmeterium ad Sanctam Cœciliam*, and by other names, had among them that of *Ad Catacumbas*. The meaning of this word is completely unknown; though it may be attributed to the circumstance of the relics of SS. Peter and Paul having been for a time buried there, in a crypt still existing near the cemetery. This term became the name of that particular cemetery, then was generalized, till we familiarly call the whole system of these underground excavations the catacombs.

Their origin was, in the eighteenth century, a sub-

[redacted]



A BURIAL IN THE CATACOMBS.

ject of controversy. Following two or three vague and equivocal passages, some learned writers pronounced the catacombs to have been originally heathen excavations, made to extract sand for the building of the city. These sandpits were called *arenaria*, and so occasionally are the Christian cemeteries. But a more scientific and minute examination has completely confuted this theory. The entrance to the catacombs was often, as can yet be seen, from these sandpits, which are themselves underground, and no doubt were a convenient cover for the cemetery; but several circumstances prove that they were never used for Christian burial, nor converted into Christian cemeteries.

The man who wishes to get the sand out of the ground will keep his excavation as near as may be to the surface; will have it of easiest possible access, for drawing out materials; and will make it as ample as is consistent with the safety of the roof, and the supply of what he is seeking. And all this we find in the *arenaria* still abounding round Rome. But the catacombs are constructed on principles exactly contrary to all these.

The catacomb dives at once, generally by a steep flight of steps, below the stratum of loose and friable sand, into that where it is indurated to the hardness of a tender, but consistent rock; on the surface of which every stroke of the pickax is yet distinctly traceable. When you



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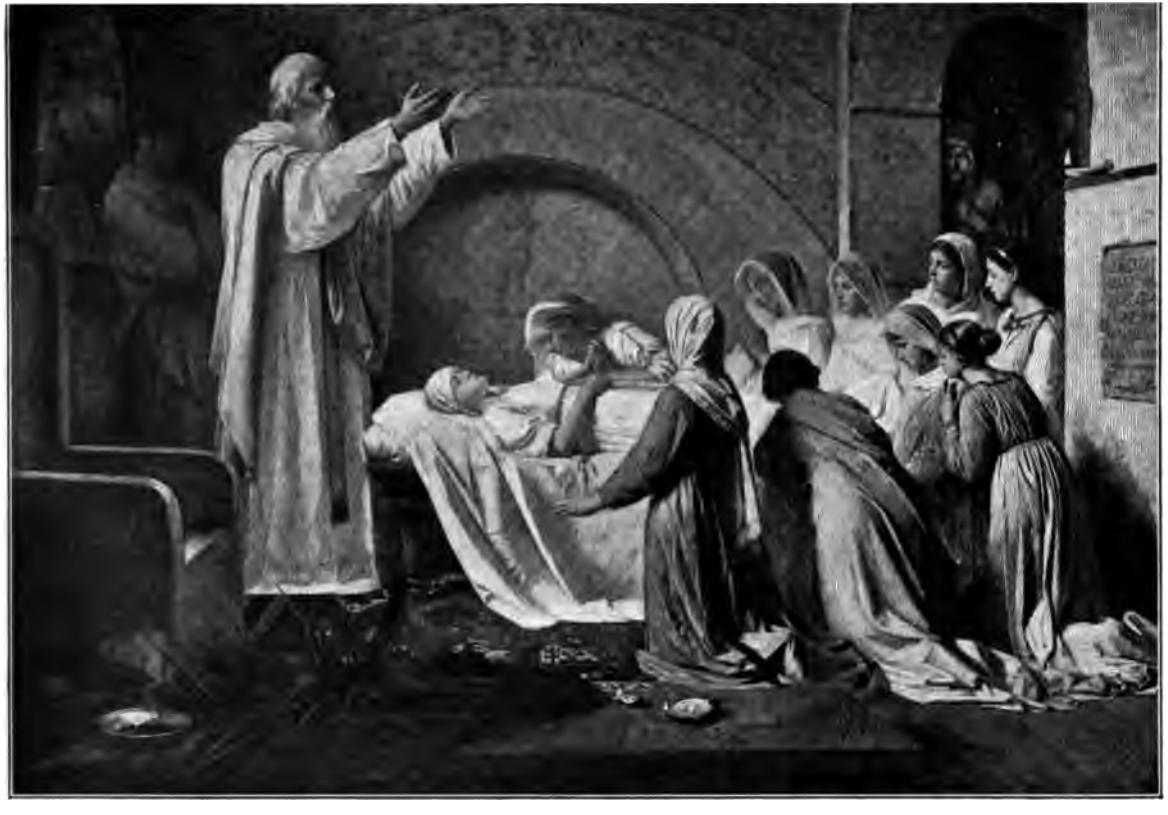
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A BURIAL IN THE CATACOMBS.

have reached this depth, you are in the first story of the cemetery, for you descend again, by stairs, to the second and third below, all constructed on the same principle.

A catacomb may be divided into three parts, its passages or streets, its chambers or squares, and its churches. The passages are long, narrow galleries, cut with tolerable regularity, so that the roof and floor are at right angles with the sides, often so narrow as scarcely to allow two persons to go abreast. They sometimes run quite straight to a great length; but they are crossed by others, and these again by others, so as to form a complete network of subterranean corridors. To be lost among them would easily be fatal.

But these passages are not constructed, as the name would imply, merely to lead to something else. They are themselves the catacomb or cemetery. Their walls, as well as the sides of the staircases, are honeycombed with graves; that is, with rows of excavations, large and small, of sufficient length to admit a human body, from a child to a full-grown man, laid with its side to the gallery. Sometimes there are as many as fourteen, sometimes as few as three or four, of these rows, one above the other. They are evidently so made to measure that it is probable the body was lying by the side of the grave, while this was being dug.

When the corpse, wrapped up, was laid in its narrow

cell, the front was closed either by a marble slab, or more frequently by several broad tiles, put edgeways in a groove cut for them in the rock, and cemented all round. The inscription was cut upon the marble, or scratched in the wet mortar. Thousands of the former sort have been collected and may be seen in museums and churches; many of the latter have been copied and published, but by far the greater number of tombs are anonymous, and have no record upon them.

And now the reader may reasonably ask, through what period does the interment in the catacombs range, and how are its limits determined? We will try to inform him as briefly as possible.

There is no evidence of the Christians having ever buried anywhere anteriorly to the construction of catacombs. Two principles as old as Christianity regulate this mode of burial. The first is the manner of Christ's entombment. He was laid in a grave in a cavern wrapped up in linen, embalmed with spices, and a stone, sealed up, closed His sepulcher. As St. Paul so often proposes Him for the model of our resurrection, and speaks of our being buried with Him in baptism, it was natural for His disciples to wish to be buried after His example, so to be ready to rise with Him.

This lying in wait for resurrection was the second thought that guided the formation of these cemeteries.

Every expression connected with them alluded to the rising again. The word to "bury" is unknown in Christian inscriptions. "*Deposited* in peace," "the *deposition* of —," are the expressions used; that is, the dead are but left there for a time, till called for again, as a pledge, or precious thing, intrusted to faithful but temporary keeping. The very name of cemetery suggests that it is only a place where many lie, as in a dormitory, slumbering for a while till dawn come, and the trumpet's sound awake them. Hence the grave is only called "the place," or more technically, "the small home," of the dead in Christ.

These two ideas, which are combined in the planning of the catacombs, were not later insertions into the Christian system, but must have been more vivid in its earlier times. They inspired abhorrence of the pagan custom of burning the dead; nor have we a hint that this mode was at any time adopted by Christians.

But ample proof is to be found in the catacombs themselves of their early origin. The style of paintings yet remaining belongs to a period of still flourishing art. Their symbols, and the symbolical taste itself, are characteristic of a very ancient period. For this peculiar taste declined as time went on. Although inscriptions with dates are rare, yet out of ten thousand collected by the learned and sagacious Cavalier De Rossi, about three hundred are found bearing consular dates, through every

period, from the early emperors to the middle of the fourth century (350 A.D.).

Another curious and interesting custom furnishes us with dates on tombs. At the closing of the grave, the relations or friends, to mark it, would press into its wet plaster and leave there a coin, a cameo, or engraved gem, sometimes even a shell or pebble, probably that they might find the sepulcher again, especially where no inscription was left. Many of these objects continue to be found; many have been long collected. But it is not uncommon, where the coin, or, to speak scientifically, the medal, has fallen from its place, to find a mold of it left, distinct and clear in the cement, which equally gives its date. This is sometimes of Domitian, or other early emperors.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

crypts: vaults used for burial purposes. — **circumvallation**: surrounding with a wall. — **equivocal**: uncertain. — **excavations**: hollows made by cutting out parts of a solid mass. — **friable**: easily crumbled. — **indurated**: hardened. — **anonymous**: nameless. — **embalmed**: preserved by means of balm and spices. — **dormitory**: a sleeping room containing many beds. — **inspired**: moved with. — **abhorrence**: utter dislike.

The Boyhood of Shakespeare.

In the year 1571 the air of England throbbed with rumors of deeds of blood, with prophecies of strange things to come. And yet there were nooks in that coun-

try where peace dwelt. The town of Stratford-on-Avon, nestling among elms, oaks, and chestnuts, in Warwickshire, "the garden spot of England," lay as it lies to-day. The sod around it is velvet; the Avon sweeps to the Severn, casting back the sunlight as it goes; and so it flowed in 1571, when Will Shakespeare, hazel-eyed and auburn-haired, leaned over his Latin grammar in the schoolhouse at Stratford.

He was a very small boy then, — only seven years of age, — but boys began to study Latin early. The school-room had been the Chapel of the Holy Cross for nearly three hundred years, until Henry the Eighth defaced it; nevertheless, the boy's eyes rested on a series of rude paintings on the wall representing the origin of the cross and its history, ending with its exaltation at Jerusalem. Can we wonder that Shakespeare in after life was always reverent and Christian?

We may be sure that young Will, with all the beauty of his father's orchards and meadows, and all the sports of boys to tempt him, did not hasten willingly to school. And when he went a schoolboy from his books, it was to his father's cottage, which stands yet.

It is a little two-story house, with dormer windows in the roof. Its great oak beams and plastered walls are much the same as they were when little Will ran home to beg some comfits of his mother, or to tell of the day's

woes. Here in the low-ceiled, flag-floored room, in a seat within the huge fireplace, the boy sat of winter nights and roasted the chestnuts he had gathered during his precious leisure time, while the crab apples simmered in the bowl.

He himself sings of the winter evenings: —

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl."

In the summer the days of the boy at Stratford were glorious. We can imagine the auburn-haired little fellow, with humorous but grave eyes, standing on the rush-strewn floor and demurely waiting on his parents as they sat at table. The table had, perhaps, a "carpet," as they called a cloth, — for carpets were not put on the floors even of the queen's palace in 1571, — and it was a good boy's business to lay it.

In the spring and summer he absorbed all that beauty which he gave out later in his plays, in pictures of flowers and the seasons, such as no poet before or after him could have done. The boards in the floor of his father's cottage are white to-day and worn, and the nails in them have heads like polished silver; but the same flowers that bloomed around Stratford in the spring and the summer



of 1571 bloomed and withered in the summer and autumn of this year.

The peas blossom nodded and the honeysuckle wafted its perfume; the bees and swallows, and the same shrill corncrake that made little Will forget his declensions and shy a stone at it, reveled in the sun of 1891. The Avon swells among its tangles of wild flowers and reeds, and broods of ducklings hide among the wild thyme of the banks, and swim on its serene surface. The white chestnut blooms fall, the crimson roses flame in the old garden. Across the fields toward the little house of the Hathaways, where Shakespeare's wife lived, the glowing poppies make trails of fire among the soft, velvety green.

In these fields Will played prisoner's base with his brothers, Richard, Gilbert, and Edmund. Here he saw the picture he paints in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," where he makes Oberon say: —

> "I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

In the spring, he found by the Avon Ophelia's flowers, those which, in her gentle madness, after Hamlet has killed her father, she offers to the court.

"There's fennel for you and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me: we may call it herb-

grace o' Sundays. . . . There's a daisy; *I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end.*" And in the spring, by his own Avon, too, the flowers he weaves into the queen's speech when she tells how the crazed Ophelia died.

By the Avon's banks in the early spring this exquisite glimpse was photographed in colors by his eye, and afterward reproduced in "Winter's Tale":—

> ". . . daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
> . . . bold oxlips and
> The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds,
> The flower-de-luce being one."

Now when you visit Stratford you may get all the flowers mentioned by Ophelia fastened to a sheet of paper, even the violet that "withered when her father died." You may also get a strip of paper with the famous inscription marked in black on it — that famous inscription which has saved Shakespeare's tomb from desecration. The guide will go down on his knees and trace it for you in the quaint old form: —

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust inclosed here,
> Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
> And cursed be he that moves my bones."

Shakespeare's father was anxious that his children should be educated well; and so for seven years the boy was kept at the grammar school, which the religious-minded men of the Catholic time had founded and kept alive. By the time he left school his father had become poor. He went into some business or other, — perhaps he was a lawyer's clerk, no one knows. His father, John Shakespeare, did the best he could for his eldest son, and if Will had "small Latin and less Greek," he had enough to teach his younger brothers all they needed; this he probably did.

Mr. Kegan Paul says: "It is certain that in the years during which he was at school and in his father's business, he read not many books, but much; and he learned that which ought to be the aim of all boyish education, not to cram the memory with facts and figures, but how to use all that comes to us in life."

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Maurice Francis Egan was born in Philadelphia, May 24, 1853. Since leaving college he has been by turns college professor, law student, journalist, and editor, and at the present writing is Professor of English Language and Literature in the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C. He is a successful writer of that difficult form of verse, the sonnet, and the author of many popular tales.

rumors: popular reports — **dormer windows**: windows in a roof, set so as to be vertical while the roof slopes. — **comfits**: sweetmeats.



— **rush**: a water or marsh-growing plant, used for bottoming chairs, etc. — **corncrake**: a bird which frequents grain fields. — **Juno**: a goddess, the wife of Jupiter.

The Bells.

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!



From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,



In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells, —
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, January 19, 1809. His writings, both prose and verse, give evidence of his wonderful genius, and bear the stamp of great originality. His life was one of suffering and want, and he was carried off by brain fever at the early age of forty.

sledge: a strong vehicle on low runners; a sleigh. — **crystalline**: pure; transparent. — **Runic**: relating to the runes or letters of the old Norse language. — **tintinnabulation**. — a tinkling sound as of a bell or bells. — **wells**: issues forth; flows. — **harmony**: musical sounds. — **gloats**: — gazes earnestly. — **eu'phony**: melodious sound. — **voluminously**: in great volume; largely. — **turbulency**: agitation. — **expostulation**: protest; dissuasion.

The Grand Cañon of Colorado.

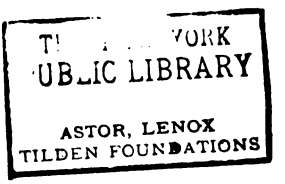
There are some experiences that cannot be repeated — one's first view of Rome, one's first view of Jerusalem. But these emotions are produced by association, by the sudden standing face to face with the scenes most wrought into our whole life and education by tradition and religion. This was without association, as it was without parallel. It was a shock so novel that the mind, dazed, quite failed to comprehend it. All that we could grasp was a vast confusion of amphitheaters and strange architectural forms resplendent with color. The vastness of the view amazed us quite as much as its transcendent beauty.

We had expected a cañon — two lines of perpendicular walls six thousand feet high, with the ribbon of a river at



THE GRAND CANON OF THE COLORADO.




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the bottom; but the reader may dismiss all his notions of a cañon, indeed of any sort of mountain or gorge scenery with which he is familiar. We had come into a new world.

What we saw was not a cañon, or a chasm, or a gorge, but a vast area which is a break in the plateau. From where we stood it was twelve miles across to the opposite walls — a level line of mesa on the Utah side. We looked up and down for twenty to thirty miles. This great space is filled with gigantic architectural constructions, with amphitheaters, gorges, precipices, walls of masonry, fortresses terraced up to the level of the eye, temples mountain size, all brilliant with horizontal lines of color — streaks of solid hues a few feet in width, streaks a thousand feet in width — yellows, mingled white and gray, orange, dull red, brown, blue, carmine, green, all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent suffusion of splendor.

Afar off we saw the river in two places, a mere thread, as motionless and smooth as a strip of mirror, only we knew it was a turbid, boiling torrent, six thousand feet below us. Directly opposite the overhanging ledge on which we stood was a mountain, the sloping base of which was ashy gray and bluish; it rose in a series of terraces, to a thousand-foot wall of dark red sandstone, receding upward, with ranges of columns and many fantastic sculp-



tures, to a finial row of gigantic opera glasses six thousand feet above the river.

The vast abyss has an atmosphere of its own, one always changing and producing new effects, an atmosphere and shadows and tones of its own — golden, rosy, gray, brilliant, and somber, and playing a thousand fantastic tricks to the vision. The rich and wonderful color effects are due to the inherent colors of the rocks, modified by the atmosphere.

The summit strata are pale gray, with a faint yellowish cast. Beneath them the cross-bedded sandstone appears, showing a mottled surface of pale pinkish hue. Underneath this are nearly one thousand feet of the lower Aubrey sandstones, displaying an intensely brilliant red, which is somewhat marked by the talus shot down from the gray, cherty limestone at the summit. Beneath the lower Aubrey is the face of the Red Wall limestone, from two thousand to three thousand feet high. It has a strong red tone, but a very peculiar one.

Most of the red strata of the West have the brownish or vermilion tones, but these are rather purplish red, as if the pigment had been treated to a dash of blue. It is not quite certain that this may not arise in part from the intervention of the blue haze, and probably it is rendered more conspicuous by this cause; but, on the whole, the purplish cast seems to be inherent. This is the domi-

nant color of the cañon, for the expanse of the rock surface displayed is more than half in the Red Wall group.

Here, indeed, is the idea of the pagoda architecture, of the terrace architecture, of the bizarre constructions which rise with projecting buttresses, rows of pillars, recesses, battlements, esplanades and low walls, hanging gardens, and truncated pinnacles. It is a city, but a city of the imagination. The view changed at every step, and was never half an hour the same in one place.

It was long before I could comprehend the vastness of the view, see the enormous chasms and rents and seams, and the many architectural ranges separated by great gulfs, between me and the wall of the mesa twelve miles distant.

Away to the northeast was the blue Navajo Mountain, the lone peak in the horizon; but on the southern side of it lay a desert level, which in the afternoon light took on the exact appearance of a blue lake; its edge this side was a wall thousands of feet high, many miles in length, and straightly horizontal; over this seemed to fall water. I could see the foam of it at the foot of the cliff; and below that was a lake of shimmering silver, in which the giant precipice and the fall and their color were mirrored. Of course there was no silver lake, and the reflection that simulated it was only the sun on the lower part of the immense wall.

No camera or pen can convey an adequate conception of what Captain Dutton happily calls a great innovation in the modern ideas of scenery. To the eye, educated to any other, it may be shocking, grotesque, incomprehensible; but "those who have long and carefully studied the Grand Cañon of the Colorado do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce it by far the most sublime of all earthly spectacles."

Abridged from CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Charles Dudley Warner, an American author, was born at Plainfield, Massachusetts, September 12, 1829. He was a lawyer, journalist, and miscellaneous writer, and acted as associate-editor of *Harper's Magazine* for several years. He was the author of about a dozen books; from one of them, "Our Italy," this lesson has been selected. Mr. Warner died in 1900.

parallel: anything similar. — **transcendent**: very excellent. — **mesa**: table-land. — **turbid**: muddy. — **finial**: the bunch of foliage or flowers on the upper extremity of a pinnacle in Gothic architecture. — **somber**: dull; dusky. — **strata**: beds of earth or rock, usually a series of layers. — **talus**: fragments of rocks lying at the foot of a precipice. — **cherty**: containing chert, which is an impure, flint-like quartz. — **bizarre**: odd in appearance. — **buttresses**: projecting supports to the exterior of a wall. — **esplanades**: clear spaces. — **truncated**: cut off. — **simulated**: assumed the appearance without the reality. — **grotesque** (gro tĕsk'): wildly formed.

How to Read.

Should you ask me how to read, I can do little more than repeat rules that I have learned elsewhere, many of which you already know. Bacon seems to me to have summed up all the rules for reading in his own terse style: "Read not," he says, "to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." This says everything. I am only putting into other words the counsel of the great sage when I repeat to you: —

Read with attention. Attention is the fundamental condition of all reading, of all study, of all work properly done. What is its nature? It is a concentration of the mind upon an object of thought to the exclusion of all others. It is a habit, and, like all habits, to be acquired only by practice. One may live in a state of habitual distraction as well as in a state of habitual attentiveness. The habit of perfect attention is the attention that can, without strain or effort, break off from one subject, pass

on to another, and resume at once the thread of one's readings or thoughts.

How may such an attention be acquired? Where the reading matter is congenial to the reader there is no difficulty; the attention becomes naturally and unconsciously absorbed in the subject. But where one is unaccustomed to reading, or where the reading matter has no special interest, it is with an effort that one learns to control one's attention. I conceive a reader may in the following manner acquire this control: —

Set aside daily, according to leisure or occupation, a given portion of time for reading. The daily recurrence to a subject at precisely the same hour may be irksome, but it soon creates a habit which finally becomes a pleasure.

Keep up the practice of using that time for the one purpose and nothing else. This induces the habit all the sooner, and renders it all the more profitable. The principle of recurrence pervades nature. The seasons make their rounds within their appointed times. The grasses spring up, and ripen, and decay, and in their preordained seasons become renewed. It is the rhythmic recurrence of sound that makes poetry cling so easily to the memory. It is the rhythmic recurrence of a primary note that gives tone to the melody. It is the rhythmic recurrences of wave vibration — for such is light — that tints the

flower, and reveals the beauties of earth, and air, and starry sky. See the waterfall glint in the sun's rays; there also is rhythmic wave motion. In a recurrence of good or bad actions is the soul made beautiful or ugly, for virtue and vice are habits. And so it is in the daily recurrence of attention concentrated upon thoughtful reading that intellectual labor is rendered fruitful.

Focus the attention during the time of reading in such manner that the mind becomes wholly occupied with the reading matter. Better is a daily reading of half an hour made with sustained attention than a reading of two hours made in an indolent, half-dreamy fashion.

Read with method. Absence of method in one's reading is a source of great distraction. Give yourself the habit while reading of making a mental catalogue of your impressions. Distinguish between the statements that are doubtful, and probable, and certain; between those that are of opinion, and credence, and presumption. You will find this practice of great aid in sustaining attention.

When, in spite of all these precautions, you begin to find your thoughts wandering away from the page upon which your eyes are set, put the book aside for the time being, and take up the reading of another subject that is more likely to fix your attention. Men who are constant brain workers generally keep before them a



favorite volume, in which they from time to time refresh their minds when fatigued, or when they find the train of thought they would pursue exhausted.

Another rule is to take notes while reading. The very fact of reading with pen or pencil in hand stimulates thought. Remember that reading is useful only in proportion as it aids our intellectual development; it aids intellectual development only in proportion as it supplies food for reflection; and that portion of one's reading alone avails which the mind has been enabled to assimilate to itself, and make its own by meditation. Now, note-taking with running comments is a great means of making clear to one's self how much one does or does not know about the subject-matter of one's reading. But note-taking may be overestimated, and it actually becomes so when it is reduced to a mere mechanical copying and cataloguing of extracts, without any effort to make these extracts the seeds from which to cultivate native thoughts.

Consult your dictionary. Do not give yourself the habit of passing over words of whose scope and meaning you are ignorant. Such habit begets a slovenly mode of thinking. The ablest writers and thinkers can but ill dispense with their dictionary. It is a friend that steads them in many a mental perplexity. All assimilation of thought is a process of translation. Every intellect has

a certain limited vocabulary of words in which it thinks, and it fully grasps an idea only when it has translated that idea into its own familiar forms of expression. If a great aim of reading be mental growth, and if mental growth depend upon accuracy of conception, then it is of primary importance to know, beyond mere guesswork, the precise meaning of the words one reads.

Read with a purpose. Lay out for yourself a definite object, and let all your reading converge upon that object until your purpose is attained. This is the only reading that will be remembered. Books perused in an aimless manner are soon forgotten; indeed are seldom remembered. The mind becomes a mere passive instrument, receiving one set of impressions, which are in a little while obliterated by another set no less temporary. Now this is an abuse. Reason, imagination, all the faculties of man's intellect, were given him that he might exercise them and develop them to the full compass of their activity. He who lets them lie dormant is in the position of him who buried the one talent that he had been intrusted with. Furthermore, reading with a purpose helps to economize time and brain energy. We soon learn that there are many things we had better leave unread as so many distractions from the main line of our readings. Then we begin to find out that, after we know all that a book has to tell us bearing directly on our subject, we



would be losing time in reading farther, and so we put the book aside. With practice we soon discover the short cuts to our subject, and save ourselves the reading of all irrelevant matters. We become practiced in the rare art of knowing when and what not to read.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

Brother Azarias, the name by which **Patrick Francis Mullaney** was best known, was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, June 29, 1847. He came to this country in his boyhood, and before he was fifteen he joined the Christian Brothers. In time he became a teacher and a writer. He was the author of a number of books, in which "he will be admired as a philosophic thinker, a literary artist, an acute and judicious critic." He died August 20, 1893.

terse: elegantly concise. — **confute**: put down by words. — **fundamental**: essential part. — **resume**: take up again. — **congenial**: pleasing or agreeable. — **irksome**: wearisome. — **recurrence**: return. — **pervades**: spreads through the whole extent of. — **rhythmic**: pertaining to a succession of marked measures. — **glint**: shine. — **concentrated**: brought to bear on one point. — **focus**: collect in one point. — **stimulates**: rouses to action. — **assimilate**: make one's own. — **vocabulary**: the words of a language. — **converge**: lead to a common result. — **obliterated**: blotted out. — **irrelevant**: not applicable.

The saints were men who did less than other people, but who did what they had to do a thousand times better. — *Faber.*



The Descent into the Maelstrom.

Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe.

It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th of July, 18—. The three of us — my two brothers and myself — had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M., and soon had the smack nearly loaded with fine fish. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slackwater, which we knew would be at eight.

We set out with a fresh wind at our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less



than two minutes the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. At the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off — the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

For some moments we were completely deluged. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas.

I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had felt sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word, 'Moskoe-ström!'

I knew what he meant by that one word well enough — I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström and nothing could save us!

A singular change had come over the heavens.



Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky — as clear as I ever saw — and of a deep, bright blue — and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness — but, oh, what a scene it was to light up!

A hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at *seven o'clock!* We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!

So far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose — up — up — as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I were falling from some lofty mountain top in a dream.

While we were up, I had thrown a quick glance around; and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead — but no



more like the everyday Moskoe-ström than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill race.

It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside and were enveloped in foam. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss.

It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power.

After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make.

How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, going gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. Then, of a sudden, we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon from that circular rift amid the clouds, which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf, over which there hung a magnificent rainbow.

Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber, and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary

way; but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all.

I resolved to lash myself securely to a water cask, to cut it loose, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do, but whether he understood my design or not he shook his head despairingly and refused to move.

The emergency admitted of no delay; and so with a bitter struggle I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the boat, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below.

The barrel to which I was attached sank very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew

gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise.

The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström had been.

I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the grounds of the fishermen, where a boat picked me up.

Abridged from EDGAR A. POE.

smack: a small sailing-vessel. — **Moskoe** (mŏs'jû). — **starboard**: the side of a vessel that is to the right of a person who faces the bow. — **by the board**: over the side. — **stupor**: suspension of feeling. — **Moskoe-ström**: the Norwegian name for maelstrom. — **rift**: opening. — **paltry**: trifling. — **precipitated**: threw. — **gyrations**: circular motions.

The Simple Manners of the Middle Ages, as shown in Its Art.

The simple paintings of our early masters, so characteristic of their minds, are still beheld with rapture by every eye of genuine taste. But if we find the same simplicity and, as it were, timidity of design in the old masters, who were coeval with the poetry of the Middle Ages,



how lovely and sublime were the forms which they produced. Witness St. Michael weighing the souls, in the great picture at Dantzig. How awfully serene a countenance! Such as might be a ministering spirit from the throne of God, and how majestic a figure! In the great cross of the old chasubles the history of each day's gospel used to be represented in embroidery, and these are still affecting from their devout and majestic air.

"In general," says a German writer, "our ancient artists gladly overlooked the form of expression, in attending to the spirit of the subject. Painting at first, after its invention by John of Leyden, was cultivated almost exclusively by monks in their cells. The monasteries of Vallombrosa and Camaldoli contained many painters. In the hands of these devout men, who used to perform devotional exercises previous to painting portraits of Our Savior, or of the Blessed Virgin, an account of which is given by Orlandi, painting had a peculiar charm, though removed perhaps from the perfection which appeared in the works of Dürer, Lucas van Leyden, and Raphael, who were contemporaries.

"Spirituality was the chief feature of these early masters, mostly unencumbered with a close correspondence of parts, or a rigid adherence to right perspective and artificial grouping, which the understanding first invented, after long comparison. These masters resigned them-

selves much more to the devout and inward sentiment of their souls, and rather desired to cherish and express a holy feeling than to form a work of sensual beauty; though this is only to be understood in general, for there remain works of this age which for every kind of perfection continue to astonish the beholder."

This spiritual tendency appears in the disposition of these masters to choose in their coloring, not the warm and living tints which nature exhibits, but they painted with softer, I might say, with heavenly colors. Hence many of their figures seem aërial, fragrant, and lovely, as if the artist had dipped his pencil in purity and brightness itself. The colors are like a light, transparent medium, in which the corporeal almost disappears.

But above all, the deep-feeling artist thought that these soft-colored forms came forth, and seemed endued with light, when they were painted on a gold ground; the eyes were not diverted by the confused and earthly nature of the surrounding parts, but the beams of gold directed them ever back to the principal figure as their center. Perhaps out of overflowing piety, the gold was brought as a kind of offering, which the painter thus applied.

There was also an emblem in these old paintings: all the separate parts, often the most trivial and obscure, are in spiritual and mystical relation with the principal sub-



ject of the picture. These secondary ideas are indeed often deeply concealed, and many Germans who have acquired a taste for foreign arts reject these, the meaning of which is beyond them; but those who, full of devotion and faith, turn to the arts of their fathers with zeal and love, perceive with silent delight the tender mystery which the profound soul of the master had laid down.

Many condemn these old pictures, in which the history of the principal figure is represented complete in the distance, as the heartless French critic ridicules Shakespeare for comprising a number of years in the time of his tragedy. One cannot be too cautious in approaching the old works of art, with a view to judge them. Life had then a form so different from what it has now, and art was so entwined with it.

In observing the splendid robes with which the artist adorns holy persons, we should remember the intention which prompted his hand, that as the poor as well as the rich, in these times, often and gladly gave their best and most beautiful vestments to ornament altars and holy images, the painter, with similar piety, expended his utmost skill in adorning these saints whom he painted and honored with religious honor; by means of the wide and flowing drapery, it was the intention not only to clothe the body, but also to keep it completely out of the view

and thought of the observer, and to confine the attention solely to the spiritual countenances of the heavenly.

He who would feel and understand what I have now attempted to describe, as belonging to our old Christian paintings, should view the great altar-piece in the Cathedral of Cologne, and he will behold a figure of Mary which deserves a heaven, an infant Jesus which will remind him of the most masterly production of Raphael, and an old worshiping king, worthy of being ranked with the masterpiece of Domenichino.

"It is common," says Grote, "to censure this epoch of the arts as indicating a depraved and childish taste; but we find at this time the one great object of art clearly understood and happily pursued; it is ever the elevating of the earthly existence to its heavenly destination; it is still ever the holy land of poetry; the unearthly, the world of faith, in which the world of sin, of sorrow, and of wretchedness disappears, and is forgotten, as in a joyful dream. O happy the people who still are found in this tranquil, innocent, blessed childhood of faith and art; to them everywhere the forms of the holy and the divine are near, and they are raised from earth to heaven."

KENELM HENRY DIGBY.

Kenelm Henry Digby was born in 1800, and was graduated in 1823 at Trinity College, Cambridge. Soon after he became a convert to the Catholic Church. He was the author of numerous

learned works. Of these "The Broad Stone of Honor" (from which our selection is made), "Mores Catholici," and "Compitum" are best known. He died March 22, 1880.

coeval: contemporary; existing at the same period of time. — **Dantzig**: a city of Prussia. — **Vallombrosa**: a monastery near Florence, Italy. — **Camaldoli**: a monastery at one time near Arezzo, Italy. — **Orlandi**: an Italian writer, born in 1660, author of "A Dictionary of Artists." — **Dürer**: Albert Dürer, a celebrated German painter and engraver, born in 1471. — **Lucas van Leyden**: a Dutch painter and engraver, born in 1494. — **Raphael**: the most illustrious of modern painters, born in 1483. — **spirituality**: heavenly mindedness. — **perspective**: the art of drawing so that objects seem to grow smaller as they recede from the eye. — **corporeal**: material substance. — **Cologne**: a city of Prussia. — **Domenichino**: a Bolognese painter, born in 1581. — **Grote**: George Grote, an English historian, author of "A History of Greece," born in 1794. — **epoch**: period of time.

The Taming of Sejanus.

The day when the singular struggle was to occur, the expectation of which had excited such curiosity, arose bright, breezeless, and sultry, and so continued till long past noon; but the sun was now sinking, and a cool, soft air had begun to blow as the hour approached when the nephew of the triumvir was to mount the horse Sejanus.

The seats of the temporary amphitheater were all filled; while within and beneath them, standing, but standing on three several elevations, contrived by means



of planks (the rearmost being the highest), were six ranks of soldiers from the camp.

Immediately behind the center of the amphitheater, where Augustus with his court sat upon a strongly built, lofty, and somewhat projecting wooden platform, canopied from the glare, a grove of tall and shady trees offered in their branches an accommodation of which the fullest advantage had been taken by a vast miscellaneous multitude, chiefly youths and boys; but among them soldiers who had received a holiday, and had found no room for themselves in the amphitheater, were also numerous, their costumes rendering them easily distinguishable.

On each side of the large canopied platform of the emperor and the Cæsars, with their court, were several seats of honor lined with purple and scarlet cloths, and connected with the platform by continuous pavilion roofs, but having their own benches. Here many ladies and some boys and girls sat. It is in one of these we are ourselves going to take post, invisible but watchful, unheard but hearing.

On the seat immediately in front of ours, and, of course, a little below it, is a group of three persons, attended by a slave. One of them the doctors had forbidden to go forth; but he had come. He is a mere child; his pretty face is shockingly disfigured; both his eyes are closed and



blacked; all the flesh round them is a discolored and contused mass, his head is bandaged, and every nerve in his countenance is twitching with the furious eagerness and curiosity of one whose organs of sight, if he could only see with them, would ravenously devour the spectacle which all the rest of that mighty multitude were to enjoy, and from which he alone was to be debarred. Amid the immense murmur of so many human voices, we have to listen with attention, in order to catch distinctly what the child says in his shrill treble tones.

"Now mark you, good Cneius Piso, and you, Herod Agrippa, I am as blind as a stone, and I have brought you here in no other character than as my eyes, my left and my right eye. If anything that passes escapes me, may all the gods destroy you both, worse than any Roman or Jew was ever destroyed before! Has that beast of a horse come forth yet?"

"Not yet, orator," answered Piso. "I see that your father, the illustrious Germanicus, has not taken his place in the emperor's pavilion; he is riding about yonder in the arena, and so is Tiberius Cæsar. I dare say they will prefer to remain on horseback; for they can thus see quite as well, while the scene continues to be enacted in this place, and if the Sejan horse should break away through the opening in the amphitheater opposite to us, they could follow and still assist at the issue, whereas we could not."

"But I *want* to see; I *must* see; I'll get on my pony too! Ah, my sight! I could not ride blind! O that accursed horse!"

"Then," said Piso, "do you wish the youth to conquer the horse, or the horse his rider?"

The child yelled, and struck his forehead furiously with his fists.

"Oh! If I could only see! I ought not to have come! It is worse to be here, knowing what is to happen, and having it all close under my eyes, and not to see it, than if I was far away and without the temptations around me. I cannot, *cannot* bear it."

After a pause of impotent rage, he asked Piso if the crowd of spectators was very large?

"It is the largest I ever beheld," answered Piso; "it would be impossible to count it, or to guess the number."

"I wish every one present was stone blind at this very moment," said the dear child.

"Thanks, orator, on the part of all here present," answered Piso.

"Understand me — only for the moment," hastily returned Caligula; "I would give them their sight again when I recovered my own." A pause. "Or even when to-day's show was over, perhaps."

While yet he spoke, the hum and murmur, which had been incessant, died rapidly away.

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"What is it?" asked Caligula.

"The Sejan horse is being led into the arena; two men, as usual, hold two cavessons on opposite sides. He is muzzled; two other grooms are now slackening the muzzle, in order to get the bit well back between his teeth by pulling up the reins which are under the muzzle, as the horse opens his mouth.

"They have the bit properly placed now, and have quitted his head. Oh! what a spring! It has jerked the further cavesson-holder clean off his feet. O gods! he has lost the cavesson, and the other man must be destroyed. No, bravo! the fellow has regained the loop of his rein or thong, and hauls the beast handsomely back."

"How can one man on either side," asked Caligula, "hold him? I have seen two on each side."

"I understand," replied Piso, but before he could finish his explanation or remark, or whatever it was designed to be, a sudden and impressive silence fell upon that vast assembly, and Piso stopped short.

"What has happened now?" whispered the child.

"The rider has come forth," answered Piso, "and is walking toward the horse from the direction of the open space in front of us. By Jupiter! a splendid youth; it is not to be denied."

"How is he dressed? Has he his whip and spurs? He will not need such helps, I surmise."

"He has no spurs, and he carries nothing in his hands. He wears that foreign-looking headgear, the broad-rimmed petasus, as a shade, no doubt, against the level rays of the sunset; for I see he is giving directions to the grooms, and they are contriving to bring the horse round with his head toward the west. Ah! he faces the opening; I dare say he will try to push the animal into the excitement of a grand rush, and thus weary him at the outset. In that case, we shall not see much of the business; he will be miles away over the country in a few minutes."

"You will find that such an injustice will not be allowed," answered the child. "We must not be cheated out of our rights."

"His tunic," continued Piso, "is belted tight, and I perceive that he wears some kind of greaves, which reach higher than the knee, that will protect him from the brute's teeth. Moreover, I noticed a contrivance in the horse's housings to rest the feet — you might call them *stapedæ;* they seem to be made of plaited hide."

"I don't care for his greaves," returned the child; "the teeth may not wound him, but they will pull him off or make him lose his balance all the same. It is agreed, is it not, that, as soon as he is mounted, the muzzle is to be slipped off the horse?"

"Certainly," said Piso.



"Then the rest is certain," said the other. "How is it contrived, do you know?" added he.

"The muzzle consists of a mere roll of hide," replied Piso; "and it is those long reins alone which keep it folded, being passed in opposite directions round the animal's nose; while, therefore, both the reins are pulled, or held tight, they bind the muzzle; but when one of them only is pulled, it opens the muzzle. Each groom has the same kind of double rein; and each, acting in concert, will set the beast free as soon as they receive the signal."

"Who gives the signal?"

"The rider himself, when he is fairly seated; but Tiberius will tell him when to mount."

"Go on with your description of his dress and his looks. Does he seem to be afraid?"

"He still wears that queer sword; I should have fancied it cumbersome to him. Afraid! I should say not. No sign of it."

"Has anything further taken place?"

"Why, yes," said Cneius Piso; "and something which I do not understand. That old freedman of the youth, together with Thellus the gladiator, have approached him, and Thellus holds in each hand a sort of truncheon about a yard or more long; the top of which for more than a foot is black; the rest is sheathed or plated in

bronze; the black top of the truncheon is thick; the rest, which is sheathed in the metal, is much thinner. The freedman who is by Thellus's side holds a small horn lantern in one hand, and tenders with the other a pair of large woolen gloves to his young master, who is even now putting them on. As he puts on his gloves he looks round the benches; he is looking our way now. What can he mean? He has the audacity to wave his hand, and smile, and nod in this direction!"

"By your leave, most honored lords," said Claudius, "I think I am the person whom that valiant youth is saluting."

"True," said Piso, "he has taken your destined office to-day, has he not?"

"Yes, my lord," returned Claudius; "and having caught sight of me, he beckoned to me, doubtless, to bid me have good courage."

"Well!" ejaculated Piso, "that is a good joke. I think it is you who ought to beckon to him to have good courage. He needs it more than you."

A moment after this remark, Piso suddenly turned to the child Caligula, and informed him that Tiberius was signing to him (Piso) to go down into the arena, and mount one of the spare horses; and, although unwillingly, he must go.

"And how shall I know what occurs?" cried the



passionate, voluble boy. "It is like plucking out one of my eyes. Herod Agrippa here speaks Latin with such a dreadful, greasy accent, and so slowly; he is but learning the language."

Piso rose and said, "I have no choice but to obey; you have the slave Claudius with you; he not only speaks fluently, but I'll answer for it he will watch all the stages of the struggle with at least as much attention as any person in all this crowd will! His liberty, his wedding, and fifty thousand sesterces are at stake."

Saying this, he descended the steps of the narrow gangway and a few moments afterward he was seen in the arena riding by the side of Tiberius to and fro.

"Now, slave, remember your duty," cried the child Caligula; "let nothing escape *your* eyes or my ears. What next?"

"Those queer-looking staves, my lord, which the illustrious Cneius Piso has mentioned as being in the hands of Thellus, have passed into those of the young knight, who is to conquer the terrible brute."

"What? the two truncheons with black, thick ends, and the rest of their length sheathed in metal? do you say that the knight Paulus has taken them into his hands? What good can they do him?"

"Yes, my lord; he has now passed both of them into his left hand, and holds them by the thin ends. Thellus

has withdrawn a few paces; the old freedman, Philip, remains still near the youth. Ha!"

"What?"

"Tiberius Cæsar has signaled the arena to be cleared. O gods! we shall soon see the issue now. I care not for my freedom; I care for the safety of that brave young knight."

"Does he, then, seem to shrink?" asked the child.

"I do not," replied Claudius, "observe any shrinking, my lord. It is I who shrink. He has drawn slowly near the horse in front, and stands about half a yard from his left shoulder. He is following Tiberius Cæsar with his eyes."

"Go on!"

"The arena is now clear of all save on the one hand the two Cæsars and their retinues, who have taken their stand very near to us, just opposite to and beneath this platform, my lord; and on the other hand, the group around that horrible animal. Ah! me miserable! Tiberius Cæsar lifts his hand, and you hear the trumpet! That is the signal."

"I hear it! I hear it!" cried the child, in a sort of ecstasy. "What follows now? Has the knight Paulus mounted?"

"No, my lord; he has —"

"He shrinks, does he not?" interrupted the other, with a taunting giggle.



"The horse trembles in every limb," said the slave; "his nostrils dilate and quiver, and show scarlet, as if on fire; and his eyes shoot forth a blood-red gleam, and he has stooped his head, and — "

"But the man, the man?" screamed Caius; "what of him? Has he not failed, I say — lost heart?"

sultry: very hot. — **triumvir**: one of the three men united in authority. — **ravenously**: furiously hungry. — **treble**: a high piping sound as of a boy's or a woman's voice. — **Cnëius Piso** (nā'ŭs pē'zō). — **impotent**: violent. — **incessant**: uninterrupted; continual. — **cavessons**: sort of nose bands of iron, wood, or leather with ropes leading to attendants at the sides, who, in a measure, control the horse. — **surmise**: suppose. — **petasus**: a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat. — **greaves**: armor for the legs below the knees. — **stapedæ**: stirrups. — **truncheon**: club. — **voluble**: of rapid speech. — **fifty thousand sesterces**: about two thousand dollars. — **shrink**: show fear. — **retinues**: attendants. — **dilate**: swell.

The Taming of Sejanus (*Continued*).

The most profound stillness had succeeded to the hubbub of blended sounds which a moment previously filled the air.

A trumpet blew a shrill prolonged minor note, and the child, laying his hand on Claudius's shoulder, and shaking him violently, cried to him to proceed with his descriptions; addressing to him again the query, "Has that

young man mounted? And if so, in what style, with what success?"

Notwithstanding the despotic impatience with which the inquiries were urged, the slave Claudius did not at first reply; and the infant heard rapid, eager murmurs on all sides follow the trumpet blast, then a general burst of exclamations, which were instantly hushed.

"Why do you not speak?" said Caius, in a species of whispered scream.

"Pardon a momentary abstraction," replied Claudius. "While the trumpet was yet sounding, the young knight Paulus took off his hat quickly and bowed toward Tiberius Cæsar and the emperor; and replacing his hat, he beckoned to the freedman Philip. This last has approached him, and they are even now speaking together."

"Ha! ha!" interrupted the child; "then he has not mounted. He neither dares nor can he."

"Philip," pursued Claudius, "has opened the lantern; his young master is thrusting the staves toward the light; the ends have caught fire, in a dull degree, with some smoke accompanying the flame. He turns quickly away from the freedman, and holding the staves still in his left hand, and a little away, he approaches the horse; now he stands with his feet close together. Oh! he has sprung clean from the ground; he is in his seat.



He has seized the bridle in his right hand and carried it to his mouth; he takes it between his teeth. He is now relieving his left hand of one of those torches; he holds one in each hand, somewhat away from the body, nearly horizontal. The cavesson-holders at a distance are removing the muzzle, and the rider sends his feet firmly, yet I think not very far, through those rests which the illustrious Cneius Piso mentioned, those *stapedæ* of hide, the like of which I never saw before. I wonder they are not always used."

"What of the horse? Is he motionless?"

"Not less so than a statue," replied the slave; "excepting the eyes and nostrils, which last exhibit a tremulous movement, and show scarlet, like hollow leaves or thin shells on fire. The brute's concave head, from the scarlet nostril to the lurid eye, looks wicked and dire."

"How looks the rider?"

"Calm and heedful; the slight occasional breath of air from the east carries away to the front the slow flame, blent with a little smoke of those torches which he holds one in each hand."

"What can they be for?"

"I know not," replied Claudius.

"I suppose they are intended," said the child, "to compel the Sejan horse to keep his head straight. Thus your volunteer substitute need not fear the beast's teeth.



The issue seems, then, to be reduced to a trial of sheer horsemanship."

"And in such a trial, most honored sir," replied the slave, "I begin to have hopes. You should see the youth. The leading-reins are now loose. The muzzle is snatched away, and the contest has begun. Surely it seems one between a wild beast and a demigod."

"Is he thrown?"

"No; yes; so help me! he is off, but is off standing."

"Explain; proceed — I tell you, proceed!"

"The horse, after a series of violent plunges, suddenly reared till he had nearly gained a perpendicular position upon his hind legs, the forefeet pawing the air. The rider, who seemed to be as little liable to fall as though he had been a part of the animal, then quickly passed his right foot out of the far *stapeda*, and dropping the bridle from his teeth, slipped down on the hither side.

"Hark! did you hear the crash with which the forefeet have come down? The steed seemed to be very near falling backward, but after a struggle of two or three seconds recovered himself; the center of his weight had not been carried rearward of the vertical line; and, O ye gods! just as you heard that ponderous thud with which he descended upon his forefeet, the youth darted from the ground with a spring like his first, and he is now



on the brute's back as before. He stoops to the horse's neck; he has caught the bridle in his teeth, and lifts that brave, clear face again. Listen to the multitude! Oh! how the cheers thunder from a hundred thousand sympathetic voices."

"Ah, my sight!" cried the child Caligula.

"Ha! ha!" continued Claudius, transported out of himself. "I shall get my liberty to-day! Nor will my benefactor be injured. Ha! ha! The fell beast of a horse seems astonished. How he writhes his back, curving it like some monstrous catamount. And lo! now he leaps from the ground with all four feet at the same time. I never saw the like, except in animals of the cervine tribe. Ha! ha! leap away! Yes, stoop that ferocious-looking head, and shake it; and lash out with your death-dealing hoofs. Your master is upon you, in his chair of power, and you'll shake your head off before you dislodge him from it. It is not with the poor literary slave Claudius that you have to deal! Oh! what a paroxysm of plunges. I was frightened for you, then, brave young knight; but there you sit yet, calm and clear-faced. If I was frightened for you, you are not frightened for yourself."

"Oh! for a few minutes' sight!" said the child. "Has not the horse tried to twist his head round, and so to bring his teeth into play?"

"Even now he tries," replied Claudius; "but he is met on either side by the torch. The fiercest beast of the desert shrinks from fire. Prudent and fortunate device! Lo! the horse seems at last to have ascertained that he who has this day mounted him is worthy of his services; do you hear the tread of his hoofs, as he traces the circle of the arena, guided by those steady hands from which flames appear to flow? Faster and faster rushes the steed, always restrained and turned by the outer torch, which is brought near his head, while the inner is held further to the rear. His sides are flecked with foam. The pace grows too rapid for a short curve, and the steed is now guided straight for the western opening in the arena opposite to where we sit, while the light breeze from the east counteracts the current of air made by the animal's own career, and keeps the flare of those torches almost even.

"They are gone; and again, hark! Is not that shout like the roar of waters on a storm-beaten shore, as a hundred thousand men proclaim the success of a generous and brave youth, who could face the chance of being torn limb from limb in order to give to a poor slave like me, condemned to a frightful death, his life and his liberty, a home and a future?"

"But surely," said the imperial child, "it is not over so soon. It is like a dream."



"I have tried to make you see what I saw," returned Claudius. "It was a wonderful struggle — the youth looked beautiful; and in the swift whirl, as you beheld the graceful and perfect rider, his hands apparently streaming with flames, and his face so calm and clear, you would have imagined that it was one of those beings whom the poets have feigned and sung, as having gifts superior to the gifts of ordinary mortals, who was delivering some terror-stricken land from a demon, from a cruel monster, and compelling ferocity, craft, uproar, and violence to bend to far higher forces, to man's cool courage and man's keen wit."

The sun, as if in wide-flowing garments of red and golden clouds, had sunk level with the broad western opening of the amphitheater, when the hum of voices was hushed once more, and Claudius was commanded in a whisper to resume his task.

"I cannot with certainty discern," said the slave, "what occurs; there is such a vast heavenly shield of red light hanging opposite to us in the western sky. Against it, approaching at a walking pace toward the gap in the arena, along that avenue of chestnut trees in the country, I see a horseman. All eyes are turned in that direction. It is *he;* it is Paulus Lepidus Æmilius, returning on the Sejan steed. The animal is enveloped in sweat, and dust, and foam, and rather stoops the

head which looked so fierce two hours ago. The rider has thrown away those torches, and now holds the reins low down on either side, a little in front of the beast's shoulder. His hat is gone, and his brown locks, as you see them against the sun, are so touched with the light that he seems to wear a headgear of golden flames. Hark! again, as before, the people and the army shout to him. He is bowing to them on each side; and now, as he advances, what do I see?"

The slave paused, and the child impatiently cried: —

"How can I tell what you see, you dog? You are here for no other purpose than to tell *me* that."

"He has streaks of blood upon his forehead," resumed Claudius.

"Oh! oh!" cried the other; "the branches of the trees have no doubt struck him. Is he pale? Does he look faint? Is he going to fall off?"

"No," said Claudius; "he has reined in the horse, which stands like a horse of stone in the middle of the arena. Tiberius and Germanicus have both ridden toward him, with their retinues of mounted officers behind them. They have halted some six yards from him. They are speaking to him. As they speak, he bows his head and smiles. A crowd of people on foot have broken into the arena. The grooms have drawn near, at a sign from Tiberius; they are cautiously approaching the Sejan beast;



but this last shows no restiveness. They have slipped the muzzle round his nose, under the reins. The youth dismounts. I do not see him now; he has become mixed with the crowd, I think; yes, it must be so, for I miss him altogether."

Augustus now rose, and his rising was taken by the multitude as a signal that the entertainments of the amphitheater for that evening had closed.

MILES GERALD KEON.

Miles Gerald Keon, the last male descendant of an old Irish family, was born February 20, 1821, on the banks of the Shannon. As a boy he entered the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst, England, where he won many honors. On quitting college he served for a short time with the French army in Algiers, afterward studied law, and finally turned his attention to literature. In 1859 he was appointed Colonial Secretary at Bermuda, which position he held until his death, June 3, 1875. It was while at Bermuda, in 1866, that he published "Dion and the Sibyls," a classic Christian novel, which has been declared by competent judges the equal of "Fabiola," and one of the two or three *great* English Catholic novels.

minor: lower. — **query**: question. — **despotic**: tyrannical. — **abstraction**: absence of mind. — **blent**: mingled. — **perpendicular**: exactly upright. — **hither**: nearer. — **vertical**: upright. — **fell**: fierce. **cervine**: deer family. — **paroxysm**: sudden fit. — **feigned**: imagined. — **discern**: perceive; distinguish.

As they alone are Christians who strive earnestly to lead a high and worthy life, so only those who are seriously intent on making themselves wise, strong, and virtuous are patriots. Words are idle unless they are filled with meaning by the deeds of those who utter them. A soldier may die in battle, and be only a mercenary; but he who so lives as to make men thankful that he is their fellow citizen is a patriot. By making use of the opportunities which liberty offers, one may amass vast wealth, and be an enemy of freedom; but he who frees himself from within by overcoming ignorance and greed makes us think well not only of himself, but of his country also.

Children love their parents, not when they praise them, but when by their intelligent and virtuous behavior they make them happy, and so those who boast of the greatness of their country do not therefore love it; but its true lovers are those who strengthen and glorify it by their wisdom, honesty, unselfishness, sincerity, and courage.

The characteristics of a true American are good will, sympathy with the helpless and oppressed, intelligence, uprightness, energy, courage, and industry; and if we love our country and desire to make its institutions



permanent, we must labor to cultivate these virtues in ourselves and in those whom we are able to influence.

The love of education, in the deep sense of the word, and the love of country are one and the same love. Nothing but education, domestic, religious, and scholastic, can form the virtues which make patriots.

Primarily, education is growth; and growth is made possible and promoted by nutrition. The food we take and assimilate makes us what we are. In the case of the body this is plain. We grow and maintain strength by throwing day by day into the life current the substances of which the body is composed. If this ceases, we cease to grow and begin to decay.

The taking of nourishment is not something which is done once for all — it is a habitual process, which goes on whether we eat or abstain, whether we wake or sleep. This is also true of our spiritual being. The mind grows by what it feeds on habitually, day by day; and the kind of nourishment it assimilates, and the thoroughness with which it assimilates, determine its quality and power.

The proper nourishment of our spiritual being is not knowledge or speculative truth. What we merely know hardly enters into the fiber of our higher nature. Hence the information we get in school about the surface of the earth and the stars, about kings and wars, about

algebraic and geometric problems, about philosophies and literatures, neither makes a deep impression nor is long remembered. Such information does not so attract us as to cause us to live with it and find in it our habitual nourishment. It has therefore little to do with the formation of character.

When we ask what kind of a man one is, we do not mean to inquire about his information or his possessions, but about his character; and to get insight into his character we wish to learn not what he knows, but what in his inmost soul he believes, hopes, and strives for — his tastes and preferences, his bearing and behavior, the breadth and depth of his love, the largeness and fullness of his sympathies, his attitude toward the temporal and eternal.

Thus character is primarily moral — it is what a man is, not the kind of clothes he wears or the kind of information he possesses. It is a result of nutrition and growth, and can no wise be formed by mechanical processes; and since character is the man himself, it is precisely this moral growth which it is the chief business of the school to promote; and if it fail in this, it fails radically.

A characterless man is neither good in himself nor good in his relations to any part of the social environment. Character is formed by cultivating a taste for



what is true, good, and fair — a love for justice, honesty, and kindliness; for reverence, modesty, and courage; a loathing for dirt, physical and moral, in thought, word, and deed; a scorn of lies, hypocrisy, and cant, — by filling the young with profound faith in the worth and sacredness of life, by helping them to feel how divine a thing it is to be alive when one has hope and enthusiasm, is chaste and loving, wise and helpful.

In learning to know their teachers the pupils should be able to perceive and love in them the fairest and noblest virtues. Heroic and saintly men and women also, as they are portrayed in literature, should be often brought before them. Thus they shall come to live not only in an atmosphere of high thoughts, but in the presence of the worthiest whom history makes known; and they shall little by little gain insight into the truth that life is more than its circumstance, that right and honorable life is the only prosperity, the only wealth, and that the worst misfortune and punishment is to be base.

* * * * * * *

However high we may place genius and intellectual culture as educational powers, when there is a question of patriotism, we must come back to the moral element in human nature, to the sense of duty to character.

The essential is not what we know, but what we believe and love and do with all our hearts. George Wash-

ington was not a man of genius or of the best intellectual culture, but he was a great character — honest, simple, true, disinterested, incorruptible. He thought not of private gain, nor of personal glory, nor of the aggrandizement of his country, but believing with all his heart in the right of the people to govern themselves, he gave his time, his wealth, his life, to make such government actual and permanent.

If we compare him with Julius Cæsar, he is altogether inferior in intellectual grasp and power, but wholly superior in character — in the qualities which make a man wise, helpful, and beneficent. The one overthrew a republic to build an empire, which quickly became the shame and ruin of the world; the other founded a republic which has been a refuge and blessing for all the victims of tyranny in the whole wide world, a republic for whose prosperity and continuance all pure, gentle, loving, and Christian souls in the whole wide world must pray.

RIGHT REV. J. L. SPALDING, D.D.

Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, Illinois, was born at Lebanon, Kentucky, June 2, 1840. He was ordained a priest in 1863, and consecrated bishop in 1877. He is the author of a "Life of Archbishop Spalding," his uncle, and of several volumes of essays on questions of the hour. They exhibit great depth of thought and grace of diction.

strive: endeavor. — **mercenary**: one who is hired. — **characteristics**: distinguishing qualities. — **scholastic**: scholarlike. — **primarily**: in the

first place. — **nutrition**: that which nourishes; food. — **thoroughness**: completeness. — **speculative**: not practical. — **characterless**: without character. — **environment**: surroundings. — **enthusiasm**: eager interest. — **instinctive**: natural; spontaneous.

Rome.

PAGAN ROME.

The City of Rome is a permanent storehouse of study. Every hill and hollow in it has a story with which the world is concerned. Here it is a column, there an arch; a little farther on, the ruins of a temple, a bath, or a circus; or perhaps a palace or the tomb of an emperor.

As you casually pass, you see the tower where Nero fiddled while Rome burned, or a part of the Servian Wall, built five hundred years before Christ. On the Palatine Hill, you see the pavements laid down while Rome was a republic, and in the stones of the Via Sacra, you see the ruts made by the wagon wheels.

But a step from the Forum, you pass the ruins of the golden house of Nero, and the palaces of the Cæsars, with their endless columns and arches, amid which are seen mosaics and mural paintings almost as fresh and bright as when they came from the hands of the artist. All along this hill are walls so massive and ruins so

gigantic that one is lost in wonder to know for what they could have been used.

Everywhere in Rome you see the wondrous changes time has wrought.

The Tomb of Augustus is now a low theater, while the great Mausoleum of Hadrian is a military fort. The gardens of the Pope were once the gardens of Nero, in whose walls is pointed out a tower from which, tradition says, this Roman monster was wont to gloat upon the agonies of the Christian martyrs burning by his orders as torches to light up his gardens.

On the place where great Cæsar fell stands the shop of a greengrocer; and but a step farther on is the old Flaminian Way, now the Corso, or Broadway of Rome. The arch of a temple has become the workshop of a cobbler, while the Theater of Marcellus is ablaze with the fires of a dozen blacksmiths.

Come with me to the Forum, once the heart of the Roman Empire. On the way you pass the Pantheon and the Column of Trajan; palaces rich in their treasures of art, fountains, and obelisks. Passing on through narrow streets, you suddenly emerge, to see before you a large opening covered with massive ruins. It is the Forum. Here Romulus and the Sabines met, fought, and became one people. Amid these broken arches and fluted columns Cicero thundered and Cato calmed the angry mob.



For long years the Forum lay buried deep in its own ruins. It is now well cleared out.

Let us go up this long flight of steps, at whose top stands the Capitol. Turn and face the Forum. On your left is the Ara Cœli, where formerly stood the Temple of Jupiter Tonans; on the right, the Tarpeian Rock, whence malefactors were hurled.

At your feet are the ruins of the temples of Concord, Saturn, Faustina, Castor and Pollux. Between them stand the Basilica Juliana; the Arch of Severus; the Mamertine Prison in which SS. Peter and Paul were confined; the Forum proper; the Rostrum, where the laws were published; and the Umbilicus, whence all the great roads of Rome started.

A stone's throw to the right is the Palatine Hill, at whose base once stood the Temple of the Vestal Virgins. In front is the Via Sacra and the Temple of Cæsar, built on the spot where Mark Antony burned the body of Cæsar in sight of all Rome. Just beyond are the arches of Titus and Constantine; the Temple of Venus; the Coliseum; and the Via Triumpha, lying between the Cœlian and Palatine hills.

Conceive, if you can, the grandeur of such a place. Imagine yourself amid its splendor; here a Cicero and a Cato speaking, and a Mark Antony maddening Rome over the bleeding body of a Cæsar.

See Rome's heroes as they pass along the Via Triumpha, down the Via Sacra, kings chained to their chariot wheels, and the people shouting *Io Triumphe!*

From this Forum went forth Rome's armies, and thither came the wild hordes of the North to make Rome a ruin. Here Pagan Rome began; here ended. None can stand amidst its ruins without a tear at its fall.

casually: by chance. — **mausoleum** (mạ'sō lē'ŭm): a magnificent tomb. — **emerge**: come forth from. — **Sabines**: a people of Italy. — **Ara Cœli** (ā'rà sē'lī). — **malefactors**: evil-doers. — **Cœlian** (sē'lĭ ăn). — **Io Triumphe!**: literally, *Hail, O thou, worthy to be celebrated*, or, as would be said to-day, *Hail to the Victor.* — **hordes**: wandering troops.

Rome (*Continued*).

CHRISTIAN ROME.

Out of the ruins of the Forum rose a Rome mightier than her past. For three hundred years Pagan Rome warred against Christ. She drove the Christians to the catacombs, and filled her prisons with martyrs. Yet Christianity lived, while Rome waned and fell.

Constantine removed the seat of empire to the East, and built Constantinople to immortalize his name. The barbarians came, sacked, and laid waste the seven-hilled Queen, making, like Babylon, her palaces dens for the wild beasts. Christianity came forth from her hiding-places, wept, and began Rome's regeneration.



Pagan Rome carried her eagles to distant lands; but Christian Rome carried the cross to the ends of the world. Pagan Rome conquered by brute force; Christian Rome by moral force. The first fell because she was human; the second lives, and will live, because she represents God.

Jerusalem alone excels Rome, because in Jerusalem the Word Incarnate lived and died. Christian Rome inherits the Divine of Jerusalem, hence she is "Eternal."

Rome is essentially a holy city; and, in her nature, is unlike any other; hence cannot be judged by any standard but her own. She is the beginning and the end of herself; and has, and can have no duplicate of herself. It is this fact that renders all comparison with her, or criticism of her, so entirely at fault. No man can have visited Rome or made her monuments or history a study without realizing this. Turn where you will, this fact stares you in the face.

Christian church or Pagan ruin alike speak of dogma and martyr, or hallowed scene. Enter the catacombs, and Christianity is written on the walls and sealed with the blood of the heroes buried there. Take a carriage, drive down any lane, along any street or by-way, and every turn and step is marked by some fact of Christian history. Here is where a martyr fell; there, where Peter or Paul lived; a little farther on, where John was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil.



ROME AND ST. PETER'S.



The places where St. Paul was beheaded and St. Peter crucified are distinctly marked, while their bodies repose beneath the great basilicas erected to their names.

It is impossible to stand where a Lawrence was roasted, an Agnes and a Cecilia beheaded, or a Praxedes gathered up the blood of the martyrs, or kneel at the tombs of a Sebastian and Helena, and not be moved. Nor can any man of honest historic mind stand by the tombs of a Benedict, Francis, Dominic, Ignatius, and not acknowledge the mighty work done by those whom they commemorate. No part of the world but has felt their influence.

Christianity is crystallized in the Coliseum and St. Peter's. In the former, by the triumphs of the martyrs; in the latter, by the dedication of art to the worship of God.

Come with me along the Via Sacra, past the Forum and the Arch of Titus. But a step, and we are at the Coliseum pressed in between the Cœlian and Palatine hills, the Arch of Constantine and the Temple of Venus.

As we enter, the moon has risen, giving a weird appearance to the scene, as we see its shadows flit, dissolve and lose themselves amid the arches of this mighty ruin. Amid broken arch and column, and vaulted corridor, terrace rises upon terrace, till the blood curdles and the hair stands on end. Memory is busy, and hurries us back to the days when Christian martyr and gentle maid stood within this vast arena to die for Christ.

The emperor is there; the nobility of Rome is there; tier upon tier is densely packed; the wild beasts paw their cages, impatient for the feast; one hundred thousand voices shout, "The Christians to the lions!" A spring, a growl, a quiver, and another hero has gone to God. Every brick, and stone, and grain of sand in this mighty ruin has been sanctified by the blood shed there. Here a Felicitas and Perpetua, a Cyriacus and Pancras died; here Rome brutalized herself, and within these walls strove to crush out truth.

Here Pagan Rome fell, and Christian Rome rose. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church.

RIGHT REV. RICHARD GILMOUR.

Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., second bishop of Cleveland, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, September 28, 1824. His parents were strict Covenanters, but by the grace of God, the future bishop became a Catholic in his eighteenth year. A few years later he entered the seminary, made his studies, was ordained a priest, and on April 14, 1872, was consecrated bishop. Bishop Gilmour was a man of strong individuality, firm, bold, and fearless. His charity was boundless. He died, after thirty-nine years of hard work in prominent positions, as priests are proud to die, penniless.

waned: declined. — **immortalize**: cause to live forever. — **sacked**: plundered. — **regeneration**: reformation. — **essentially**: really. — **dogma**: doctrine. — **caldron**: large metal kettle. — **commemorate**: celebrate with honor. — **crystallized**: brought together. — **weird**: unearthly. — **flit**: fly away with a rapid motion.



Catholicity the Safety of the Republic.

With Catholicity the republic may be sustained, not because the Catholic Church enjoins this form of government or that, but because she nourishes in the hearts of her children the virtues which render popular liberty both desirable and practicable. The Catholic Church meddles *directly* with no form of government. She leaves each people free to adopt such form of government as seems to themselves good, and to administer it in their own way. Her chief concern is to fit men for beatitude, and this she can do under any or all forms of government.

The spirit she breathes into men, the graces she communicates, the dispositions she cultivates, and the virtues she produces, are such that, while they render even arbitrary forms of government tolerable, fit a people for asserting and maintaining freedom. In countries where there are no constitutional checks on power, she remedies the evil by imposing moral restraints on its exercise, by inspiring rulers with a sense of justice and the public good. Where such checks do exist, she hallows them and renders them inviolable.

In a republic, she restrains the passions of the people, teaches them obedience to the laws of God, moderates their desires, weans their affections from the world, frees

them from the dominion of their own lusts, and, by the meekness, humility, loyalty of heart which she cherishes, disposes them to the practice of those public virtues which render a republic secure.

She also creates, by her divine charity, a true equality. No republic can stand where the dominant feeling is pride, which finds its expression in the assertion, "I am as good as you." It must be based on love; not on the determination to defend our own rights and interests, but on the fear to encroach on the rights and interests of others. But this love must be more than the mere sentiment of philanthropy. This sentiment of philanthropy is a very unsubstantial affair. Talk as we will about its excellence, it never goes beyond love to those who love us. We love our friends and neighbors, but hate our enemies. This is all we do as philanthropists. All the fine speeches we make beyond — about the love of humanity and all that — are fine speeches.

Philanthropy must be exalted into the supernatural virtue of charity before it can become that love which leads us to honor all men and makes us shrink from encroaching upon the interests of any man, no matter how low or how vile. We must love our neighbor, not for his own sake, but for God's sake — the child, for the sake of the Father; then we can love all and joyfully make the most painful sacrifices for them. It is only



in the bosom of the Catholic Church that this sublime charity has ever been found or can be found.

The Catholic Church also cherishes a spirit of independence, a loftiness and dignity of soul, favorable to the maintenance of popular freedom. It ennobles every one of its members.

The lowest, the humblest Catholic, is a member of that Church which was founded by Jesus Christ Himself; which has subsisted for eighteen hundred years; which has in every age been blessed with signal tokens of the Redeemer's love; which counts its saints by millions; and the blood of whose martyrs has made all earth hallowed ground.

He is admitted into the goodly fellowship of the faithful of all ages and climes, and every day, throughout all the earth, the universal Church sends up her prayers for him, and all the Church above receives them, and, with her own, bears them as sweet incense up before the throne of the almighty and eternal God.

He is a true nobleman, more than the peer of kings or Cæsars; for he is a child of the King of kings, and, if faithful unto death, heir of a crown of life, eternal in the heavens that fadeth not away. Such a man is no slave. His soul is free; he looks into the perfect law of liberty. Can tyrants enslave him? No, indeed; not because he will turn on the tyrant and kill, but because he can die

and reign forever. What were a mere human tyrant before a nation of such men? Who could establish arbitrary government over them or subject them to unwholesome or iniquitous laws?

Here is our hope for our republic. We look for our safety to the spread of Catholicity. We render solid and imperishable our free institutions just in proportion as we extend the kingdom of God among our people and establish in their hearts the reign of justice and charity. And here, then, is our answer to those who tell us Catholicity is incompatible with free institutions. *We tell them that they cannot maintain free institutions without it.* It is not a free government that makes a free people, but a free people that make a free government; and we know no freedom but that wherewith the Son makes free. You must be free within before you can be free without.

They who war against the Church because they fancy it hostile to their civil freedom are as mad as those wicked Jews who nailed their Redeemer to the cross. But even now as then, God be thanked, from the cross ascends the prayer, not in vain, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

Orestes A. Brownson, the most vigorous and philosophical writer of his age in America, was born at Stockbridge, Vermont, September 16, 1803. His clear and penetrating mind could never be satisfied with Protestantism in any of its forms, and in 1844 he became a Catholic.



His *Quarterly Review*, which had been established a few years prior to his conversion, was continued until his last years, a power in the cause of truth. Dr. Brownson died at Detroit on Easter Monday, April 17, 1876.

enjoins: orders ; commands. — **beatitude**: blessedness. — **inviolable**: sacred; holy. — **encroach**: intrude; trespass. — **peer**: equal. — **iniquitous**: wrong ; unjust.

The Discovery of the Mississippi.

On glancing at a map of America we are at once struck by the mighty river Mississippi, which, with its countless branches, gathers the waters of an immense valley, and rolls its accumulated floods to the Gulf of Mexico. So large a stream, so important a means of entering the heart of the continent, could not, it would be supposed, long remain unknown — or known, remain unappreciated; yet so, in fact, it was.

Columbus himself entered the Gulf of Mexico, but the southern coast only was explored by the discoverer of the New World. By whom the northern shore was first explored we do not know. Several adventurers sailed along the northern or Florida shore, till it was completely examined by Garay in 1518. Three years later a map was drawn up, and on it we find the Mississippi traced on the part assigned as peculiarly Garay's, and on it the

name it subsequently bore, Rio del Espiritu Santo, or River of the Holy Ghost.

Several expeditions were fitted out to explore and reduce the realms of Florida. Brilliant, daring, and adventurous attempts they were.

In 1528 Pamphilus de Narvaez undertook to conquer and colonize the western coast of the Gulf of Mexico. He landed in Florida, and, after long and fruitless marches, returned to the coast, and in wretched boats endeavored to reach Tampico.

Almost all his men perished: storms, disease, and famine swept them away, and the coast was whitened with their bleaching bones. A few with Cabeza de Vaca were thrown on an island on the coast of the Mississippi. After four years' slavery De Vaca escaped, and struck inland with four companions. Taken for supernatural beings, they became the medicine men of the tribes through which they passed.

With lives thus guarded by superstitious awe, they rambled across the Gulf of California, traversing the bison plains and the adobe towns of the half-civilized natives of New Mexico, perched on their rocky heights. De Vaca is the first known to have traversed our territory from sea to sea. He must have reached and crossed the Mississippi; but we in vain examine his narrative for something to distinguish it from any other large river



that he met. He remains then in history, in a distant twilight, as the first European known to have stood on the banks of the Mississippi, and to have launched his boat upon its waters.

When he and his companions suddenly appeared amid their countrymen in Mexico, their strange accounts, and an air of mysterious secrecy which they affected, gave a new impulse to the adventurous spirit of the age.

In the spring of 1539 two attempts were made to reach the realm in the interior which De Vaca had protested to be "the richest country in the world." One of these expeditions started from the Pacific, the other from the Atlantic.

The Atlantic expedition was commanded by the successful Ferdinand de Soto, who had risen by the conquest of Peru to rank and wealth, and was now governor of the rich island of Cuba. With a force far superior to any that had yet landed on the continent, he entered Florida, and with his gallant array struck into the unknown interior. The Mississippi, under the name of Espiritu Santo, was not unknown to him, but it was only after a march of hundreds of miles of unspeakable hardships, of stubborn battles with fierce native tribes, that he really came to the long-sought Rio del Espiritu Santo. It was the Mississippi.



Here all doubt vanishes. Listen to this description written at the time: "The river was almost half a league broad; if a man stood still on the other side, it could not be discerned whether he was a man or not. The river was of great depth, and of a strong current; the water was always muddy; there came down the river continually many trees and timber, which the force of the water and stream brought down." And the inhabitants were not unworthy of the great river. "The cacique came with two hundred canoes full of painted Indians with their bows and arrows, with great plumes of white and many-colored feathers, with shields in their hands, wherewith they defended the rowers on both sides, and the men of war stood from the head to the stern with their bows and arrows in their hands.

"The canoe wherein the cacique sat had a canopy over the stern, and he sat beneath it; and so were the other canoes of the principal Indians. And from under the canopy where the chief man sat, he commanded and governed the other people."

The Spaniards built boats — the first European craft constructed to traverse the river — and crossed to the western side some twenty or thirty miles, as modern investigators tell us, below the mouth of the Arkansas.

The country reached by the Spaniards was one of large and populous towns, well defended by walls and towers,



pierced with regular loopholes, and surrounded by well-made ditches. De Soto ascended the river, and proceeded onward to Pacaha, a place it would not be easy now to locate.

The Mississippi was thus explored for a considerable distance.

Striking west and southwest again De Soto seemed to have once more reached the Arkansas at Cayas, and ascended to the town of Tanico, with its lake of hot water and saline marshes. Turning then to the south and east he again reached Vicanque, also on the Arkansas, and, wintering there, descended it in the spring of 1542, to die on the banks of the Mississippi.

Muscoso, who took command of the expedition, after wandering about for some time, disheartened at the prospect before him, returned to the Mississippi, and ascending above Guachoya, where De Soto had died, halted at Aminoya.

Here the Spaniards, working up all their chains and iron into nails, began to build vessels to navigate the Mississippi. The place where these first brigantines were built has not been clearly settled; its Indian name, Aminoya, has left no trace. Here "seven brigantines were constructed, well made, save that the planks were thin, because the nails were short, and were not pitched, nor had they any decks to keep the water from coming in.

"Instead of decks they laid planks whereon the mariners might run to trim their sails, and the people might refresh themselves above and below." They were finished in June, and "it pleased God that the flood came up to the town to seek the brigantines, from whence they carried them by water to the river."

Thus three hundred and twenty-two Spaniards sailed from Aminoya, on the 2d of July, 1543, and, passing Guachoya, were attacked by the people of Quigata, who pursued them for many days, and did considerable harm to the little fleet. At last, however, on the eighteenth day they reached the Gulf of Mexico, after having sailed, as they computed, two hundred and fifty leagues down the river. Thence after many dangers and hardships, the survivors, coasting along, reached Tampico, "whereat the viceroy and all the inhabitants of Mexico wondered," says the chronicle. Such is, in brief, the history of the Mississippi, as explored by De Soto and his successor, Muscoso, the first who sailed

"Down the great river to the opening gulf."

JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

John Gilmary Shea was born in New York City, July 22, 1824, and died February 22, 1892. He was acknowledged to be the best authority not only on matters connected with the history of the Catholic Church in this country, but also on early American history and the Indian tribes. He was also an accomplished biblical scholar. He is the author of "The History of the Catholic Church



in the United States," and of other valuable historical works.

accumulated: collected; gathered together. — **Garay**: Francis de Garay, then Governor of Jamaica. — **de Narvaez** (dā när vä'āth): a Spanish commander. — **Cabeza de Vaca** (kä vä'thä dā vä'kä): a Spanish explorer. — **medicine men**: among savages, witch-doctors who profess to cure disease by magic. — **adobe**: sun-dried brick. — **impulse**: influence; motive. — **adventurous**: brave; audacious. — **cacique**: a prince or chief among the Indians. — **investigators**: those who inquire carefully into a matter. — **Pacaha** (pä kä'ä). — **saline**: salt. — **Vicanque** (vē kän'kä). — **Guachoya** (gwä chō'yä). — **Aminoya** (ä mē nō'yä). — **brigantines**: two-masted vessels, brig-rigged, except that they have fore-and-aft mainsails. — **Quigata** (kē'gä tä). — **computed**: reckoned.

Vision of the Monk Gabriel.

'Tis the soft twilight. Round the shining fender,
  Two at my feet and one upon my knee,
Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-haired Raphael,
My fairy, small and slender,
    Listen to what befell
    Monk Gabriel,
  In the old ages ripe with mystery, —
Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man, with grave but gentle look,
  His silence sweet with sounds
  With which the simple-hearted spring abounds:
  Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,
Chirping of insects and the building rook,



Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took, —
Deep in his cell
Sate the monk Gabriel.
In his book he read
The words of the Master to His dear ones said:
"A little while and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again
Ye shall not see Me then."

"*A little while!*"
The monk looked up, a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:
"O Thou, who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
O blessed Christ!" he cried,
"Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would *I* now might see,
Might feast on Thee!"
The blood with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart —



(O condescension of the Crucified)
In all the brilliancy
Of His humanity
The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin;
His cheek outblushed the rose,
His lips, the glows
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows.
And His deep eyes within
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories, dwelt,
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.
In each fair hand, in each fair foot there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary:
Around His brow in tenderest lucency
The thorn marks lingered like the flush of dawn,
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling that the room was filled
With heaven; and, transfigured in his place, —
His very breathing stilled, —
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing!
'Twas but a moment; then upon the spell
Of that sweet Presence, lo, a something broke;
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,
A shower of metal music flinging



O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell;
And, through the open window of the cell,
In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
Calling the monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task,
To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.
No respite did he ask
Nor for a second summons idly wait,
But rose up, saying in his humble way,
"Fain would I stay,
O Lord, and feast alway
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty.
But 'tis *Thy* will, not mine, I must obey;
Help me to do my duty!"
The while the Vision smiled,
The monk went forth light-hearted as a child.

An hour thence, his duty nobly done,
Back to his cell he came.
Unasked, unsought, lo, his reward was won!
Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that Sun,
And in the center stood the Blessed One,
(Praised be His holy name!)



Who for our sakes our crosses made His own
And bore the weight of shame.
Down on the threshold fell
Monk Gabriel,
His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay;
And, while in deep humility he lay,
Tears raining from his happy eyes away,
"Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.
The Vision only said
Lifting His shining head:
"If thou hadst stayed, O son, *I* must have fled."

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

This poem was written about eight years before Longfellow's "The Legend Beautiful," which is founded on the same legend. A reviewer has said: "While Longfellow's 'Legend' was compared to a statue boldly wrought in cold marble by the sculptor's deft hand, Miss Donnelly's poem was likened to an old painting in which warmth of imagination, artistic vigor, and tenderness of color and expression joined to make the picture lifelike."

visage: face. — **condescension**: voluntary lowering of one's self to one in lower position. — **lucency**: brightness; clearness. — **transfigured**: given a glorified appearance to. — **wold**: forest. — **moat**: hill. — **fell**: waste land. — **res'pite**: delay; pause. — **strove**: made earnest effort.

For thirty years Father Sebastian Rasle dwelt in the forest, teaching its wild red children the love of God and Mary. He was burned by the sun and tanned by the wind until he was almost the color of his parishioners. The languages of four Indian tribes were more familiar to him than the tongue in which his mother taught him the *Ave Maria.* The huts of Norridgewock, a village of Maine, contained his people; the river Kennebec flowed swiftly past his dwelling to the sea. There he built a church — handsome, he thought and said; perhaps we might not like it. At any rate the altar was handsome, and he gathered a store of copes and chasubles, albs and embroidered stoles, for the dignity of the holy service.

He trained, also, as many as forty Indian boys, and in their crimson cassocks and white surplices they aided the sacred pomp.

Besides the church, there were two chapels, one on the road which led to the forest, where the braves used to make a short retreat before starting to trap and hunt; the other on the path to the cultivated lands, where prayers were offered when they went to plant or to gather in the harvest. The one was dedicated to the Guardian



Angel of the tribe; the other to our most holy Mother, Mary Immaculate.

To adorn this latter was the special emulation of the women. Whatever they had of jewels, of silk stuffs, of delicate broidery of porcupine quill or richly tinted moose-hair, was found there; and from amidst their offerings rose, white and fair, the statue of the Blessed Virgin, her sweet face looking down upon her swarthy children, kneeling before her to recite their rosaries.

One beautiful inanimate ministrant to God's worship they had in abundance — light from wax candles. The wax was from the berry of the laurels which cover the hills of Maine.

To the chapel every night and morning came all the Indian Christians. At morning they made their prayer in common, and assisted at Mass, chanting in their own dialect hymns written for that purpose by their pastor. Then they went to their employment for the day; the priest to his continuous, orderly, and ceaseless labor.

The morning was given up to visitors, who came to their good father with their sorrows or disquietudes; to ask his relief against some little injustice of their fellows; his advice on their marriage or other projects. He consoled this one, instructed that; reëstablished peace in disunited families; calmed troubled consciences; administered gentle rebuke, or gave encouragement to the timid.

The afternoon belonged to the sick, who were visited in their own cabins. If there was a council, the black-robe must go there to invoke the Holy Spirit on its deliberations; if a feast, he must be present to bless the viands and to check all approaches to disorder. And always in the afternoon, old and young, warrior and gray-haired squaw, Christian and catechumen, assembled for the catechism. When the sun declined westward, and the shadows crept over the village, they sought the chapel for the public prayer, and to sing a hymn to Mary. Then each to his home; but before bedtime neighbors gathered again, in the house of one of them, and, in antiphonal choirs, they sung their beads, and with another hymn separated for sleep.

When they went to the seaside for their fishing, they bore with them, as wandering Israel bore the tabernacle, a chapel formed of bark, that they might have the consolations of religion while exposed to danger and temptation.

In 1722, Norridgewock was attacked by a force of two hundred and fifty New Englanders. A few old men, women, and children only were in the village; but the Puritans were after the priest. He had time to consume the sacred Hosts in the tabernacle, and to escape on his snowshoes. But the church and his lodge were pillaged, and everything was carried off, even to his inkstand.



To this day Harvard College shows with pride Father Rasle's manuscript Abenaki dictionary, made with such long toil and patience, and bravely conquered by two hundred and fifty advancers of civilization from an old priest and a handful of squaws and pappooses.

Father Rasle had broken both legs some time before, and yet he refused to leave the main band of his people, following them about wherever the necessities of warfare chanced to lead them. The New Englanders never relaxed their efforts to catch Father Sebastian, for in him they saw the soul of the Indians. Accustomed themselves to deify their own popular leaders till they tired of them, the Puritans fancied that the strength of the red man lay not in the Catholic faith, but in the talents of the priest.

Him, at all hazards, they must have; and triumphant success crowned their efforts. It was on the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, August 24, 1724, that a band of Mohawks and New Englanders burst upon the town of these Catholic Indians. The women and children fled; a few young braves who were in the village caught up their arms to withstand the enemy. But before they could be slain, the priest, remembering those words of our dear Lord, "the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep," and knowing himself to be the real object of the attack, advanced to meet his foes. They saw him just as he

reached the village cross. A yell of savage exultation, a volley of bullets, and the missionary lay dead at the foot of the symbol of salvation.

Half a century later the descendants of these men were asking the friendship of the Catholic Indians against the arms of Great Britain. The Kennebecs, Passamaquoddies, and Penobscots met the Council of Massachusetts, and expressed their determination to espouse the cause of the American colonies, but added: "We must have a French black-robe; we will have no 'Prayer' that comes from you."

Orono, the Penobscot chief, bore a commission in the army of the Revolution, and his clansmen fought beside him. "If one of our *priests* would be agreeable to you, we will endeavor to get you one, and take care he be a good man." Such was the offer of the Council; but the answer of the Abenaki was still, "We know our religion, and love it; we know nothing of you or yours." Thus faithful to the teachings they had received in 1650, these true American Catholics continued to cherish it, by rosary, and crucifix, and earnest prayer until they carried the cross which Father Rasle had worn to Bishop Carroll at Baltimore, and by it demanded a pastor of the true faith.

REV. XAVIER DONALD MCLEOD.

Rev. Xavier Donald McLeod, born in New York in 1821, was the son of a well-known Presbyterian clergyman, and made a reputa-



tion by his brilliant literary talent. He entered the Catholic Church, in which he became a zealous and exemplary priest. He was accidentally killed in 1865, near Cincinnati, by a railway train, while on his way to the bedside of a dying parishioner. His "Life of Mary, Queen of Scots" is one of the best vindications of her character, and his poetry shows the fire of genius.

Rasle (räl). — **emulation**: ambition to equal or excel. — **swarthy**: dark or dusky complexion. — **viands**: food. — **catechumen**: one who is receiving instructions in the teachings of Christianity. — **antiphonal**: alternate singing. — **symbol of salvation**: the cross. — **espouse**: take up the cause of. — **clansmen**: men belonging to a particular tribe.

The Fight of the "Armstrong" Privateer.

Tell the story to your sons
Of the gallant days of yore,
When the brig of seven guns
Fought the fleet of seven score,
From the set of sun till morn, through the long September night —
Ninety men against two thousand, and the ninety won the fight
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.

Three lofty British ships came a sailing to Fayal:
One was a line-of-battle ship, and two were frigates tall;
Nelson's valiant men-of-war, brave as Britons ever are,
Manned the guns they served so well at Aboukir and Trafalgar.

Lord Dundonald and his fleet at Jamaica far away
Waited eager for their coming, fretted sore at their delay.
There was loot for British valor on the Mississippi coast
In the beauty and the booty that the Creole cities boast;
There were rebel knaves to swing, there were prisoners to bring
Home in fetters to old England for the glory of the king!

At the setting of the sun and the ebbing of the tide
Came the great ships one by one, with their portals opened wide,
And their cannon frowning down on the castle and the town
And the privateer that lay close inside;
Came the eighteen-gun *Carnation* and the *Rota*, forty-four,
And the triple-decked *Plantagenet* an admiral's pennon bore;
And the privateer grew smaller as their topmasts towered taller,
And she bent her springs and anchored by the castle on the shore.

Spake the noble Portuguese to the stranger: "Have no fear;
They are neutral waters these, and your ship is sacred here



As if fifty stout armadas stood to shelter you from harm,
For the honor of the Briton will defend you from his arm."
But the privateersman said, "Well we know the Englishmen,
And their faith is written red in the Dartmoor slaughter pen.
Come what fortune God may send, we will fight them to the end,
And the mercy of the sharks may spare us then."

"Seize the pirate where she lies!" cried the English admiral:
"If the Portuguese protect her, all the worse for Portugal!"
And four launches at his bidding leaped impatient for the fray,
Speeding shoreward where the *Armstrong*, grim and dark and ready, lay.
Twice she hailed and gave them warning; but the feeble menace scorning,
On they came in splendid silence, till a cable's length away —
Then the Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand echoes woke;
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted helpless on the bay.

Then the wrath of Lloyd arose till the lion roared again,
And he called out all his launches and he called five hundred men;
And he gave the word, "No quarter!" and he sent them forth to smite.
Heaven help the foe before him when the Briton comes in might!
Heaven helped the little *Armstrong* in her hour of bitter need;
God Almighty nerved the heart and guided well the arm of Reid.

Launches to port and starboard, launches forward and aft,
Fourteen launches together striking the little craft.
They hacked at the boarding nettings, they swarmed above the rail;
But the Long Tom roared from his pivot and the grape-shot fell like hail:
Pike and pistol and cutlass, and hearts that knew not fear,
Bulwarks of brawn and mettle, guarded the privateer.
And ever where fight was fiercest, the form of Reid was seen;
Ever where foes drew nearest, his quick sword fell between.



Once in the deadly strife
The boarder's leader pressed
Forward of all the rest
Challenging life for life;
But ere their blades had crossed,
A dying sailor tossed
His pistol to Reid, and cried,
"Now riddle the lubber's hide!"
But the privateersman laughed, and flung the weapon aside,
And he drove his blade to the hilt, and the foeman gasped and died.
Then the boarders took to their launches, laden with hurt and dead,
But little with glory burdened, and out of the battle fled.

Now the tide was at flood again, and the night was almost done,
When the sloop-of-war came up with her odds of two to one,
And she opened fire; but the *Armstrong* answered her, gun for gun,
And the gay *Carnation* wilted in half an hour of sun.

Then the *Armstrong*, looking seaward, saw the mighty seventy-four,
With her triple tier of cannon, drawing slowly to the shore.



And the dauntless captain said: "Take our wounded and our dead,
Bear them tenderly to land, for the *Armstrong's* days are o'er;
But no foe shall tread her deck, and no flag above it wave —
To the ship that saved our honor we will give a shipman's grave."
So they did as he commanded, and they bore their mates to land
With the figurehead of *Armstrong* and the good sword in his hand.
Then they turned the Long Tom downward, and they pierced her oaken side,
And they cheered her, and they blessed her, and they sunk her in the tide.

Tell the story to your sons,
When the haughty stranger boasts
Of his mighty ships and guns
And the muster of his hosts,
How the word of God was witnessed in the gallant days of yore,
When the twenty fled from one ere the rising of the sun,
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore!

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.



Fayal: one of the Azore islands. — **Azores**: a series of islands in the North Atlantic Ocean, belonging to Portugal. — **Nelson**: a famous English admiral. — **Aboukir**: a bay on the north coast of Egypt, celebrated for Nelson's victory over the French fleet. — **Trafalgar**: Cape Trafalgar, a headland of Spain, on the south-western coast of Cadiz, noted as the scene of a naval engagement in which Nelson defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain, and in which he was killed. — **Lord Dundonald**: another British admiral. — **Jamaica**: the principal island of the British West Indies in the Caribbean Sea, about ninety miles south of Cuba. — **loot**: plunder. — **bent her springs**: made fast a hawser to a point on shore or elsewhere to bend or *spring* a vessel. — **armadas**: war vessels. — **Dartmoor**: an English prison. — **pivot**: a cannon mounted on a revolving carriage, so as to turn in any direction. — **Pico**: an island of the Azores. — **Lloyd**: the commander of the British fleet. — **Reid**: Captain Samuel Chester Reid, an American naval officer, who commanded the *General Armstrong*. — **port**: the left side of a vessel looking from the stern toward the bow. — **Long Tom**: a pivot gun in the middle part of a ship. — **at flood**: at high tide.

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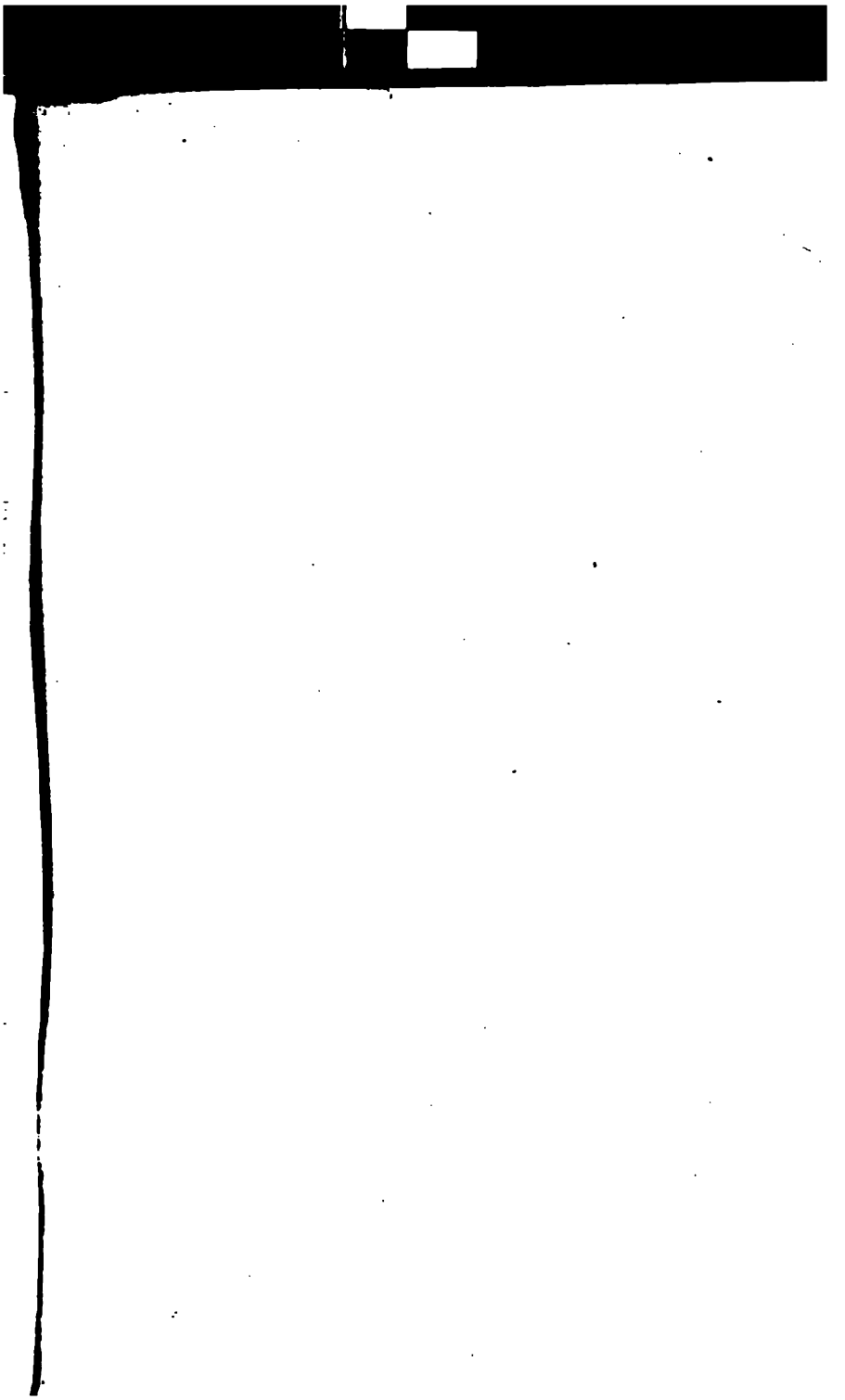
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